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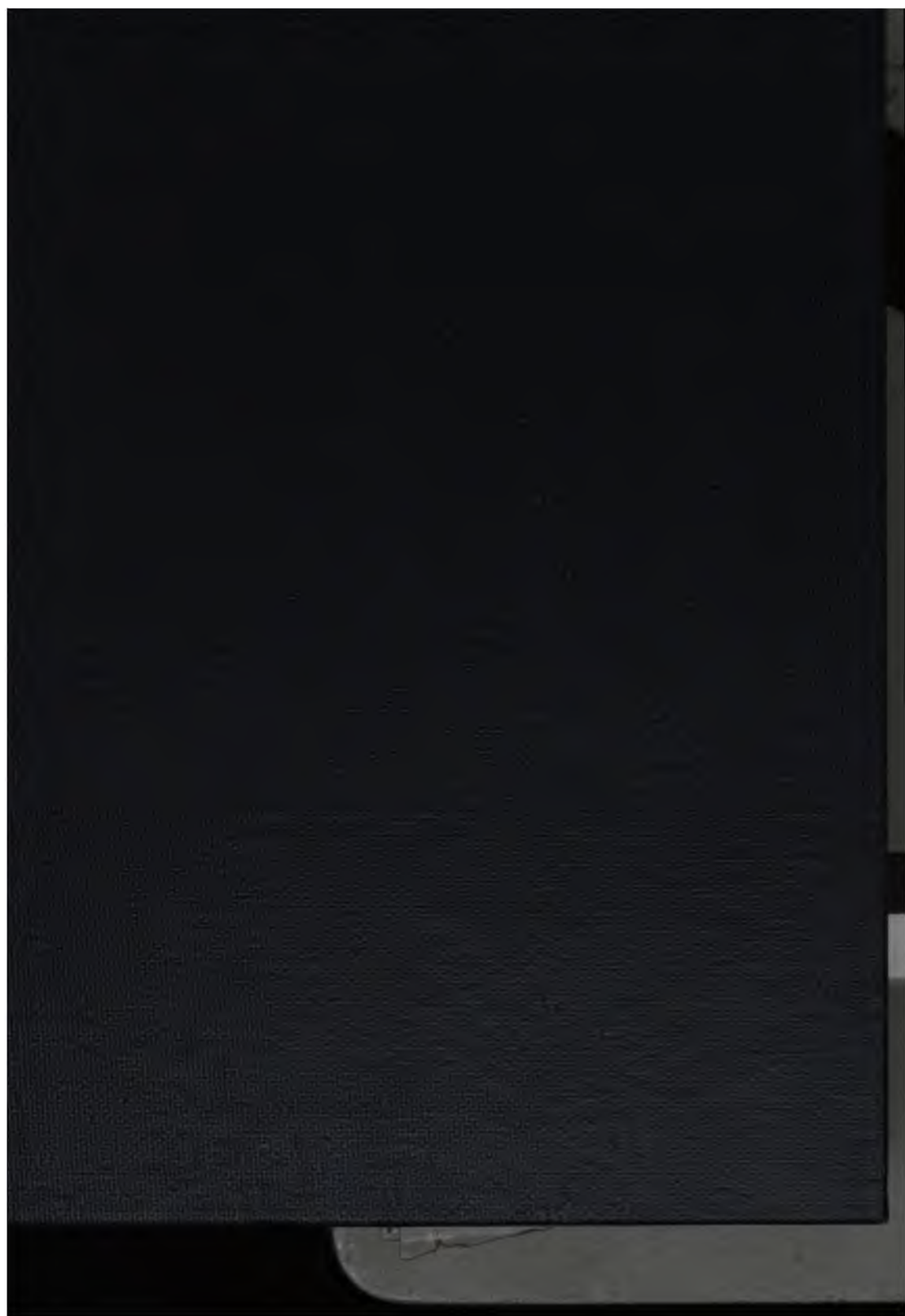
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Harvard College Library



FROM THE BRIGHT LEGACY

One half the income from this Legacy, which was received in 1830 under the will of

JONATHAN BROWN BRIGHT
of Waltham, Massachusetts, is to be expended for books for the College Library. The other half of the income is devoted to scholarships in Harvard University for the benefit of descendants of

HENRY BRIGHT, JR.,
who died at Watertown, Massachusetts, in 1686. In the absence of such descendants, other persons are eligible to the scholarships. The will requires that this announcement shall be made in every book added to the Library under its provisions.



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Descendants of Henry Bright, Jr., who died at Watertown, Mass., in 1686, are entitled to hold scholarships in Harvard College, established in 1880 under the will of

JONATHAN BROWN BRIGHT

of Waltham, Mass., with one half the income of this Legacy. Such descendants failing, other persons are eligible to the scholarships. The will requires that this announcement shall be made in every book added to the Library under its provisions.

Received 29 Oct. 1897

James R. Venable

THE
LEGACY
OF AN
OCTOGENARIAN.

In Three Parts:

PART I. — *Autobiographical Sketches.*

PART II. — *Notes of Travel.*

PART III. — *Biographical Notices.*

Israel Augustus Newhall

PUBLISHED BY

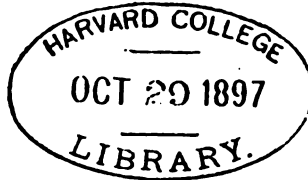
ISRAEL AUGUSTUS NEWHALL and HOWARD MUDGE NEWHALL.

1897.

THE NICHOLS PRESS—THOS. P. NICHOLS.
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ISRAEL AUGUSTUS NEWHALL and HOWARD MUDGE NEWHALL,
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PREFACE.

It is with considerable hesitancy that the writer puts forth this volume. And perhaps the reader, after perusal, will conclude that it would have been well had the hesitancy been prolonged indefinitely. But be that as it may: Here is the book.

It would be fairly reckoned a barren life if, after so many years of activity and varied experience, the career of the "Octogenarian" could present no passage or incident that would furnish at least a useful hint. Let him hope, then, that this late labor may not prove entirely in vain.

It certainly has been a grateful and refreshing occupation, in his declining years, to recall, with pen in hand, some of the loved associates of earlier days, in scenes whose charms have not yet faded from the mind. And may the reader, when he too is far along on life's sunset slope, enjoy the vivifying sunshine of the past!

As readers usually desire to know the name of the author whose work they have in hand, and as the withholding of the name might lead to embarrassing misconceptions, the "Octogenarian," with becoming diffidence, subscribes accordingly.

JAMES R. NEWHALL.

LYNN, MASS., 1893.

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PART I.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

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PART I.

Recollections, Observations and Experiences.

Soft as the evening sun comes the memory of former times o'er my soul.

— *Ossian*.

BEFORE the dawn of the Centennial Day of American Independence — July 4, 1876 — upon the rocky crest of Reservoir Hill, in Lynn, a famous bonfire was lighted; one which illumined the landscape for miles around and sent its searching beams into the deep forest recesses on the north, and on the south, far over the waters of Massachusetts Bay; discernible, no doubt, to the dwellers on Cape Cod, as a little blazing star. The chief material of that bonfire was the remains of the ancient dwelling house that stood on Boston street, at the southwest corner of North Federal, and which by the ready hands of young enthusiasts had been demolished the evening before and transported to the commanding elevation. The pile was some forty feet in height, and formed a glowing altar, around which the assembled throng sent up their patriotic shouts and sang their stirring songs, hours before the morning's dawn.

The house alluded to was one of the oldest in Lynn and had a history full of interest. It was the nursery of the now extensive Haven family,



established on the border of Saugus River in 1643, said to have been the first in America. Grandfather Hart was a farmer, and owned the land on the west side of North Federal street, from Boston street all the way to Walnut. He planted largely with flax, and his field is said to have looked very beautiful with its acres of blue blossoms. The flax was used for the manufacture of tow cloth, a very durable though not handsome fabric.

Both the grandmothers of the writer were granddaughters of Hon. Ebenezer Burrill, so conspicuous in Colonial times as a Crown Counsellor and Deputy to the General Court, a younger brother of Hon. John Burrill, the eminent Speaker of the House of Deputies, whom Gov. Hutchinson compared to Sir Arthur Onslow, considered the most able presiding officer the British House of Commons ever had.

LEAVE HOME.

ON the 27th of October, 1821, being then eleven years of age, I left the paternal roof, with my worldly possessions in a bundle handkerchief, my mother having died two years before, and my father being left with a family of six, all young. My first home after leaving my father's house was

IN MARBLEHEAD.

NEAR the entrance of that quaint old seaport town and early fishing station, stood the modest house of entertainment, kept by Ma'am Paine. I had ridden over with my uncle David Tufts, who ran a sort of

semi-weekly express and was accustomed to stop there for a lunch and to bait his horse. It was a well known hospice of the humbler kind, and had every appearance of being a survivor of Revolutionary days. It was there I first stopped on that eventful day. After a brief pause we soon reached my destined home which was in the household of Captain Benoice Johnson, a retired master mariner, whose wife was a cousin of mine. There my duties were such as usually fall to the lot of a boy of all work, with school duties added.

Of course there cannot be much worthy of notice occurring at this period. But it may be remarked that one of the first things that I noticed after entering the school was the almost universal profanity among the boys, it was so different from what I had been accustomed to. But the habit, I found, was not confined to boys, nor even to the old "sea dogs" who then constituted a considerable part of the population. Almost everybody seemed to be given to that intemperate use of the tongue, apparently deeming it a virtue rather than a vice. Perhaps this moral laxity may be accounted for as the effect of the war, in conjunction with the peculiar calling in which so many men of the place were engaged.

I remember being sent one evening on an errand to an old sea captain. He was sick, and requested that I should come up to his chamber. There I found him blanketed and seated before the fire. After questioning me on various matters he abruptly said :

"My boy, do you swear?"

"No, sir," was the reply.

"You don't? Well it's high time you did; you ought to; you seem bright enough; but you'll never be a man till you learn to swear."

His wife was in the room, and exclaimed:

"Why, husband, what makes you talk so to that boy?"

"Because I want to make a man of him; he seems bright enough."

It struck me that he really thought he was giving me a useful lesson, and that most of my school fellows had received similar instruction, and followed it. But I was rather disgusted than pleased. I was forcibly reminded of this little, though not unimportant incident, by a long article in the *Boston Herald*, of September 19, 1893. If the statements of that article are correct, there cannot have been much improvement during these seventy years and more, the vice being still indulged in, as the writer remarks, "to an alarming extent by men and boys, and some women and girls." And he goes on to give various specimens that greeted his ears during a late visit. In conversation with a young man who himself uttered a redundancy of profane expletives which are judiciously suppressed, he, the young man, freely remarked that it seemed to make but very little difference what people swear about. The most commonplace conversation is enlivened by verbal pyrotechnics that fairly dazzle one. One cannot walk along the sidewalks at

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in these old New England seaport towns." The last clause coupling Gloucester and Newburyport with Marblehead.

It hardly need be added that the charges created something of a sensation, elicited much indignation and some vigorous protests, not enlivened, it is hoped, by any of the profane excesses. I was greatly surprised on reading the reminders of my own early observations, for I believed the habit had long ago receded to the common level, at least. And I almost wondered how it was that I escaped the contamination, considering the special instruction received from that sick old would-be mentor, and my school and playground surroundings. But somehow it was never in accordance with my taste to have the God-given organs of speech abused by profane utterances. May the efforts for the suppression of the evil habit which have recently been energetically commenced continue till the vice withers away.

It does really seem as if profanity was especially prevalent in maritime places. And why it is so seems mysterious. It would naturally be supposed that mariners, of all others, being so constantly exposed to perils and dangers of the most distressing kind, and often called to suddenly meet death face to face, as it were, would be led to deep thoughtfulness and circumspection. But the effect of their dire exposure seems to be just the contrary, making them more reckless and defiant. This is one of the unsolved enigmas of human nature.

James R Newhall.

I knew one of those present on the occasion, and in telling me about it he said it was on a bright moonlight night, and they rode Ireson as far towards Salem as Wyman's mill, on Forest River. The event was, in reality, an outburst of the most humane feeling on the part of the Marbleheaders, they having been informed that Ireson, who was commander of a schooner, had on a late voyage passed a wrecked vessel, refusing to give any assistance to the distressed crew. It was his punishment for this hard heartedness, and well shows the kindly feelings of the rough-coated fishermen. Later years, however, developed the fact that Ireson by no means deserved the indignity; that the report was set on foot by some of his nautical enemies. Of this fact, it is said, the poet Whittier became convinced, and deeply regretted having taken part in perpetuating, by his poetic pen, the base slander. But the incident will long remain a marked point in Marblehead's history.

One word more as to the school, which was kept in the old Town House. I soon noticed, young as I was, that it was much in advance of the one I had attended in Lynn, both in studies and discipline. I did not find that I could march onward by any such method as that by which I once attained the head of my class, in the old school under Master Blanchard. On that occasion the Chairman of the Committee, good old Doctor Gardner, was examining us. The boys seemed a little afraid of him, and answered his questioning too faintly to please

1

him. At length he lost all patience and declared that the boy who would speak up the loudest should go to the head. Feeling that my chance had come, I vociferated with such power as to gain the position.

AMONG my other duties as a boy of all work, was that of driving a cow to pasture, a cheery duty for any boy; and I am sure that my bright, rosy, morning excursions were highly exhilarating and enjoyable. One little incident connected with that duty, I have reason to believe made such an impression that its influence has not ceased to this far-off day; an influence that has led me to place a far higher estimate on the intelligence of the brute creation than would otherwise have been possible, and induced a more just recognition of their abilities, rights and needs. The pasture was almost two miles away, and I drove Old Brindle there every morning, and went for her at evening. We had a good understanding together, for she was so gentle and companionable that we sometimes jogged along the lonely lane with my arm about her neck. One night I was belated and did not reach the pasture till it was growing dark. It was a wild November night, and a hollow wind was sweeping over the bare hills. As I reached the bars I found the cow there in a strange sort of excitement. She was pacing back and forth, and her face bore an expression such as I had never seen there before, and which instantly struck me as indicating some new

and determined course of action. Her head was erect, her eyes glaring, and her whole aspect so unwonted that I hesitated to release her. But no time was to be lost, and so down went the bars. And then away she dashed in a direction very different from that which we had always taken. I tried my utmost to turn her towards the old way, but my efforts were powerless. She kept on at full speed, till she reached a piece of swamp, wet and overgrown by a tangled growth, but through which a narrow path led to the neighboring upland. This almost invisible path she took, and I soon found it would materially shorten our way home. How she discovered that new and shorter way I could not imagine, for I had never taken her in that direction, and had not known that it existed. When we were through and safely on our old road she was as docile as ever, and looking around at me, seemed to say, "There, now, have n't I shown you a better way than the old, stony, long road over the hill? Now let this be our future route." And ever after it was our chosen way.

That incident, I say, made a deep impression on my young mind, and I think has borne some good fruit. I can now in memory see that cow's look as I reached the bars, evincing her determination to carry her point against any attempt of mine to thwart her purpose; an almost fierce look, that faded away into the accustomed calmness when she saw that I comprehended her object.

Do not animals reason? I knew by that cow's

look, before the bars were down, that she was chewing something besides her cud. Undoubtedly she was reasoning as to the best way in which to meet my opposition, which she knew she would have to encounter. The lesson that I received from that cow I am sure induced a greater fellow-feeling, I had almost said respect, for all God's lower creatures. And it seems as if some such feeling were fast growing in the community.

Some years ago I had occasion to call on a professor at his study in one of our colleges; and he was a Doctor of Divinity as well. In the course of conversation remarks were made about the instinct or reasoning of animals. I presently found he was trying to "draw me out," as the phrase goes, and without any hesitancy expressed my views. After a little while he frankly declared that he had been subjected to much criticism from his fellow professors by expressing his settled belief in the immortality of the moving principle in all animal life.

As is well known, there have been recent attempts to discover the meaning of different sounds uttered by animals, in fact to resolve them into words. And some progress seems to have been made. Perhaps we shall, in the distant future, have dictionaries of the languages of animals. The late Bayard Taylor is said to have believed that something of the kind may eventually be realized. The idea is no more absurd than that recently promulgated by some astute scientists, who teach that the

time is not probably far distant when the people on our globe will hold some sort of communication, perhaps through electricity, with the people on the planet Mars.

Another rather striking instance of animal reasoning once occurred in my experience. A neighbor, whose place of business was opposite mine, on the same street, had a watch-dog of very keen perception of canine duties. He was greatly prized, but after some negotiation the master agreed to sell him to me. The dog was usually present at our attempts to come to terms. Finally, the bargain was closed and the money paid, the dog looking on attentively and seeming to comprehend the meaning of what was being done. Then, when told to go with me, without any hesitation he complied. And never after would he follow his old master; indeed he would hardly recognize him as they met day by day. He continued faithful to me from the moment he saw the money paid and received the command to go. He had no doubt seen his master, who was a store keeper, many times sell goods, receive pay and make delivery; and hence, perhaps conceived himself to be sold as a part of the stock in trade.

It has been said that the act of suicide is one of the strongest evidences of the supremacy of mind over matter—of the power of the soul over the body. In that act, the unseen mind wills the destruction of the visible body and the body has no power to withstand the destroying impulse. Indeed



it has been claimed that the power to commit suicide is the highest proof of the immortality of the soul, inasmuch as it proves the soul to be uncontrolled by matter. Now it seems to be a well established fact that the lower animals do sometimes commit suicide. And if that is conceded, to what conclusion are we irresistibly led? The following instance of what appeared to be a clear case of suicide by a pig I witnessed many years ago. Some men were driving a number of pigs down Nahant Street, in Lynn. Soon after they came in sight of the breakers that rolled up the beach, one of the pigs made a dash down to the water, and was soon beyond his depth. The men rushed to his rescue and finally succeeded in getting him back to the drove. But that had hardly been accomplished when he made another frantic dash for the water, and this time succeeded in baffling all their efforts, and while I stood looking on, his dead body floated ashore. Now supposing one had seen a man meet death in just that way, would he not have called it an unmistakable act of suicide?

And now a word as to snakes, those terrors to most people. They are proverbially a cunning race. And what is cunning but an intellectual trait? But the purpose here is to speak of another and quite different trait, namely their mutual attachments. Apparently no husband and wife could have stronger love for each other than some of these dreaded reptiles. It is asserted that they will often die for each other. I had heard of this characteristic,

and as a laborer one day showed me a large black snake that he had just killed, I asked him to let the body remain exposed and see what would happen. I kept watch of it myself, and think it was on the next morning that I saw another snake of the same kind and about the same size, by the side of the dead one; but he instantly glided away. Very soon after, I saw what was evidently the same one again there; but his retreat was much less active; indeed it seemed as if he did not much care whether he got off at all. And then, the next time, a morning or two after, I found him early at his post, where he lay entirely inactive, evidently prepared to yield up his life, and calmly submitted to the fatal blows that fell upon him. It seemed such an instance of passionate devotion as to be really pathetic; and it was some relief to see them laid beside each other under the same sod.

An instance in confirmation of the shrewdness sometimes manifested by our brethren of the supposed lower orders of animal existence, was witnessed on a chilly November morning, some thirty years ago. And it relates to a bevy of wild geese, an order usually regarded as of rather more than ordinary obtuseness. Being in an open field, my attention was attracted by the more than ordinarily loud trumpeting of two or three flocks coming over the hills on their migratory journey towards the south. They came from different quarters, but were rapidly approaching each other, and seemed in great haste, as a storm was pursuing them. As the flocks

neared each other their vociferations became terrific ; and it seemed as if a desperate collision were about to take place. Now any one who has watched such flocks will have observed that there are always some that fall behind, probably from weakness of wing, as it can hardly be from mere laziness ; but from whatever cause, these laggards are a heavy weight on the skirts of the main body. When the flocks in question came together, as they soon did, instead of engaging in battle, they began seemingly to discuss matters of importance to their mutual welfare. The result was that from each flock were detached all the laggards, which were formed into a separate flock, and apparently directed to take a course more inland and safe, while the others, separating into two or three squadrons, as before, pursued the more venturesome course over the sea. This seemed a fair and conscientious arrangement, and the subdued trumpeting, which were heard as long as their retreating bodies dotted the horizon, seemed to indicate that all were well pleased. Witnessing this exhibition, could one fail to see in it a most effectual and at the same time humane way of dismissing a set of embarrassing hangers on ?

Some of these views of the higher characteristics and higher destinies of all animal life, here noted, are certainly fast gaining ground among the more eminent scientists and moralists — at least they are eliciting more serious discussion than ever before.

BUT to return to Marblehead.

That ancient town, as is well known to every one acquainted with the early history of our country, was, in late provincial and early constitutional times, among the foremost of New England settlements. She had a large and prosperous fishing business, a lucrative West India trade and considerable foreign commerce. And she became renowned for her wealth in gold. It is even said that her gamblers refused silver in their stakes, scorning any venture below a doubloon.

In the first year of the Revolution she sent forth a regiment of a thousand men, to fight the battles of freedom, and otherwise showed her devotion to the nation's cause. In the early part of the present century, however, her prosperity began rapidly to wane; not in the matter of patriotism, but in material prosperity. The embargo of 1807 was a sad blow, for by it her loss was computed to be not less than a million dollars. At the time when I made my home there, she had so fallen from her high position that she ranked as fourth in population even in Essex County.

But Marblehead has a history distinguished and enduring. Honored names adorn her annals.

He who reads that memorable pronouncement, the Declaration of American Independence, will find inscribed upon it the name of Elbridge Gerry, then but thirty-two years of age, and a member of the Continental Congress. In 1812 he was chosen Vice President of the United States, and died in

Washington, in 1814, having been almost constantly in public service from the time he first entered Congress. He was a true son of Marblehead.

General Glover, also a native of Marblehead, had the honor of conducting the advance portion of Washington's army, when on the perilous night of the 25th of December, 1776, they intrepidly crossed the Delaware, and achieved the signal victories that so re-inspired the drooping spirits of the whole nation. He was also placed in command of the troops that conducted Burgoyne through New England after his surrender. To him likewise fell the painful duty of acting as one of the board of General Officers who condemned the ill-fated Major Andre to the scaffold.

Captain James Mugford, a noted naval commander in the Revolution, was likewise a native of Marblehead. His brave achievements on the sea were highly appreciated; especially his capture of a British ship laden with warlike material, when almost in sight of her destined port. The spirits of the patriots rose on the event, for they were solely in need of such supplies.

And down in later times are found names of sons of Marblehead which it would be pleasant here to record did space permit.

There was Dr. Edward A. Holyoke, who died in Salem, in 1829, at the age of an hundred years and eight months; an eminent physician and scientist. I remember him well as he used to step up lightly, being slender of stature, into the pulpit of

the old North Church, and seat himself by the minister, for the purpose of more readily hearing the services.

Judge Joseph Story, the able jurist who so long adorned the bench of the United States Supreme Court, and did so much by his luminous works to solve the difficulties and set forth the true principles of law and equity, was a native of Marblehead.

THERE were several gentlemen boarders at our house; among them the master of one of the principal district schools. It is as well not to repeat his name, though I remember it perfectly well. He was a good-natured, generous-hearted young man; very talkative and very profane. Whether he garnished his utterances in school by his blasphemies I do not know; but if he did not, he must have exercised great self-restraint and watchfulness over his unruly member. An incident occurred between him and a fellow-boarder, a physician, which made quite an impression on me, though I was not old enough to comprehend its full force and bearing, inasmuch as it related to the tender affections which are not often developed in one of my then brief years.

This Schoolmaster was engaged to a lady in Boston, and in his incessant talkativeness frequently spoke of her. At length he began to intimate that his prospects were so little promising that it would be best that the engagement should be broken.

Whether he came to the conclusion for her good or his own, I do not know. But on one of his desponding days he told the Doctor that if he would go to Boston as his friend and confidant and in a delicate way express to her his conviction, and if possible obtain her acquiescence in an indefinite postponement of the union, he would pay all the expenses of the trip.

The Doctor at once agreed to the proposition, and said he would go the next day, which was Saturday. The time is very well remembered from my having been detailed to go to the stable and engage the horse and chaise. It seems not improbable that the Doctor, who was a sober, considerate sort of man, really thought it would be meritorious on his part to do the errand, inasmuch as it would quite likely prove a happy deliverance for the lady. Be that as it may, the Doctor did go, and on his return, somewhat after dark, reported that he had fulfilled his mission, was kindly received, patiently listened to, and had his proposition graciously and promptly acceded to. And he added that his scholastic friend could now consider the engagement at an end, the severance having been sealed by a mutual kiss. The kiss seemed rather a staggerer. Nevertheless a calmness becoming the Saturday eventide prevailed.

On Sunday morning, however, a fierce storm broke; a storm that was riven by almost incessant flashes of profanity. The Schoolmaster declared that he had not believed the account given by the Doctor the evening before; that he himself was joking,

all through, as the Doctor ought to have known; and that he must instantly set off for Boston and endeavor to repair the mischief that had been done. How he did storm! And it stormed without, too, for a cold rain had set in. Breakfast nor anything else could detain the irate pedagogue, and away he dashed behind a fleet roadster.

On the Schoolmaster's return the denunciatory storm with its vivid flashes of profanity was renewed. And it was continued, with an occasional lull in respect for the presence of others, till he quit the house, declaring that he would no longer live under the same roof with such a knave as that Doctor. On the evening of his departure he presented me with a handsome volume of "Byron's Tragedies," a book that I could about as well comprehend and fathom as I could the sentiments that so agitated his own mind. What the final outcome of the love affair was, I do not know, but suppose the engagement was never renewed. The occurrence, however, did lead me to think there was something about such things, some attractions, fascinations or repulsions, that I might possibly comprehend as I grew older. And I may add that during the seventy years that have intervened between that time and this, a good many things that were riddles then are plain enough now.

HOW I CAME TO BE A PRINTER.

WHEN about fourteen years old it began to be thought about time for me to be initiated into the

mysteries of some regular employment that was to be a staff of life. Boys then did not expect to at once launch out in life from school or home, full-fledged gentlemen, even if their friends had abundant means, which very few at that period had. More especially were boys of the humbler classes expected to learn a trade. Indeed, every one felt, and should now feel, that a good trade is the sure thing to fall back upon if overtaken by adversity in any shape.

The question came as to what employment I was best suited for. Captain Johnson was the owner of a dry goods store, in which considerable business was done. Into this store I was put; and at the same time a vivacious girl, about my own age, who had just graduated from the academy, was also installed. The association was pleasant but the work tedious. I had to go out with bundles in all weathers, and was often kept late in the evening sorting goods and doing chores. And, by the way, it was on one of these store errands that the instructions on profanity, before alluded to, were received. It is needless to say that with my girl companion I had occasional disagreements. Did ever a boy and girl placed as we were get along without occasional variances? She was bright, good-natured and fond of fun. I liked her very much; but being the step-daughter of the proprietor, thought she was inclined to put rather too much of the burden on my shoulders. I soon sickened of the store business.

My discontent was quickly discovered, and it was

concluded that some mechanical employment would better fit my case. But what trade would be most fitting was a serious question. I would see carpenters at work and think I would like to be one of them; then tailors, then bakers, and so on. Finally, one evening there came over from Salem two or three young friends to visit the chief manager of our store, who was himself from Salem; a very estimable young man, who afterward became a prominent retail merchant in Boston. And I may, in passing, remark that he married the young Miss of whom I have just spoken. The next morning, after the departure of the Salem visitors, my mistress asked how I would like to be a printer; adding that one of the visitors was Mr. Andrews, of the *Salem Gazette*, and that he said he would take me into his office and teach me the trade if I would like. A printer! That, I joyfully answered, would be just what I should like above all things to be. And I thought nothing more about carpenters, tailors, bakers, or any such tradesmen; yet I had never been in a printing office or seen a printer's type.

IN SALEM.

I REMEMBER, with a distinctness as clear as if it were but six days instead of sixty-nine years ago, the hot August afternoon, when I, a boy of fourteen, after a dusty walk from Marblehead, made my first appearance in the *Salem Gazette* office. I can see the genial smile of Ferdinand Andrews, the

proprietor, as he glances over the letter of introduction that I extend to him, and hear his pleasant salutation, "So then, you are the boy in question, are you? Well, well, take off your jacket, and we'll soon see what can be done." Off comes the jacket, and without further ceremony the "boy in question" is installed upon an empty type-box at a case of long primer, by the side of the genial young Caleb Foote, who seems at once to take upon himself the direction of the neophyte's incipient efforts. I had never set foot in a printing office before, and of course every thing was new and puzzling. Under such good instruction, however, a fair insight into the mysteries of the craft was speedily obtained. And it must be added, in a moralizing way, that if employers in these days were all as faithful as those with whom my lot was cast, there would not be so many incompetent and untrustworthy workman drifting about. The management of young employes has strangely and not beneficially changed since those days.

Mr. Andrews did not long continue in the office after my coming, but commenced business elsewhere. A few years subsequently, however, he was back in Salem as publisher of the *Landmark*, a religious paper, the same in which the famous allegory of "Deacon Giles's Distillery," written by Rev. George B. Cheever, first appeared, creating such a fermentation as finally led to the imprisonment of the reverend author as a libeller. The *Landmark* did not long exist, and Mr. Andrews

some time after appeared in the editorial department of a leading Boston daily. Still later he was in one of the government departments at Washington, where he remained till his decease, an octogenarian. Mr. Foote is still, 1893, living in peaceful old age at Salem. On the 28th of February he completed his ninetieth year, and at the time was in good health, mental and physical. He entered the *Gazette* office as an apprentice in 1817, passed through the degrees of journeyman and foreman on to the editorial chair, completing an unbroken term of service of seventy-five years. He retired but a year or two ago. On a recent call at the office I was informed that he frequently drops in and for a while occupies his accustomed chair.

Printers' boys, in the far-off times of which I have been speaking, were, and probably now are, a favored class in some respects. They could obtain admission to circuses and other shows, when the printing pertaining thereto was done at the office to which they were attached. And the more serious minded could generally manage to secure a seat in lecture halls.

In 1826 the famous Capt. John Cleves Symmes, who, by the way, was a grandson of Rev. Timothy Symmes, minister of the First Church of Ipswich, Mass., in 1752, came to Salem to deliver a couple of lectures on his celebrated theory of the earth; which theory claimed that the earth is hollow, and contains within, several concentric spheres; that it is open at the poles and without doubt inhabited

within as well as without; that there is an open sea at either pole, by which vessels would be enabled to reach the interior; that the climate of the interior is more salubrious than ours of the exterior, being less subject to violent atmospheric disturbances and changes; that the polar openings are quite sufficient for needed light and for astronomical observations; all which positions he maintained with much earnestness, and to my juvenile apprehension, with much plausibility if not decided success. His arguments were largely founded on his own observations, and long noted facts. Among other things, if I recollect aright, he claimed that the Gulf Stream flowed from the interior and that those mysterious vegetable productions sometimes found on the Arctic shores were brought by it from their native soil within. He was well educated, unquestionably a firm believer in his theory, and more than once declared his readiness to risk his life if need be in its verification. He had petitioned the government to afford means to equip an expedition, and had strong hopes that his petition would be granted. If I remember rightly, he stated that the Russian government had signified a willingness to supply the means for a suitable outfit if his own government declined, but that he did not wish to avail himself of foreign assistance so long as there remained a probability that his application at home would meet with success. But he died soon after, his faith undiminished and the world unconvinced. The theory was very much ridiculed; and that probably had considerable

to do with its non-reception, and possibly with his early death, for he died at about the age of fifty.

Now, if in the course of time "Symmes's Theory" should be substantiated, would it not be deemed a discovery of far greater importance than the discovery we this year of grace, 1893, celebrate with so much pomp at Chicago — the discovery of America by Columbus? Give imagination fair play. My admission to Symmes's lectures was obtained by circulating his handbills. It is probable that I did not comprehend much that the lecturer said; but I am sure I was quite interested in what I did understand.

The circus, after all, was the great attraction for the boys of that time. And is it not so now, even including the gray-bearded ones? I remember that a small circus came to Salem and remained a whole week, exhibiting only in the evenings, however. The handbills were printed at our office, and on one or two occasions I was detailed to work them off at the press and see that they were delivered. For one particular performance I was very desirous that the other office lads, and possibly an outside friend or two, should gain admittance; so a little before the time for the performance to commence, at short intervals, I gave the other boys each a few of the bills to take over to the South Fields where the tent was pitched. The intervals were well arranged; away they went, and were admitted for their services. Finally, with the remainder I brought up the rear. When my package was handed to the door-keeper

he exclaimed, "My gracious! It seems to me it takes a big procession of boys to bring a few dozen handbills. I guess I have let in enough, and you may just trot off." This took me quite aback. I saw that I had been too generous towards my companions, and with downcast face and slow step began to retreat. But the good-natured fellow relented, recalled, and pushed me in. My spirits rose; and from that hour a good opinion of circus folk took root.

Timothy Pickering, the soldier and statesman, who figures so largely in American history of the Revolutionary period, the personal friend and co-worker with Washington, in war and in peace, passed the evening of his days in Salem. Indeed he was a native of the place, though his public duties kept him away for many years of his manhood. The only time that I remember to have been spoken to by him, was on the occasion of going to his house with the proof of an open letter, as I suppose it would now be called, which he had sent for publication in the *Gazette*. It was during the stirring canvass that resulted in the election of John Quincy Adams to the presidency; and I know from the sensation it created that it must have been a stinging missive, though I was not old enough to comprehend its full import.

I recollect him as a rather tall, white-haired, well-dressed gentleman, of dignified but kindly bearing. He was affable, and took care to see that I was comfortably seated, with something to

amuse, before he began to examine the proof. And while reading, he occasionally paused and looked up to say something he thought might interest me. When he had finished, he handed the proof to me with the remark that it was very correct, he having found but one wrong word, and that was *sweet* for *secret*, or vice versa ; I do not now remember which. Then he dismissed me, after giving a short account of something that happened in the Revolution, whether or not in reply to an inquiry of my own, I cannot now say, in such simple language that I perfectly understood all he said.

Col. Pickering, as is well known, had several sons, two or three of whom became quite eminent in the higher walks of life. His son Henry, who was born at Washington's headquarters in Newburgh, N.Y., in 1781, was in Salem at the time of which I am speaking, a scholarly man, in middle life. He was then an officer in one of the banks, but probably more proud of his poetic talents than his financial skill. From some cause, I do not know what, he seemed, from the first, to take a fancy to me, an oft ink-besmeared printer boy, and never met me in the street or elsewhere without stopping to take my hand, say some pleasant word or ask some question about myself. In 1830 he had a pretty little volume of poems printed at our School street office in Boston. But a small number of copies were issued — only twenty-five, the imprint states — and they for distribution among friends, none being for sale. In the distribution one fell to my lot, and

is still on the shelf beside me, as I write, a valued souvenir, recalling bright passages in those far-off times.

After leaving Salem I did not see Mr. Pickering for some years. But the first time he came into the office while his poems were being printed, he caught sight of me, and in the most cordial way renewed the acquaintance, if such it may properly be called. One of the first things he asked was if I had any objection to his still calling me by my Christian name. One day, while busy about something near the proprietor's desk, I heard Mr. P. and a friend of his debating about choosing between two words in one of his poetic lines. Such discussions often occurring I thought nothing of it, till Mr. P. said, "Well, now, as we can't agree, let us refer it to young N. out there; I'll agree to take the word he thinks most fit." The proposition was acceded to, and I at once felt prepared to decide, knowing full well that such arbitration is very much like the tossing up of a cent, just as reliable and just as satisfactory. However, with becoming gravity my decision was announced and acted on as final. Since then, it has many times occurred to me that such off-hand arbitration saves much trouble; and if oftener adopted in matters of small importance would doubtless give greater satisfaction than decisions following laborious discussion which are liable to infuse extraneous matter and rather confuse than elucidate.

COULD the *Gazette* office, as it then was, be seen by the present workers there, surely they would gaze with wonder. The thought of the slow-working old wooden Ramage press, propelled by hand, and requiring a pull to every page of the diminutive sheet, the inking all done by slow and wearisome beating of the hand balls, even now is almost enough to bring on a feeling of fatigue. But diminutive as the sheet then was, it was strong, respectable and influential — characteristics it has ever maintained. It in truth embodies a history of the country from its first appearance in 1768. It was published weekly till 1796, thence semi-weekly till 1892, in which year it became a daily. Could a good index of its contents be prepared, what a mine would be opened for the historian. The history of the Revolution and the causes that led to it are there. And so of the various later wars. The discussions on the formation of the Constitutional governments, National and State, and the countless other vital questions that agitated the minds of our fathers, inspired their patriotism and excited their fears, are garnered there.

FIRST VISIT TO BOSTON.

THE first time I was ever in Boston was on the 17th of June, 1825. No one will need to be informed that it was the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill, and the day on which the corner stone of the monument commemorating that great event was laid by General Lafayette. All the

country around had been for weeks in a patriotic ferment, and almost every one who could by any possibility find means to attend seemed to consider it a matter of absolute duty so to do. I had agitating hopes and fears as to my own success in finding means to go with the tide. But as we were about quitting work, on the evening of the 16th, Mr. Andrews came to me, and handing a dollar, smilingly said, "Well, James, I suppose you think you must go as well as the rest of us, and here is a dollar for you." I thankfully grasped the proffered bill, which seemed at first a large sum. On second thought, however, I realized that it would be necessary to economize, for the full stage fare was a dollar each way. Hearing that Captain Perkins was to run up with his pilot boat, I hastened to find him and ascertain how cheap he would take me. He said he would land me at Gray's wharf for fifty cents; and I did not hesitate to accept the terms. Accordingly, after a sleepless night and without thinking of breakfast, I was on board soon after dawn. Considerable time was lost by waiting for another passenger, and detentions of one kind and another, before the sail was spread. But a good run was made, and we were in Boston harbor by ten o'clock. Then, all of a sudden, the boat ran aground. This was a sore trial to juvenile impatience; but the tide was not to be hurried by my longings, nor by the profane rebukes of the others on board. However, after an hour we floated off and soon reached the wharf. It was a pleasant, warm day, and the

streets were overflowing with people. To me everything seemed in confusion, for I was in a strange place and jostled about by the rushing crowd. Yet I found my way around very well and in due time was on Bunker Hill, where the great procession presently deployed. There was a greater assemblage of freemasons, soldiers, and people of all degrees, than I had ever seen before.

At that time population had not much encroached on the historic vicinage. Grass fields spread along the slopes, and stone walls and dilapidated rail fences still marked the various lots, probably much as they did at the time of the battle. I saw Lafayette when he laid the stone and curiously examined the precious object as it was poised preparatory to being placed on the hallowed spot where it now rests. I was not old enough to take much interest in Mr. Webster's oration, which I am sure was not then considered an effort of such transcendent merit as some of the present generation assume. I recollect hearing Mr. Andrews say, a few days afterward, that he had been talking with postmaster Sprague about the oration, and that he, Mr. S. declared that he himself could have delivered as good an one. "And I have no doubt he could," added Mr. A. Yet that oration has passed into our nation's literature as a most choice specimen of American oratory—so unreliable is contemporary criticism, for Mr. Sprague was by no means alone in his disparaging estimate, and was considered able to wield the critic's truncheon with marked ability.

Though I could not take much interest in the oration, there were multitudes of other attractions. The ranges of stone wall at the foot of the hill, were lined with shanties of all sorts, where learned pigs and other monstrosities were exhibited, and where cheap provisions and drinks could be procured. In some of the uncomely erections the sound of the fiddle attracted a vulgar crowd, and there was not wanting staggering evidence that beverages stronger than the switchel that quenched the thirst of the panting soldiers on the hot day of the battle, freely flowed.

Quite a number of old men who were in the battle were on the ground, and of course well cared for. I remember following one of the carriages as the procession passed over Charlestown bridge, to watch the strange facial contortions of an old soldier with a broken jaw. These ancient worthies became scattered about the hill and furnished much curious information to the eager groups gathered about them, as to details of the battle, pointing out the exact spots where such and such things happened during the progress of the conflict. Nothing during the whole day interested me more than these quaint descriptions and details, so real did they seem in the then essentially unchanged aspect of the hill. It almost seemed as if I had been in the battle.

As the day waned the question as to how I was to get home came up with rather disturbing force. Not much of my dollar remained, as having come from home without a morning meal, I had been obliged

to get something to eat, and perhaps a glass or two of small beer to drink. There seemed to be no other way than to start off on foot. Though much fatigued, having passed a sleepless night and travelled about all the hot day, I had sufficient confidence in my ability as a pedestrian to believe that I could walk from Charlestown to Salem. Accordingly, when the principal features of the grand show seemed to be over, I started off, undismayed by the prospect of the long, hot tramp over the dusty turnpike.

When near Powderhorn Hill, in Chelsea, on looking round who should I see but the eccentric old yeoman, "Uncle Tommy N." jogging along in his dilapidated, topless chaise body. He was alone, and as he drew near reined up, saying, "Come, my boy, do n't you want to get in and ride?" "It needed not a second invitation for me to bounce up beside him. I think he was not in the Bunker Hill battle, and possibly not even a soldier of the Revolution; but he entertained me very much as we jogged along, by his graphic descriptions and reminiscences, and on my part I had to answer many questions regarding myself. On we moved, through Lynn, over the Floating Bridge, and up the hill, whence the steeples of Salem came in view. Then I began to have an apprehensive realization that I should probably be expected to pay something for my long and agreeable ride, for the old man was reputed to be rather more than ordinarily exacting and penurious. Finally, when so far along that it would be

no great hardship if turned out and compelled to walk the rest of the way, I ventured to ask what I ought to pay. "Well, my boy," replied he, "we are now getting near the last toll-house and I guess if you pay the toll there, it will be about right." I was delighted at his generosity for the toll was but a yankee ninepence — twelve and a half cents — which was just what remained of my dollar. I cheerfully handed it forth without intimating that it was my last financial remnant, and on we rode triumphantly into town, probably as well pleased with the day's adventures as any returning pilgrim of that notable day.

We arrived about sunset, and soon after alighting I encountered in Derby Square, old "Uncle Britton," the ubiquitous peddler of "varses," who travelled up and down the county with his metrical merchandise. He claimed, and probably with justice, to have been in the battle. I asked him how it happened that he did not appear in the great procession among the other old soldiers. Steadying himself as well as he could, with a comical leer he replied, "Because, my lad, because I never saught it." He had a patriotic song suitable for the day, but for want of its price — two cents — I could not purchase the inspiring ode.

The famous monument, the corner stone of which was laid with so much ceremony on that beautiful 17th of June, 1825, speedily rose to a height of some eighty feet, and there remained roofed in, an eyesore on the landscape, year after year. Finally

an energetic movement was made by the patriotic sons and daughters of north and south, with whom some of other nations joined hands, and the shaft arose to its destined height.

It was on the 17th of June, 1843 that the completion of the monument was celebrated by another great parade, and the oration on this occasion likewise was delivered by Daniel Webster, the orator of the former occasion. I was there at this time also. But how different appeared the surroundings. Population had overspread the then vacant fields, the stone walls and dilapidated rail fences had disappeared and stately buildings arisen.

UNDER the mysterious caption of "*The Statesman in a Quandary*," the old *Boston Daily Statesman* on a certain morning in 1825, editorially referred to a communication published in its columns, a few days before, in such terms as created a lively sensation, especially in Essex County. It was while I was still a boy in the *Salem Gazette* office. I happened to be alone one evening just after dark, all the others having gone to supper, and was busy at my little table preparing wrappers for the papers that were to go out by the night mail, my diminutive, one-wick, japanned, whale-oil lamp shedding scarcely a ray of light beyond the sphere of my pen, when the door suddenly opened and a briskly-stepping young man wrapped in a broadcloth cloak, came up to my table, and, in some apparent agitation,

asked for the use of my pen and a scrap of paper. They were handed him. He wrote a very brief note, and handing it to me asked if it could appear in the morning's paper. I told him I had no authority in the matter, but had no doubt that it would be inserted; at all events that I would hand it to the editor as soon as he came in. He thanked me and immediately disappeared down the dark stairway.

That man was Caleb Cushing, who in after years became so renowned for his energy of character, thorough knowledge of international law, and skill as a diplomatist. The lines he handed me were a brief and unequivocal denial of the authorship of the communication alluded to, that had just appeared in the *Boston Statesman*. That communication so zealously advocated Mr. Cushing's claims for a seat in Congress, and so unqualifiedly extolled him, that a good deal of feeling was created among the friends of the rival candidate. Presently the suspicion gained currency that Mr. Cushing was himself the author of the communication — a fact which at that time would have been considered far more undignified than in these days of more abundant effrontery. It was concerning this communication that the *Statesman* was in its "quandary."

Sundry of Mr. Cushing's opponents pretended to regard his positive denial as one of those political prevarications with which they were probably themselves familiar, and declared that if he did not write it himself it had passed under his supervision. Then came an affidavit duly sworn to before a magistrate,

squarély asserting that Mr. C. was not the writer, but that the deponent was. There were one or two peculiarities in the wording of the affidavit which were taken advantage of by the wily carpers to bring discredit upon it; and its intended effect was somewhat impaired.

Then the *Statesman* announced that they had preserved the manuscript and anyone interested could examine it. I remember hearing one gentleman say that he had inspected it and found one peculiarity that convinced him that Mr. Cushing had read it, and probably done so with pen in hand; for, said he, "I found that the commas were invariably placed nearer the next word than the word to which they appertained, a habit that I never knew in any one but Mr. Cushing." That gentleman also remarked that he knew Mrs. Cushing's handwriting much resembled her husband's and that it was not impossible that she used the pen.

There is little doubt that this unfortunate accusation brought against Mr. Cushing actually kept him from his coveted place of honor for the time being, and consigned him, so to speak, to the political shades for a number of years. But his great ability and unconquerable perseverance finally triumphed, and placed him where the nation received the benefit of his talents and learning. His latter career was brilliant. In 1843 he was appointed Commissioner to China and, as is well known, negotiated an important treaty with that power. He was United States Attorney General under President Pierce,

and as one of the three lawyers, who advocated the American claims in the Alabama controversy before the Geneva tribunal, was admitted to have scored a signal triumph. Indeed he was for many years constantly in the service of the State or Nation, and acquitted himself with marked ability. He was a profound scholar and industrious investigator; ambitious, no doubt, for personal advancement, but an ardent lover of his country and her institutions. I have often thought, in after years, when reading of Mr. Cushing's world-wide reputation, of his achievements in statesmanship and diplomacy, of that far-off evening when he appeared, almost like a spectre, at my little table in the dim light of that single-wick lamp and asked for the use of my pen, the mere stub of a goose quill, for metal pens did not come into use till long after.

HAVING occasion, now and then, to visit our printing offices, I never cease to wonder at the improvements made in the appliances for facilitating work as well as for increasing its accuracy and beauty. Especially is the improvement in presses and presswork conspicuous. From the time that Franklin, in paper cap and with rolled-up sleeves, labored at his sluggish machine, till the time when I began to sweat at a similar instrument — just about a hundred years — there was little improvement in the press. It is true that now and then there was talk about inventions of one kind and another in

Europe ; but hereabout the same old creeping way was pursued. The inking was done by wool-stuffed balls, the beater, when the form was of any considerable size, having one in each hand. It was slow, hard and tedious work.

The invention of the inking roller was the beginning of the era of the improvements that have not yet ceased to astonish us — improvements by which 40,000 sheets, more or less, may now be thrown off in less time than was then required for 500.

A year or two after my apprenticeship commenced, a strolling member of the craft appeared in the *Gazette* office, claiming that he had an invention, in the shape of a roller, that had great advantages over the inking balls, in the saving of labor, and in various other ways. He stated the terms and conditions on which he would furnish the apparatus and see to its successful operation. His terms being agreed to, he had a fire built in an upper room and set about cooking his molasses and glue. In due time the little roller came out of the mold, smooth and bright. It was long enough to ink one page of the little paper at a time. But for some time the new broom did not sweep very clean. “Monks” and “friars” diversified the sheets, to the disgust of the old workmen, and for a while it seemed as if the old balls would be reinstated. However, the use was persisted in, and the great revolution in press-work commenced.

As soon as the reign of the roller was firmly established it became apparent that an unlimited field

was open for the inventor. We see what marvelous things have already been accomplished; and what the future will develop, when electricity comes to play its part, is yet an unsolved problem. Had it occurred to Franklin that his discoveries in electricity might be applied to his old printing machinery, and had he set about working on the idea, what mighty things the world might have seen years ago.

It is true, however, that for clearness and accuracy, not for elegance, the printing of the early days of the art can well keep countenance by the side of that of the present day. I have at hand a book of more than 800 pages, printed in 1570 — but little over a century after the invention of movable types — that abundantly proves this.

Paper is a great desideratum in the art. In our times cheapness seems to be one of the chief things aimed at; and it is feared that that material is fast becoming cheap in more than one sense. There is probably truth in the assertion that paper, as now made, may be injuriously affected by certain chemical adjuncts used, and speedily decay. Referring again to the 1570 volume, it may be remarked that the paper seems as firm as when first printed on; and the binding, too, appears as if it might maintain its strength for another three hundred years; in short, the book is as readable now as it was the first year of its issuance from the press. Of course it has never been handled in the destructive way that the public library novel is handled at this day; and perhaps, being a religious work, it

has not been much read during the three centuries. In a great many of the books of our day, durability seems to be sacrificed for elegance ; looking as if their authors, having no expectation of long life, wished to pass away in comely shape. Most of our news sheets of course do not expect many years or much handling, or they would not use such flimsy paper.

After all, when we come to reflect, it will appear that the old time facilities for printing were sufficient for the day. There were comparatively few readers, as the thirst for reading had not become so feverish, and it may be added, not so indiscriminating as it now is. The printing of this day, book and newspaper, is done for this generation, not for generations yet to come ; and if little of it reaches the latter the loss to them may not be very great. Most of us read too much ; so much, indeed, that reflection on what is read, or meditative seasons, have small share in our mental discipline.

The establishment of printing in this part of the country seems to have been much desired from the earliest times, and its growth fostered with becoming earnestness. But in some other sections there appears to have existed, for a long time, a dread of the printing press. Sir William Berkeley, Governor of Virginia, in 1671 thanks God that there is no printing press in Virginia at that time, and hopes there will not be one for a hundred years.

IN BOSTON.

IT WAS in the autumn of 1827 that I bade adieu to Salem, and in a day or two was in Boston, employed in the *Christian Examiner* office, then a small and poorly equipped establishment in the fourth story of a building near the head of Harvard Place, opposite the Old South Church. Good work, however, was done there. It was here that the first volume of N. P. Willis' poems was printed. I well remember the author's fresh, rather boyish countenance, as he used to appear in his dandified dress, and make his suggestions to the foreman in a hesitating, almost bashful, way.

But the *Examiner* office was soon removed to Bromfield street and enlarged. And there one or two volumes of the "Legendary," edited by Mr. Willis, were printed, and the "Token," that elegant gift book. Many well-known authors and publishers were seen there.

I think the first lectures on phrenology ever heard in Boston were delivered in old Julian Hall, in Milk street, at the corner of Congress, in 1828, by Dr. Charles Caldwell, then professor of *materia medica*, in Transylvania University, Kentucky. The doctor was in Boston, attending to the publication of his eulogy on President Holley of that university, who had formerly been minister of Hollis-street church, Boston, and had recently died. A memoir was to appear with the eulogy, and as Mrs. Holley was then in Boston it was expedient for the doctor

to go there to have the work printed. And it was in our office, after its removal to Bromfield lane, as it was then called, that the work was done.

Dr. Caldwell was a rare specimen of the Kentucky gentleman of that day; of fine physical development, with a strong, clear voice, never at a loss for a word to express an idea, and utterly fearless of where or how hard the truth hit the point at which it was aimed. His language in the lecture room was scholarly, smooth and unexceptionable. But occasionally, in every day intercourse, when met by some unexpected or especially disturbing occurrence or remark, there might be an explosion so spirited as to startle a timid listener.

At the time Dr. Caldwell visited Boston he was a little beyond middle life, but full of vigor, erect, and with his commanding presence, white flowing hair, and air of proud manhood, was one who could hardly be passed by unnoticed. His style was dogmatic but quite forcible and impressive.

The doctor placed the price of a ticket to any employe in the office, who desired to attend his course, at half-price, the full price being, I think, five dollars; and it was under this arrangement that I gained admission.

Among the audience I recollect a young man who always seemed busy in taking notes, and was told that his name was Fowler. I have since wondered if he was not the Mr. Fowler who not a great while after established in New York the well-known depot for phrenological supplies of all kinds which has

been so successful for many years, and is, I presume, even now, 1893, flourishing—the foremost establishment of the kind in the country.

Dr. Caldwell was frequently in the office, now and then unceremoniously disturbing the silence of the composing room by some caustic remark, amusing anecdote, or energetic denunciation of a thing he did not approve, or that was not in accordance with what may be called his whims, for learned men sometimes have whims. The ardent temperament of the doctor, coupled with the freedom of Western speech, sometimes led him to use expressions not common with staid Bostonians. Witness the following: He came into the office one day when a sheet of his book was being worked off, and stepping up to the press—they were all hand presses in those days—he happened to glance on one of the pages, when a formidable explosion took place. He peremptorily ordered the pressman to stop. “There,” said he, “is a word that has been changed since I saw the proof. Now I want to know who did it.” Mr. J., an accomplished proof-reader and modest clergyman who often looked over the revise sheets, happened to be in, and hearing the doctor, came over to the press. The doctor pointed to the word, and indulged in one or two strong comments. Mr. J., with some hesitancy, said, “Well, doctor the word that was there is not to be found in any dictionary, and thinking that the passage would lose some of its force by not being understood, I took the liberty to substitute an English word.”

"The h—l you did!" shouted the doctor, and up flew his cane — not probably with any design of bringing it down with a crash on that defenceless head, but rather to give additional emphasis to his already over-vigorous protest; "now have it put back, and don't do such a thing again with any work of mine. It is a new word, one of my own, and I have as much right to make a word as Doctor Johnson or anyone else." And the word was restored. A similar scene occurred on another occasion when the doctor happened to discover that commas had been substituted for dashes, the dash being with him a very pet.

He was a profound scholar, and very interesting lecturer, fluent and apt in the use of words, sometimes really eloquent, though decidedly peremptory in style, ever ready with anecdote, poetic quotation, or other illustration gathered from his extensive field of observation and study. His efforts did much to prepare the way for the enthusiastic reception of Spurzheim, the eminent Prussian physician and phrenologist, who arrived here in 1832, and whose remains were within three months resting with the silent company in Mount Auburn.

Dr. Caldwell was fond of relating to the workmen, as well as other listeners, his experiences and reminiscences. And he had an abundance of anecdotes of eminent men with whom he had associated while in Europe and corresponded with at other times. He had a fund of lively incidents to relate concerning Doctor Abernethy the famous London

physician, with whom, I think, he claimed relationship as a student in some department of his profession, and seemed to delight in dwelling on the eccentricities of that eminent but boorish champion of the healing art.

I well remember a characteristic anecdote that he related more than once. It was to the effect that the doctor was one day called on at his London office by a demure New England clergyman who was minister of a small country parish.

"I have come," said the minister, "on the recommendation of friends to get your advice regarding my ailments."

"Well, well, now tell me at once what your ailments are."

"I have been ailing these many months, my health so declining that I was finally advised by some of my dear little flock to take a sea voyage, in the hope that"—

"No matter about all that. What is the matter with you?"

"As I was saying, my health began to decline some time ago. And I was advised, if I hoped to recover, to leave for a time, in other care, my dear little flock, and seek"—

"D—n your little flock! Why do n't you tell me what the matter is with you?"

How the advisory interview ended, I do not know; but the impatience and irritability of Dr. Abernethy, which was the chief point, sufficiently appears.

Another anecdote of that great London physician,

told by Dr. C., was much relished, especially from the dramatic manner in which it was told.

A messenger appeared in great haste one morning, announcing that King George was taken suddenly ill, and demanded the doctor's immediate attendance.

"Well, well," says the doctor, "I'll take the King's case in its order."

After a little while the messenger returned with a peremptory summons to attend without delay. The doctor's eye flashed, as he straightened up and vociferated,

"Go straight back and tell King George that I won't come!"

Probably one thing as much as any other that brought discredit on phrenology was that almost anyone could get up a lecture or two on the subject. He could easily get his "charts" and marked plaster heads. And it was not long before large numbers of tramp lecturers were in the field — ignorant and assuming. So it is not wonderful that the true doctrines became mystifying and hard to be understood by the cursory student.

I remember that Dr. Caldwell, in one of his earnest intermittent rhapsodies, while lecturing, ejaculated, with undoubted sincerity and honest fervor, "Phrenology is true, and will yet occupy a high place in the catalogue of sciences, accepted as one of the most useful of all to mankind."

But will phrenological doctrines ever prevail? Or will they ever again attain the place they held

among the intelligent and learned, say sixty years ago? The poet tells us that "The proper study of mankind is man." And a higher authority declares that the truth is mighty and will prevail. But where, amid the entanglements of scientific research, is the truth, in many cases, to be found?

Soon after the *Examiner* office, which had now grown to be one of the leading book offices in Boston, was removed from Bromfield street to School street it was sold to Isaac R. Butts who added to it his own considerable establishment, and gave it the name of "Classic Office." A great many classical works now began to be printed there, a circumstance that called for the frequent visits of the Harvard professors and other savants. Mr. Butts remained proprietor for many years, not, however, accumulating largely in a pecuniary way, and finally retired to a home in Chelsea, where he died a few years ago at an age of more than eighty years. He was of fine personal appearance, neat in dress, and on the whole courteous and forbearing, though he had one trait that was not the most agreeable; and that was the habit of finding fault with those in his employ without, as well as with, reason. While foreman of the principal composing room I once ventured seriously to expostulate with him. He very good naturedly replied that he knew his real feelings were often mistaken, that he did not always feel as he appeared to, but acted on the principle that continued fault-finding induced even the most diligent and faithful to be the more careful and painstaking.

I could only say that such a doctrine did not commend itself to my mind; and that expressions of approval, when deserved, I thought among the strongest incentives to increased activity in duty.

Perhaps the most famous work ever issued from the School street press, was "Bowditch's Commentary on the *Mechanique Celeste* of La Place." It was in four quarto volumes, and but five hundred copies were printed. It fell to my lot to read the first proofs of two of them. My "copy reader" was a lad recently from a Boston high school, a bright little fellow who could read on, scarcely ever hesitating at a foreign word, mathematical sign, or abstruse formula. Dr. Bowditch's manuscript, be it said to his honor, was almost as fair as print. Of course, neither the lad nor I could undertake to interpret what we read. The five hundred copies were deemed sufficient to supply the whole scientific world. Few of the American savants of that day could read the work understandingly; and probably the number at this day is comparatively not larger. It is said that a considerable portion of the edition was sent to Europe. Francis J. Grund, the German mathematician, was having a work printed in our office at the same time, and I remember hearing him say, "There are not over fifty people in the United States who can read Doctor Bowditch's work, while there are fifty thousand who can read mine." And then he facetiously added, "I had rather be the fifty than the fifty thousand."

I have often thought of the differences between Dr. Bowditch and Mr. Grund, both so well known in the scientific world; one so absorbed and reticent; the other so social and communicative. Dr. Bowditch, when he came into the office, as he almost every day did, aimed directly for the stand of Mr. Berry, who did the composition, and after conferring with him would pass out without taking notice of anyone excepting, perhaps, exchanging a word with the proof-reader, or giving a nod to the proprietor if he happened to be in. Mr. Grund, on the other hand, seemed delighted to chat with the workmen, and exhibit what little mechanical skill he possessed. I happened to be alone in the office early one morning, and was busy looking over some proofs preparatory to the coming in of the workmen, when Mr. Grund came in, and after the compliments of the morning, passed on to the further end of the office, where the compositor on his work had his stand. After a few moments of silence I was startled by hearing a terrible crash of types on the floor, followed by the exclamation, "I'll pay for it! I'll pay for it!" Hastening to the scene of the disaster I found he had attempted to lift a page as he had seen the workman do, from the galley to the imposing stone, not probably thinking of the utility of a page-cord. He seemed utterly astonished that a page should fall to pieces in his hand when in the hand of the workman it was as safe as if glued together. When the workman came in and saw the havoc that had been made with his previous

night's work, he indulged in language more vigorous than becoming, but when the matter was explained he seemed to think it a good lesson for meddlers.

Mr. Berry, the compositor on Dr. Bowditch's work, was a skillful and industrious workman, and much esteemed by his fellow-workmen for his promptness, good nature, and willingness to do anyone a favor. He was somewhat dignified in manner, not a bit of a fop, nor inclined to any underhand measure for personal advantage. He was an expert musician and played the violin in one of the churches, organs not having come into general use at that time. But he always seemed more proud of his work on the *Mechanique Celeste* than any other thing, especially as his name appeared in the front part as compositor. It was something to have his name so handed down as a co-worker with the great Doctor Bowditch.

It must have been in or about 1830 that Mr. Berry left Boston for Portland, Maine, where he became a prominent citizen, and resided there, with one or two short intervals of absence, till his death. A few years ago, on the occasion, I think, of his golden wedding day, there was a notable assembling of Mr. Berry's children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Soon after that I received a friendly letter from him, the first in many years, and that was the last word I had directly from him. He died in 1891, at the age of eighty-five years.

There were other inmates of the old "Classic

Office," the memory of whom is most agreeably cherished; among them Counsellor Gill, of whom something may be said hereafter, and Oliver Ditson, to whom the musical world has been so greatly indebted these many years.

A word more about Doctor Bowditch: I have alluded to his usually placid manner, his reticence and self-absorption. But it was manifest that he naturally possessed intense feeling, and under its influence, on sudden provocation, was liable to be betrayed into unreasonable demands. There were, however, but few exceptions to his admirable self-control; and when an instance of its loss occurred he was ever ready in a cooler moment to make ample amends or apologies, whether the victim of his sudden wrath were college president or common laborer. I was witness to one instance.

When the *Mechanique Celeste* was being printed the sheets, after being cold pressed, were done up, each signature in two bundles of two hundred and fifty copies each; one of which bundles was to be left at his house and the other at his office. When a certain number of bundles had accumulated, a hand-carter was called to make the delivery, with instruction not to leave two alike at either place, as that would make imperfect sets in both places. The purpose was to be sure of one perfect set if by any accident the other should be destroyed. Things went on smoothly till by some mishap, either of the young man who had charge of the cold press room or of the hand-carter, the two bundles of one sig-

nature were delivered at the same place, and that of course made an imperfect set at the other place. The Doctor was not long in discovering that something was wrong, and without taking a moment to ascertain what the trouble was in great excitement hurried to the office and demanded that the man who kept the bundles in charge should be summoned. I had him summoned, and when he appeared he was met by such a storm of scolding as quite unnerved him, especially as he did not know what had happened. He did not attempt to say anything; did not know what to say. And when the peremptory demand for his instantaneous discharge came he began to tremble. I hesitated about complying with the demand for his discharge, as he was a valuable man in his place, was honest, quiet and industrious. And furthermore I had not seen wherein he was guilty. And luckily, while hesitating, the proprietor came in and my authority ceased. The doctor's demand was repeated in decided terms. And then the young man was told that he must go. But the proprietor made a remark to me in an under tone, implying that the matter would, he felt sure, be adjusted satisfactorily; that the doctor would presently see how the error had happened, and be the first to ask for the recall of the supposed offender. The young man put on his coat and sorrowfully departed; and then the irate doctor took his leave. In an hour or two the clouds broke. A note came from the doctor expressing much regret at his hasty action, stating that he had found it to

have been a mere mistake in delivery that could be easily rectified, and pleading for the recall of the young man. It would have been just like him to have handed the young man a pecuniary consolers, but I do not know whether he did or not.

The above incident, of not much importance in itself, shows that human nature will sometimes assert itself in the great as in the small. Doctor Bowditch was a great man, and his greatness was as conspicuous in his readiness to acknowledge an error and make restitution, as in his noble works which adorned the age. No word of eulogy on the dignity and magnanimity of his character is called for here, as pens and tongues of long ago have been sufficiently exercised in that behalf.

A word about anonymous writing: One often sees in the modern newspaper a conspicuous notice that all anonymous communications will be at once consigned to the waste basket. But is that disposition always judicious? Do not honest and wise people sometimes write to a paper matter of real public interest, but in connection with which, for some special reason, they do not wish their names known, even to the editor? And are not these sometimes scared off by the notice in question?

And then again, are there not instances where an editor will allow a correspondent, who gives his name, to blow a rude blast against a neighbor? And is not that lending his editorial trumpet to a

base use, even though he disclaims any responsibility for what correspondents say? But then the autocrats of the press, having the staff in their own hands, can and will pursue their own way. Yet it may not be irrelevant to ask if editors are not morally responsible for what is allowed to appear in their columns, by whomsoever written?

As to anonymous letters: We all know how common it is to say that no anonymous letter is worthy of notice, and that it is simply ridiculous for one to be elated or depressed by what an unknown writer may say. But is it not sometimes the case that such a communication may prove of the utmost value? I have often thought, in connection with this subject, of an incident that came to my knowledge while in the School street office.

In 1829, I think it was, that a young man named Harris was a compositor there in the department then under my charge. He was an intelligent, genial young fellow, and for a considerable time we were room mates. He became attached, and I presume regularly engaged, to a girl of some eighteen years, pleasing in manners and person, bright, and to a susceptible young mind quite fascinating. She sometimes, with his sister, spent part of an evening in our room, where social chat and music made the time pass very pleasantly. She was a good singer, and it is especially remembered with what touching effect she sang "Bonny Doon," he accompanying her on the flute. As time passed, the course of love seemed to be running very smoothly.

It then came about that she ostensibly arranged to make a visit to her mother, at her old home in Maine. She went. And in due time H. received letters from her speaking in glowing terms of how much she was enjoying her visit among old friends and old scenes.

So matters stood till one morning. As the work of the day was about commencing at the office, H. came in perceptibly agitated, saying that he suddenly found himself compelled to ask for leave of absence for a day or two. He was reminded of the importance of hastening the work he was on, and the probability that in a short time he would be able to go without occasioning any inconvenience. He replied that he would not then tell what his strait was, but would on his return; that indeed he must go even at the hazard of losing his situation.

"Very well," I said, "if the call is so very urgent, you had better go, and we will manage to get along without you for a day or two."

He went. And the explanation afterward given was this: He had to his bewilderment, just received an anonymous letter, assuring him that the writer, though an utter stranger, having by some means learned his address and of his attentions to a certain young woman, felt it his duty to caution him of the danger he was in; that the girl in question was of such a character as no respectable young man would knowingly associate with; that her mother did not know where she was; that he, the writer, knew she was in a place very different from

a mother's home; and that though the worthlessness of anonymous letters in a general way was conceded, H. could in this instance satisfy himself by going to such a number in such a street in Portland.

This, then, was the urgent business that called H. so suddenly away from the office. He hastened to Portland and at once became satisfied that the worst was true. He never knew who the anonymous writer was, and so could not in person express his heartfelt thanks for the deliverance.

I saw little of H. in after years. But in speaking with Mr. B. P. Shillaber, (Mrs. Partington), a short time before his death, and inquiring about some of the old craftsmen, I asked if he ever knew H. He said he knew him very well, and that he had been dead a number of years; that he was proof reader for a long time in a large book establishment; and that he was highly esteemed for integrity of character, intelligence, and skill in his vocation.

Was not here an instance of the value of an anonymous letter? What might have been the blighting consequences if H. had thrust the letter into the fire as soon as it was read, concluding that it was a trap set by some audacious fellow who was endeavoring to supplant him, or the resentful ebullition of some rejected aspirant? The incident likewise shows something of the wiles and perils to which young men in the large cities are often exposed.

IT MAY be relevant to here briefly remark on the blunders and annoyances of printers, about which we hear so much, and the misprints which the readers of newspapers especially frequently encounter. Some are ridiculous enough, to be sure. But not unfrequently the author of an article is himself to blame from the illegibility of his writing. It is true that a compositor should keep his mind on his work, and if he does, in most cases no extraordinary error would pass on to the proof-reader, who might not always himself be over wakeful. But it is not in human nature to have the mind so continually concentrated as to insure against any slip.

There used to be a saying in the old printing offices, that "a compositor should follow copy, even if it blew out of the window." And here a little affair in which I was a participant may be given as a not inapt illustration. It happened as far back as my second year in the *Salem Gazette* office — 1825, and relates to the laying of the corner stone of Bunker Hill Monument.

In the procession that moved from Boston to Charlestown were quite a number of survivors of the battle in carriages. For our next paper an account of the proceedings was put into my hands, as compositor; and, in speaking of those old worthies, it said they were among the patriotic heroes who fought, bled and died on the sanguinary height. I saw the lapse, but, boy-like, thinking it a good joke followed copy, taking the precaution to pre-

serve the manuscript for my justification, not doubting that I should be called to account. The proof-reader did not discover the lapse, and out it went to the public, who were not slow to have a healthful laugh. In the course of the forenoon I was called to account, and appeared before the angry chief, manuscript in hand. There was no gainsaying my position, and the matter ended with a laugh, as well inside the office as out.

But supposing the copy is illegible, or the meaning not apparent? A compositor cannot know everything, and when his work is on a subject with which he is unacquainted, he is often greatly puzzled. Most people think their writing very plain, and to them probably it is, and so is the meaning, unless they are in the condition of the old philosopher who, when on his death bed, was approached by a friend who begged to be informed respecting an obscure, but apparently important, passage in a work to be published after his decease. He pondered over it for a time and then feebly remarked, "When I wrote that I knew what it meant, and God knew; perhaps He may know now, but I do n't."

The figure 1 has sometimes done a full share of mischief by being mistaken by compositors for a 7. I remember once seeing in a paper an advertisement for proposals for the erection of a small frame building for some public purpose, to be "75 feet post," 15 feet being undoubtedly intended.

But the most comical masquerading of the figure

1 that I ever knew was in an agricultural report. The author had the unfortunate habit of making the hair line of the figure 1 stand out so conspicuously that it was readily mistaken for a 7. Neither the compositor nor proof-reader was familiar with farm matters, and in quite a number of instances sevens were used for ones. And it may well be imagined what strange stories they told. The cow which was thought worthy of unbounded praise for yielding 10 quarts at a milking was credited with 70 quarts; the little garden plot that produced 100 bushels of early potatoes had its production raised to 700 bushels; the hay-field that was deemed worthy of praise for yielding 1 ton to the acre was given 7 tons, and so on, through page after page. I was informed that the errors were not discovered till the reports were about to leave the binder's hands, and then the mischief was cured as well as it could be by an errata slip, pasted in. Now who was to blame in this matter? And why should it be said that figures cannot lie. Perhaps, though, figures are innocent enough in themselves when properly treated. But it is certain that people can lie by them as easily as by words. And they can be made to tell the greatest untruths in the most condensed form.

Punctuation is still usually left very much to the taste of the compositor. And if the author makes his subject plain there is little doubt that it will be done satisfactorily; if not, the proof-reader will amend. Every well-ordered office has some sort

of general rules in this particular ; but many, even scholarly writers, have very confused ideas of the use of points, and would improve their attempts by adopting the plan of Lord Timothy Dexter, who omitted all points in the body of his book, but inserted a page of them, of every kind, at the end, leaving it, as he said, to the reader to "pepper" according to his taste.

As before remarked, it was one of the first rules of the old book office that the author's copy should be strictly followed. Yet authors sometimes make sad mistakes, or use forms of expression that but poorly express their meaning. Indeed the public would gasp with astonishment if everything was sent out of the office, in print, just as it was sent in, in manuscript. Authors are sometimes indebted even to the apprentice lad for saving help. One little incident, out of a hundred, may be named. There was a young man in our office, working on some writing by a Cambridge professor. Coming across a sentence he could not readily understand, he pondered for a minute or two, and then caught the meaning. Trespassing upon the rule of following copy, he took the liberty to reconstruct the sentence, so as to make the meaning at once apparent. The proof-reader called him to account, and the reason was given. "Very well," said he, "I will let it go over to Cambridge as it is." And it went. It was not long before the professor appeared, and the offender was called up. "So, young man," said he, "you undertook to alter my writing, did

you?" The reply was, of course, "Yes, sir," followed by the reason given the proof-reader. The learned worthy threw up his spectacles, and with a tone and look of such earnestness, that it seemed as if he thought he was passing a severe sentence, said: — "Well, sir, I must say you have very much improved it. But remember, it was a dangerous thing to do; a very dangerous thing."

I have, however, known cases of another and most inexcusable kind — cases in which the tricks of a roguish compositor have greatly and justly incensed an author. I remember one instance in which that eminent divine, Dr. Channing, was so chafed that he came as near downright scolding as one of his forbearance and equanimity possibly could, without indulging. In our office, when it was in Bromfield street, there was a compositor by the name of Fitzgerald, an intelligent fellow, but reckless, and so fond of fun that he needed a watchful eye. Doctor Channing, by the way, was not a good penman. And he was so given to inter-lining and erasing that his manuscript was sometimes almost indecipherable. Fitzgerald was one day working on an article that the Doctor had written for the *Examiner*, and I heard him grumbling, in an undertone, to a fellow-workman. Finally, he said he would give up the struggle, and relieve himself by setting up one page just as the manuscript appeared to him to read, regardless of spelling, grammar, or anything else, and abide the result. He worked on very quietly, for it was an office in which all

unnecessary audible indulgence was abstained from during work hours.

About noon a note was received from the Doctor saying that he was obliged to go out of town for a day or two, and wished very much to see a proof as soon as possible. The form was made ready and a proof taken at once and dispatched to the Doctor, without the accustomed first reading and correction in the office. The roguish Fitzgerald had carried out his threat, and as ill luck would have it the very page with which he had experimented was in the form. And such unheard of words, and such a conglomeration of absurdities, as he had worked in, had never before met the distressed eyes of an author. I remember the word "skunking" appeared once or twice among the few intelligible words. The Doctor evidently at first thought that a rank insult was intended, and the sharp note that he sent made a sensation in the office. The best apology and explanation that could be made was to tell the thing just as it was, and the matter soon dropped. I could not help thinking, however, from a few words incidentally dropped, that the Doctor himself concluded that there was a lesson in the freak worthy of being heeded; for even he, with mind attuned to the most serious and lofty themes that concern mankind, could appreciate, yea, and relish, a witty ebullition if it bubbled up in the proper place. But whether Fitzgerald's bold experiment had a beneficial effect, I cannot say.

Speaking on this subject brings to mind an anec-

dote told of another of the old Boston clergy, who wrote for a religious periodical. He was very pious and scholarly, and his contributions were highly prized. On one occasion as he handed in a paper, the editor with impressive seriousness expressed a hope that the good man would remember the printers in his prayers. The reply was, that prayers were gladly offered for all in need of them; but why were they specially needed for the printers? To this the editor quietly remarked that when they were put to work on the manuscript the swearing would be fearful.

There is, however, a tragic side to this matter. Opportunity is sometimes taken by heartless reprobates to impose on editors their effusions of spite or indecency, so enwrapped in unsuspecting words, or equivocal surroundings, that they pass out before detection. Such "jokers" are moved by a measure of depravity hardly to be expected in a civilized community. And the publisher, who offered the large reward of a thousand dollars for the detection of the miscreant who imposed on him an indecent article, deserved well of the community.

But, after all, there are many blunders of the press which it is hard to excuse; blunders which are extremely, and justly so, annoying to careful authors. Not long since an author of reputation, who has suffered a good deal in this way, told me he found that when he took great pains with his manuscript, endeavoring to make it as plain as print, he found the most errors when in print. And he

accounted for it by saying he supposed that when the manuscript was obscure it was given to the best workman, but when very plain, it was put into the hands of some juvenile or otherwise incompetent compositor.

“Typewriters” will in the future, no doubt, do something for the relief of both authors and printers.

It has been claimed ever since printing was invented that there is prowling about every office an emissary of the evil one, called the printer’s devil, who is ever on the alert and eager to do the bidding of his superior; and perhaps the printers’ blunders, annoyances, and mishaps, may as well be charged to him.

A LARGE portion of my employment at this time, 1829 and '30, was reading proofs, and though still under age I was looked to for directions about the work in the absence of the proprietor. But my situation was not so agreeable as it had been. There were a large number of workmen, with some of whom it was not very easy to get along. Among them was a quick-tempered, heedless pressman named McClure. He was quite noisy one day and I checked him, it being the wholesome rule of the office for each to pursue his duties as quietly as possible. He took fire at what I said and made some insolent reply. I then insisted on his quitting the office at once. The proprietor sustained me, and he was obliged to go. This little rupture is

noted here as I may hereafter have a word to say about McClure, whom I had always before found to be quite friendly.

Several girls were introduced into the office, about this time, to learn to set types. At first they did not seem very successful. Their proofs were foul and the male hands had to be called on to correct them, it being difficult and painful for the girls to lean over the imposing stones to correct their own matter. And this occasioned considerable grumbling. One or two, however, did their work remarkably well, the proofs needing very little correction. One sensitive workman, I remember, grew uneasy, fearing that the girls would become so expert as to supplant the journeymen. By brooding over the matter he became so wrought up that I jocosely advised him to expostulate with the proprietor. He followed my advice and afterward told me that his complaint was patiently listened to; and then the proprietor turned to him and blandly said, "Well, Thomas, if you think the girls are going to make such good compositors, why do n't you marry one of them, and so have some one to support you if you lose your place?"

Among the compositors in the School street office was a man who in after years was a marked character in the Boston streets, and known as "Counsellor Gill." His name was Thomas Gill; and he was a man of good physique, not over active in movement, and so near-sighted as to require the aid of spectacles. I think he told me that he was

born in England, amid big guns and all the paraphernalia of war, — bullets and cannon balls being his boyish playthings, his father holding a position in one of the English dockyards; that he came to America at a very early age, first to Canada and then to the States.

Where or when he learned the printer's trade I do not know, but he worked in Cambridge for a while and then came over to Boston. He was a good compositor and had no difficulty in obtaining a favorable situation.

It must have been in or about 1828 that I first knew Mr. Gill. He was some years older than I, and married. He was never forgotten, though for many of his last years I hardly ever saw him. Intelligent, good-natured, and always ready to extend a helping hand, it was impossible not to esteem him, and alike impossible that the esteem should not increase with the increase of the intimacy.

He had ambition, and was anxious to leave the printer's case for some position likely to yield a more satisfactory and permanent remuneration, stimulated largely, no doubt, by the requirements of a growing family. So it is not at all surprising that he conceived the idea of establishing, in Washington, a paper of high order, such as would command attention in all parts of the country. Though baffled by lack of pecuniary means for some time, and subjected to a variety of disappointments, he finally met with such encouragement as induced him to apply himself with zeal to prepare in other

respects for the undertaking. He realized the necessity of deep study into the history and the broader interests and requirements of the nation. To that end he procured the necessary works, and diligently applied himself to the task; I remember his taking me to his lodging room to show an ingenious contrivance he had erected by his bedside, by which he could safely light the pages he was to con during wakeful hours of the night, and before the morning dawn. He likewise invented a system of short-hand writing, which seemed to me easily learned and likely to turn to good account.

So matters stood, till one morning, much to my surprise, he said he had abandoned his project of establishing the Washington paper; that there was about to be commenced in Boston, a new daily, to be called the *Morning Post*, and that he had been offered a position on it, a position which it seemed prudent for him to accept considering his duty to his family, and the uncertainty of immediate returns from the Washington undertaking. And I ventured to say that I fully agreed with him.

And so, from the first, he became a writer on the *Post*, and continued, I think, till the end of his life, or at least till the end of his working days. And I cannot doubt that the paper, now so famous, in its infancy was greatly indebted to him for success; for his police reports, especially, often remarkably witty, and accompanied by remarks and suggestions full of good sense as well as good nature, were copied far and near, and greatly extended the

name and fame of the paper, which had most able writers in other departments.

In his daily visits to the lower courts, Mr. Gill often saw cases in which a little friendly counsel to parties might be of great benefit, and the ends of justice more certainly subserved. And then his kindly feelings and ardent desire that justice might be done were astir, inducing him to volunteer advice of real value. The judges knew him as one so honest of purpose that they were not disposed to enforce any rigid technical rule to thwart his benevolent efforts. It was from this sort of pseudo court practice that he became known as "Counsellor Gill."

AMONG those who at this time — about 1829 — frequented the office, was William J. Snelling, then a young man of twenty-five years. His interesting work delineating scenes and experiences beyond the frontier, giving graphic pictures of his life far away from any civilized community, was then in process of printing, and was, I believe, the first book he ever issued. It fell to my lot to read the first proofs.

Mr. Snelling was a striking character; vigorous, fearless and industrious. He was born in Boston, was a son of Col. Josiah Snelling, and educated at West Point. Colonel Snelling, the father, was distinguished for his military services in the West, and on the trial of General Hull by court martial in 1814 for cowardice in surrendering Detroit to

the British General Brock, was a principal witness against the accused.

I think Mr. Snelling, Henry J., told me that for some time he was stationed, in what capacity I do not know, at Fort Snelling on the western frontier, and that from there he made the excursions into the Indian countries that enabled him to give such graphic descriptions, and so faithfully depict the condition of things there. The habits, traditions, and especially the legends of the red men, were familiar to him. And that might well be, for he freely fraternized with the Indian hunters and trappers, partaking of their wild fare and wilder pursuits. His descriptions were vivid, and though possibly not in every case fully reliable in point of fact, furnished very apt illustrations of that kind of life. He had considerable soldierly pride, and once, on my remarking something about the loss of a portion of one of his hands, said it was occasioned by a duel he had fought.

Mr. Snelling died at the age of forty-four, but had written and edited several books that created marked attention, and had also done a good deal of work as a leading journalist. He was an extremely ready and strong writer, but apt to be at times a little too caustic. The work of his that excited most attention was the poetic effusion entitled "Truth — a New Year Gift for Scribblers." It was a small volume of poetry, artistically constructed, but pungent, and in many instances proved a great pride-leveller for poetic aspirants. Of course,

he did not much deal with the mere rhymesters, that then, as now, so abounded, some of whom felt aggrieved at not being noticed. But all the higher class poets came under notice, some of them receiving merited praise, and others berated as literary shams. Some of the latter pretended indifference to his lampoons, but evidently were keenly alive to his thrusts.

Truth exhibited a wonderful power of satire, and the diction well accorded with the spirit. The venerable poet Isaac McLellan, who I believe is yet, 1893, living, at the age of between eighty and ninety years, and his friend N. P. Willis, were among those who received no very gentle castigation. I very recently saw in a New York *Herald* a report of a conversation held with Mr. McLellan by a correspondent, in which these remarks occur: "Willis," said the aged poet, "was one of the most even tempered men I ever knew, but I saw him very mad once, when the Boston *Truth* attacked us both. I tried to quiet him by laughing at the critic, who had hauled me over the coals quite as roughly as he had Willis, but Willis declared he would whip him on sight, which he would had they met, for he was more than a match for the critic, whose name was Snelling. What made Willis so angry was that *Truth* praised Bryant and Longfellow in the same article that scored him."

I doubt much whether McLellan was right in his opinion that Willis could have whipped Snelling, for the latter was wiry and active, physically, and

well trained in the athletic exercises of frontier life.

The ultimate fate of Mr. Snelling, whose early life was so brilliant and promising, was sad indeed. He became intemperate and died in misery and degradation.

As was the case with most young men similarly situated, I occasionally had an undefinable desire to change my home quarters. My first boarding place in Boston was on Fort Hill, one of those three commanding elevations that probably gave rise to Boston's original name of Trimountain. A portion of the old Revolutionary fortification still remained conspicuous on the summit; and on all sides, from the residences, commanding views were had. From my lodging room windows there was a diversified and charming prospect, embracing on one side a good portion of the harbor, with its islands and ever-moving water craft, and on the other the city, with its steeples and nameless architectural piles, with the picturesque hills beyond as a far-away background. But alas for Fort Hill! Long since has the devastating hand of improvement levelled it well nigh to the ancient water line. And now the tide of trade surges over where its crest of green was reared.

From my first home on Fort Hill, which I usually reached by way of Pearl street, then an avenue of pleasant residences but no business structures, I removed to Province House court, between Brom-

field and School streets. Afterwards, as my circle of acquaintance enlarged and I desired to become familiar with other localities, I made several removes. At one period I boarded on Summer street; then on Washington, near Boylston Market; then in West Boston, a short distance in the rear of the State House. In all these places I found good homes and agreeable companions.

WHILE boarding on Summer street I had for a room-mate William S. Damrell, a pressman in our Bromfield street office. He was good-natured, polite, and very companionable; likewise, what meant much in those days, a zealous fireman. Of course this was long before the day of steam fire engines. The "boys" had to run with the "machines," and there was much rivalry between the companies in their efforts to be first at the burning building; frequent conflicts took place, some of a desperate character. Mr. Damrell was of rather a pacific disposition, but would occasionally become quite excited when the honor of his company was in question; and on his return from night duty would have little compassion on my sleepiness in giving an extended account of a conflict with some other company.

In due time Mr. Damrell commenced business for himself, in Boston, took considerable interest in public affairs, and finally became a member of Congress.

AMONG my fellow boarders in the Washington street house, was a young man named Allen, a compositor, who came from Newport, Rhode Island, and I believe claimed to have worked at the identical press that Franklin used while an apprentice to his tyrannical brother. He was something of a singer and a good player on the violin. It was our delight to have him on a stormy evening march back and forth in the room, playing his violin and singing, not in a very melodious voice, to be sure, "The Bright Rosy Morning," "My Friend and Pitcher," or some other of the then popular songs. And it was his delight to make these musical contributions to our evening entertainments.

One day Mr. Allen told me that he had seen hanging in a barber's shop an old violin, which he had taken down, tried, and found to be of unusually fine tone, adding that it was a bargain at six dollars, the price asked. "And now," said he, "if you say so, I'll buy it for you, and teach you to play." His offer was accepted with thanks, and I took lessons till able to play simple tunes; but somehow or other I found I loved to hear music better than to make it, and so never achieved much of anything beyond common psalm tunes. Perhaps I was too old to begin, for there is a saying that no one can become a good violin player if he begins to learn after he is ten years old. However, I got amusement enough out of the old instrument to fully compensate for the investment. And by the experience came the conviction that there are mul-

titudes who can appreciate and enjoy music, who yet never touched an instrument or even experimented with his own voice.

Mr. Allen was singularly unthrifty, always seemed poor, and was behindhand with his board bill, though he earned fair wages. He was eminently one of the class of whom we say he was deficient in the "get along faculty." He was not expensive in dress, nor apparently given to any extravagant habit. But there were leaks somewhere in his purse. I had not seen him for thirty years or more, when, as I was one day passing along Market street in Lynn, I met him. There was instantaneous recognition on both sides. He looked as if dressed in the same suit that he wore of old, and his look and walk were the same. He said he was then travelling about tuning pianos, and I was able to procure for him a job or two that brought in a few dollars.

IN THE same boarding house, on Washington street, there was also a Mr. Watson, a Scotchman, who had seen a good deal of the world and profited by his observations and experiences. He was considerably older than I, but somehow we soon took to each other, and his friendship was often found beneficial. He was a very prudent, close-calculating, industrious man — a real Scotchman. He appeared in Boston almost penniless, as he told me, and, having no trade, did not know what to turn his hand to. First he procured a hand-cart,

thinking he might deliver small packages about town. But before starting on that laborious business he happened in an auction room on Kilby street, where he saw small wares sold, as he thought, very cheap, taken in quantities. He ventured to purchase, as far as his limited means would permit, such little articles as he thought most useful in a household. With these in his peddler's basket, he started off into the suburbs, and was so successful that he was able, after a few trips, to take some heavier articles and assume the regular peddler's pack. Success still attended him, and in a year or two he was able to employ others, who, with their packs, went forth into the country selling his goods at half profit. One or two of these I well knew. One of them, after a few years, became a thrifty Hanover street merchant, and acquired a wide reputation for wealth and shrewd financiering. Another opened a store in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, married, reared a fine family, giving his children good educations—one of the sons becoming a minister in the Episcopal Church,—and died a few years ago, an octogenarian, leaving an enviable reputation. I knew him well, and visited him after his permanent location in Portsmouth. He, too, was a Scotchman, a Highlander, of indomitable perseverance and unswerving honesty.

Indeed, Mr. Watson did much in the way indicated to help along others, at the same time, no doubt, looking sharply to his own interest. He accumu-

lated quite a little fortune, as I afterward learned, but lost most of it by the failure of a manufacturing company with which he had largely invested.

There was another man in Boston at this time with whom I became acquainted through Mr. Watson, whose career in some respects was much like that of Mr. Watson. His name was Samuel; and I only knew him when he was established in Kilby street as a wholesale dealer in a dry goods line. I was much interested in the occasional talks I had with him, though he was much the elder. There was a vein of romance in his career. As he or Mr. Watson told me, he was one dark, rainy night returning from Lynn with his peddler's basket, brooding over his ill success, the tide of good luck seeming to have turned against him, when he overtook, on Charlestown bridge, a young woman pursuing her way without umbrella or other sufficient protection. He stepped up to her and asked if she would take part in the protection of his umbrella. She thankfully accepted, and the two walked on together. He was interested in her conversation, and when they parted asked if she would permit him to call on her. She readily consented, and gave him her address. He called, the acquaintance continued, and finally ripened into marriage. And he was accustomed to lovingly declare that from that day forth his prospects brightened, and everything prospered. When I knew him it was considerably after he had exchanged the peddler's basket for the counting room of the wholesale

dealer and importer. I never knew much of his family, but was told that a son of his, likewise, entered the ministry of the Episcopal Church.

Of course the boarders, when assembled on winter evenings, engaged in animated discussions on every conceivable topic. I recollect once getting into a warm debate upon some passage in the life of Napoleon Bonaparte. My opponent and I were probably both about equally ignorant of the matter we undertook to discuss; but suddenly my Scotch friend, Mr. Watson, entered the lists against me, and soon riddled my argumentative breastwork by demolishing facts. So I found it expedient to withdraw as soon as a good opportunity offered. The matter passed out of mind, till some days after, when Mr. Watson in confidence alluded to it, and said that what he offered as facts, and which proved so damaging to my argument, were not facts at all, but fictions conceived at the moment for the purpose of giving me a lesson that he thought might prove useful on some more important occasion. He said he saw that I was ignorant of the subject, and made the venture, at which he hoped I would not be offended. I assured him, with sincere thanks, that no offence was taken, and that I hoped to profit by the lesson. And I feel sure that I did.

LIKE most young men of similar surroundings, I must acknowledge to have been unsettled in religious views and irregular in attendance on public

worship; never, however, losing the respect for religion early instilled, and in the occasional boarding-house discussions, I usually took the "orthodox side," as they used to call it.

In the large city, one of course has great advantage in the opportunities afforded to hear the most eminent preachers, and while in Boston occasions were not wanting to listen to the leading divines of the day. Dr. Channing and Dr. Beecher, the elder, father of the late Henry Ward Beecher of Brooklyn, were then preaching in the city. The latter was at Park Street Church at the time of which I am speaking, the stone church in Hanover street having been burned. During his controversy with the Roman Catholic clergy, which was, I think, in 1828, the body of that capacious edifice, on the Sunday evenings when the subject was to be pursued, was filled to overflowing by eagerly listening male auditors.

Dr. Beecher's style of oratory, as I remember it, was a good deal like that of the late "silver-tongued" Wendell Phillips. There was no ranting or by-play about him. He was earnest, clear, and void of all effort to captivate by oratorical display. I remember one Sunday night in particular. He was replying to passages in the discourse delivered by the Catholic priest the previous Sunday evening, on some question pertaining to the Reformation. I can see him now, as he stands erect in the old-fashioned pulpit, glances momentarily at his little slip of notes, then throws up his spectacles to the

top of his head, and, in clear tones that can be heard in every part of the house, utters a sentence that brings almost the whole audience irresistibly to their feet. I cannot recall to mind any other scene like that.

That controversy was a notable one. The ablest Catholic clergy entered the arena against Dr. Beecher, and on the controversial evenings crowds attended St. Mary's, in Franklin street, as well as Park Street Church. I remember that on one evening, long before dark, so many were pressing towards the doors, that when they were opened there was such a rush that several fainted, and one lady near me had her arm broken. As in most cases of such controversies, however, there were probably no specially beneficial results.

Somewhere about the time of the controversy between Dr. Beecher and the Catholics, that remarkable young woman, Fanny Wright, made her appearance in Boston and created something of a sensation. She lectured in old Federal Street Theatre, a dingy brick building on the corner of Franklin street, and attracted large audiences. She was then about thirty years of age, was of a good Scotch family, and had a good education. Her eloquence and enthusiasm stirred many a sluggish mind, but whether to better works was doubtful, for she was a free-thinker, bold and incisive. Yet she was so benevolent and deeply touched by the wrongs and sufferings endured by the helpless, that she merited and received the plaudits of multi-

tudes who scorned to attend her teachings. To those in bondage she was ever ready to extend a helping hand, and exultingly suffered the denunciations of the slave owners of the South. She seems to have had large means at her command, and to have devoted them to unselfish purposes. Among her possessions were some two thousand acres of land in Tennessee, whereon a part of the city of Memphis now stands. She visited France once or twice; once, it is said, by invitation of General Lafayette. In France she married M. D'Arusmont, by whom she had a daughter; but the matrimonial connection was soon dissolved. She published several works, one or two of which were severely criticised by the press, not on account of lack of literary merit, but for the sentiments they advocated. In person, as I recollect her, coming on the stage attended by a well-appearing gentleman, she was rather tall, with short, curly hair, and at once entered on her subject in a clear voice, her sentences, however caustic, uttered without circumlocution, hesitancy or fear. She maintained the air of a lady while uttering sentiments not always congenial to ladies of delicate sensibilities.

SUNDAY was the day, though perhaps less so than in these bicycle times, on which young men indulged in excursions into the neighboring country towns, most of which have now attained the dignity of cities. With a companion or two I often took long

rambles; if in the morning, usually attending some wayside church, as likely, I suppose, for rest as from any other motive. Roxbury, Dorchester, Cambridge, Brookline, and especially South Boston, were visited on many a pleasant Sunday. In the latter place there were then but few inhabitants, and the old Revolutionary fortifications still remained conspicuous. East Boston was not then "laid out," being still known as Noddle's Island. I think there was one shabby old house some distance down the island. And a not much better description would hold good of Chelsea.

IN NEW YORK.

HAVING got to be twenty years of age, and entertaining no doubt about being able to earn a living almost anywhere, I concluded to try my fortune in New York. With that view I resigned my situation in Boston, and on the 8th of July, 1830, at about five o'clock in the morning, took a stage for Providence, Rhode Island, expecting immediately on arriving there, to take a steamer for New York. It was before the day of railroads; but a few small, slow, coast steamers had begun to ply. The next day, at noon, I left Providence in the steamer *President*, then the most notable on these waters, and arrived in New York early in the morning of the 10th. The passage was very pleasant, and very quick, as was then considered, the run being just about eighteen hours.

One of the passengers, a gentleman with whom

I was somewhat acquainted, was to proceed directly on to Philadelphia, and having taken several letters for New York, asked if I would deliver them in the course of the day. Such conveyance of letters by private hand was very common in those days, as mail postage was high — eighteen and three-quarter cents, for instance, from Boston to New York. I readily consented to deliver the letters, impelled, in part, by the thought that it would afford a good opportunity to see different parts of the city, not imagining what a wearying tramp I should have, nor how much greater New York was than Boston. It was a warm day, but I persevered till towards night, when I became utterly exhausted, and sat down on a doorstep on the east side of Broadway, at the corner of Broome street. And now, after more than three score years, I can never pass that hospitable point without indulging in sombre thought. At that time there was scarcely anything but dwelling houses in the vicinity, trade having hardly reached Canal street. Broome street was indeed almost the extremity of "up-town." Upon that door-step I sat for some time, in deep meditation, the shadows of homesickness as well as the shadows of evening gathering around me. Urged by the necessity of seeking a lodging place, I finally arose, and still having one or two undelivered letters, renewed my tramp. On inquiry, I found that one of the letters directed me to a place not far from where I then was; and what was more, it was for my former friend McClure. Considering

the circumstances under which we had last parted in Boston, I did not know in what temper I might find him. However, as the letter might prove a sort of propitiatory offering I did not hesitate to hasten to the office where he was employed, which was the Conference office, as it was called—the great Methodist printing establishment—in Crosby street. The hands were just quitting work as I entered, and McClure, catching sight of me, came forward with extended hand, and with great cordiality insisted on my going with him to his boarding place which was near by, in a good Methodist family. My spirits rose on this agreeable turn, and in an hour I was a fellow boarder with him, and partaking of a savory evening meal. Nor did his good offices end here. He procured me a situation as compositor, in the Conference office, where I remained till I left the city. The only drawback to his beneficence that I remember to have experienced was his borrowing a sum of money which he never repaid.

At that time there was not a power press in the Conference office, but some twenty hand presses were kept constantly running. The office was in rather a dismal locality, Crosby street, but the large business went on in a quiet, orderly manner. The leading spirits of Methodism were frequently in and out, but they had little intercourse with the workmen. Mr. Collord, an elderly but smart, active man, usually stirring about in rolled-up shirt sleeves, was superintendent; and Mr. Brown,

usually with buttoned-up coat and pen in hand or behind the ear, was sort of sub-director.

Among the compositors in the Conference office was Edward Stephens, some four or five years older than myself, but one with whom I soon formed a close and enduring friendship. He was a young man of excellent principles, good disposition, industrious and saving. He boarded in Elm street, and after a month or two I became an inmate of the same family, and roomed with him. There were but three or four boarders, one of whom was a sprightly, vivacious young lady of about my own age, of the name of Winterbotham. And in the family was another young lady, a daughter of the landlady, perhaps a year or two younger. We four made up a sort of little coterie by ourselves, meeting almost every evening in the parlor for gossip or other entertainment. Sometimes we visited places of amusement, and sometimes took long walks to the Battery or other public grounds. I need not say here that Miss Winterbotham soon afterward was married to Mr. Stephens, and became Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, long known as one of the foremost female writers of America. For some years after their marriage they had a somewhat hard struggle to gain the position desired. They were well matched, always maintained a most respectable rank, were ambitious and industrious. Finally, success crowned their laudable efforts. They attained wealth, and all the benefits and comforts afforded by social position.

The last time I saw Mrs. Stephens, which was some time after her husband's decease, a bright, affectionate grandchild was leaning on her knee.

When I first knew Mrs. Stephens, I think she was about twenty years of age. And even then her chief support was derived from her pen. She was frequently called on for a poem or song to be used at an occasional celebration, and was well paid for the contribution. And sometimes she wrote a tale for one of the very few American magazines then published. She was a picturesque and engaging writer in her chosen department, and after her position had been attained, her popularity for many years was great, and her income large. At one time, I believe, she acted as chief editor of that large and noted weekly sheet, the *Brother Jonathan*, the office being in Nassau street. I remember calling there one morning and finding her donning what she called her working dress, preparatory to commencing the day's labor at the editorial desk.

Mrs. Stephens, though a ready and correct writer, was not an adept in the mysteries of English grammar. Indeed, she once told me that she could not repeat one of Murray's rules. And this reminds me of a remark made by Walt Whitman. "Why, N.," he said, "what does all this talk about grammar amount to? If one knows the exact meaning of a word, he will always use it right, whether he can or can't give rules." Mrs. Stephens used language with accuracy and grace, if she had never studied Murray.

At the time of which I speak, there were in New York many quaint old wooden houses, usually of two stories, some dating back to the days of the Dutch possession. Even on Broadway, upward from the City Hall, several were to be seen. But I believe all have now disappeared from that brilliant thoroughfare. In some of the older streets, however, here and there may yet be seen reminders of those far-off days, wedged in among the modern structures. Next to where the dark stone hospital stood, on the west side of Broadway, I think nearly opposite where Pearl street comes in, was one of these old relics. It was long occupied as a cigar shop, and the very one in which Mary Rogers, "the beautiful cigar girl," tended. She suddenly disappeared, some fifty years ago, and I believe was never heard of after.

At this time, 1829, what was then "up town," is now quite "down town." At the then junction of Broadway and the Bowery, the territory that includes the present busy Union Square was farming land, as prolific, perhaps, as could be expected of such rocky, thin-soiled acres. There was an orchard, a kitchen garden or two, and some pieces devoted to floriculture. Thitherward the young fellows were wont to take their Sunday afternoon rambles, occasionally making a descent for a share of the ripening fruit. I well remember one old man who suffered so much by depredations on his pear trees that he sometimes became so enraged that the raiders were greatly amused by his antics,

continuing their spoliations more for the sake of hearing his scoldings and seeing his ranting than to secure his fruit. I never felt much inclination to join in such raids; but if I had done so, I have certainly during these latter years paid the penalty by having my own attempts at fruit culture thwarted by similar means.

I was forcibly reminded of the old yeoman many years after the orchard had given place to stately business structures now to be seen there, in quite an unexpected manner. I was standing in the Square, gazing about in wonder at the then aspect of the place, and recalling to mind the rural landscape of those earlier days. While thus musing, a white-haired gentleman paused near me. Both being at leisure, we soon fell into conversation. I told him what I had been thinking about, and spoke of the old owner of the pear trees.

"O," said he, "I knew the old man of whom you speak very well. He was really a good man, but so long subjected to such annoyances as you speak of, that his patience was exhausted and he became testy and sometimes morose."

"Finally," he said, "some Wall street speculators, seeing the rapid strides of the city in that direction, and perceiving it to be a favorable chance for profitable investment, made an offer of thirty thousand dollars for the farm. The offer was so unexpectedly large that the old man thought they were joking. However, when he became convinced that the offer was genuine he lost no time in accepting, and the deed was passed.

"The Square was soon laid out, the old trees and shrubbery removed, the land neatly cleared, and other improvements made. Presently some stately buildings were reared, and the price of lots so suddenly and so enormously rose, that the speculators themselves were astonished. And the old farmer, watching the course of events, became so bewildered and regretful at what he had done that he actually committed suicide."

My informant gave such a circumstantial and detailed account that it seemed to me he must have had some sort of connection with one or the other of the parties. But after all, it was doubtless a good bargain for the old man. He never would have brought his land into the market at a profit, having no means to do so; while, as it turned out, he received what was ample for his support during the remainder of his life, free from the labors and cares of husbandry and the annoyance of Sunday ramblers.

The territory now forming the splendid Central Park was a "dreary waste," even down to a considerably later period. It was uneven, rocky, and sustained a sparse growth of stunted trees, with here and there, where a patch of propitious soil was found, a brambly growth of unseemly vegetation. In a few hollows, where underground ledge prevented the rains from sinking away, a diminutive pond might be seen, with its yellow-green scum, in which the green-headed bullfrogs delighted to revel. This was almost too far out of town to

attract the Sunday rambles. And here I may remark, that much lower down, even below the upper end of the Bowery, I once saw lying on the sunny pathway that ran along the East River side, a very large black snake.

AT THE time of which I speak, too, the city authorities were complaisant enough to allow the streets to be perambulated by swine of all degrees—big hogs and little pigs, white and black, fat and lean. They were, perhaps, allowed to roam about for the services they might render as scavengers; for the time had not come when the garbage carts, in effectual numbers, were nightly rumbling over the pavements. Vast quantities of offal were thrown out, in some of the poorer streets especially, on which the swine banqueted and grew fat. How they ever found their homes, or how their owners ever found them, was a mystery. They were a nuisance any way; but it was some years before their services as street-cleaners were dispensed with. They were vigilant and wonderfully successful in avoiding accidents. Yet one was occasionally maimed or killed outright. I recollect seeing a motherly one, with a retinue of little ones, run over and killed, in Madison street. And it was so pathetic a spectacle as to elicit many a pitying expression from passers-by.

There seemed to be a great many more dogs about the New York streets at that time than at present, in proportion to the population. And

there appeared to be a settled hostility between them and the pigs. Many a crowd gathered to witness the battles, which were generally individual contests. Yet the little dogs and little pigs occasionally so far fraternized as to engage in a seemingly sort of rough play. There was a little dog kept at a house where I boarded, who frequently made a dash for a juvenile porker whose route seemed to lead our way ; but after their gambols the juvenile snorter was quite likely to go on his way with a lacerated and bleeding ear.

IN MY various walks about the streets of New York, at leisure hours, I never failed to find objects of interest and amusement, if not always of edification. The brilliant crowds of the fashionable ranks who perambulated Broadway on sunny afternoons, with the background of gorgeous show windows, attracted many an admiring gaze. And then in the less pretentious highways and byways, in the market places and along the river borders, there were always alluring scenes. Then there were the old book-stalls, and the evening book auctions, the latter especially commanding a full share of attention. One in particular, on the north side of Chatham square, near the corner of Mott street, served frequently to stay my steps. It was kept by an aged, white-haired man, who evidently had a good knowledge of the commercial value of his volumes, if his knowledge did not extend to the higher value of their contents. His way of recommending his

books was original and often interspersed with witticisms and sarcasms such as kept his large company in good temper. A crowd usually gathered, as the room was on the lower floor, and about on a level with the sidewalk.

The temper of this aged auctioneer, however, was not remarkably even. Sometimes he would get excited at an unseemly remark of a bidder, and pour forth a withering volume of vituperation. At another time he would fall into a vein of pathos that was really touching. He dressed in a style older than his apparent age, and many of his quaint expressions seemed to belong to an earlier generation. One scene in that well-remembered room may be given.

I seem now, after more than three score years, to revisit that dingy room, lighted by two or three small oil lamps, and see the old man arise at his stand, with a volume in his hand.

Auctioneer. — Now, my friends, you see this big volume ; it is well bound and perfect. The author (naming him) most of you know. He is the best writer in New York ; you know that. And this is his best work. There never was a better book wrote ! What am I offered for it ?

Bidder. — Two shillings !

Auctioneer. — Two shillings ! You do n't mean it ! You can't mean it ! Just reason a moment. It is not enough to pay for the midnight oil that lighted the author's weary eyes while composing it. Think of the brain-labor spent on what these two

covers enclose. And above all, think of the author's little children crying for bread; put to bed, perhaps this very night, without supper. Think of this, some of you who have children in your comfortable homes, and see if you can't squeeze out another shilling.

Second Bidder. — (Drawing his coat sleeve across his eyes). — I bid three shillings!

Auctioneer. — Thank you, friend. Three shillings; three, three, three shillings. Quick! And down it goes to the man there in the bob-tail coat. You've got a bargain. When you meet the author do n't tell him that I sold you one of his books at that price, or I shall be ashamed to meet him.

IN PHILADELPHIA.

IT WAS in the early part of November, 1830, that I left New York for Philadelphia, in company with Mr. Edward Stephens, before mentioned. A little steamer named the *Swan* took us from a pier near the Battery, up the Raritan, and about noon we reached New Brunswick, New Jersey, where we took a stage for Trenton, on the Delaware. At the latter place we embarked on another little steamer for Philadelphia. It was a delightful afternoon, and the trip down the Delaware was charming, the scenery all along displaying the varied and beautiful colors of autumn, and the air being soft and very much like that of New England Indian Summer.

The boat made a number of stops at the settlements on either side. At Bordentown, then the residence of Joseph Bonaparte, ex-King of Spain, one or two French gentlemen came on board, but they seemed little inclined to communicate with the other passengers. Then, too, as we neared the city, numbers of young people of both sexes, pupils at the seminaries that here and there nestled in the romantic nooks, were waiting at the rustic landing places to take passage for their city homes, their merry shoutings adding life to the scene. And now, after these three score and more years, were one inclined to indulge in a sentimental strain, he might ask of old Father Time what has been the fate of those who formed those merry groups. Most of them have long since surrendered their lives; some as fathers, mothers and grandparents; some in wealth and high position; some in loneliness and poverty.

The sun had set before we came in sight of Philadelphia. And when the city did appear in view, its long line of brilliant lights made a very striking appearance. The evening was serene, and a bright moon shone upon the placid river which was alive with all manner of water craft moving in every direction, the nautical shouts echoing back from the far-away hills.

The boat threaded its way to the landing place at the foot of Chestnut street, and Mr. Stephens and myself were soon on shore seeking means to appease our appetites, for we had hardly had a mouthful

since our early breakfast in New York. We soon found a suitable eating place, and then comfortable lodgings. Before retiring, however, we were obliged to return to the boat for our luggage, as she was to proceed on her return trip early in the morning, in season to land the pupils on time at the seminaries. So it was quite late when we found ourselves snug in bed, a most welcome retreat after the fatigues of the day. But we had seen something of the city by moonlight, in its quiet midnight slumber, and from inquiring our way hither and thither had learned that never yet forgotten couplet then in use as a general direction — applied to the parallel streets running up from the river on the right and left, beginning with Walnut :

“Walnut, Chestnut, Spruce and Pine,
Market, Arch and Race and Vine.”

We however got a little confused about the last named street, which was the very one we most desired to find, a friend having urged us to quarter with him there, the midnight wanderers of whom we inquired almost universally calling it *Wine*.

In due time, the next morning, Mr. Stephens and myself, after visiting a few of the most attractive places, set about the business that most nearly concerned our personal welfare, namely, the procuring of employment. We presently found an office where we could get work by waiting a few days, as the proprietor expected to take in hand one or two books not then quite ready. This did not exactly suit, as idleness was extremely irksome to both of

us. We were not, however, destitute of money, for I had about me as much as two hundred dollars of my savings, and I knew Mr. Stephens had a sum fully as large.

Continuing our pursuit of employment for several days without much better success, we began to grow impatient — a little homesick, perhaps; and not doubting that we could return to New York and resume our old situations, we were not long in determining to leave Philadelphia to its fate. Mr. Stephens made up his mind to start the next morning. He did so; and on bidding him good-bye, I banteringly predicted that he would return to his old situation and old home, soon marry Miss Winterbotham, and settle down in becoming quietude. And in a few months all that came to pass. It was a fortunate union; she securing a high-principled, industrious, and every way respectable husband, and he a worthy, affectionate, and truly helpful wife. For many years we met as frequently as our sundered residences and different callings would permit, and I always found them enjoying their merited prosperity. They are now both in the land whence there is no return. Children and children's children survive that virtuous and happy couple of early friends.

It may not be inappropriate to mention that one inducement for my going to Philadelphia at that time was the receiving a letter from a young friend with whom I had become intimate while we were boys in Salem. He was one of the *Gazette* car-

riers. For his first regular employment he went into the apothecary and grocery store, — a business combination common in those days — of Andrew Morgan, at the corner of Federal and North streets. Thence he went to Boston, into the apothecary store of Mr. Whitwell, on Milk street, famous as the proprietor of a popular opodeldoc; and from there into a large drug house in New York, and finally to Philadelphia. In this latter city he was at this time keeping the drug store of a man whom I judged had got somewhat “above his business” and was anxious to sell out to my friend, who was about as desirous to purchase. The object of his letter was to induce me to go into the purchase with him. But after looking over the matter and realizing that the business was one that I knew nothing about, the venture seemed hazardous, and I declined. I am uncertain, now, whether or not he made the purchase. Not long after he commenced the study of medicine, and in due time graduated a full-fledged M.D. He too, like myself, is now an old man, but in active and large practice as a physician.

Not having the same sort of attraction to go back to New York that Mr. Stephens had, I concluded to go directly to Boston, where I felt sure I could again take my old situation. It need not be remarked that this was before the day of railroads; and a stage passage from Philadelphia to Boston was not only tedious but expensive; so I thought of a passage by water. It was so late in the season that storms were likely to prevail, and it seemed,

if possible, advisable to avoid Cape Cod. In pursuance of that idea I made inquiries along the wharves and found a schooner, named the *James Burrill*, that was presently to sail for Providence, Rhode Island. The captain said he would take me for eight dollars, which I paid, and in due season went on board, thus leaving Philadelphia as bare in treasure as I entered, excepting a handful of withered grass that I plucked from the grave of Franklin, by climbing over the churchyard fence on my way to the vessel; in accomplishing which feat I struck my knee against the wall with such force as to somewhat lame me and cause a good deal of pain. The result of the accident might have been serious had it not been for the quiet and repose on shipboard. There were no other passengers, and the accommodations were far from luxurious; but the captain and mate were good-natured, often jocose, and the time passed by no means disagreeably.

It was a pleasant morning when we sailed, but the wind was light and the chief dependence on the tide. A few hours, however, brought a material change of weather, a change from fair to foul. But we worked slowly along, and during the forenoon of the next day reached a good harbor a few miles below Newcastle. There the captain ordered the anchor to be dropped, and we remained weather-bound four or five days. Putting out again at the first favorable chance, we succeeded in getting near Cape May, when a dreary and prolonged northeast

storm greeted us ; and when that abated dense fogs prevailed. Almost daily attempts were made to round the Cape, but continued contrary winds and fogs baffled all effort. In short we were some eight or ten days kept beating back and forth in the Bay. Happily I was never much liable to seasickness and so suffered very little from that cause. There were lulls in the storm, and sometimes for a few hours the fog lifted and the sun vouchsafed his cheering presence ; but such intervals were of short duration.

When the weather and rolling of the vessel permitted I paced the quarter-deck for exercise, and for amusement watched the gambols of the porpoises, which were numerous, the oystermen who ventured out in their seemingly frail craft, and the numerous wild fowl that soared and screamed around. And for the more sedate hours I had a set of Shakspeare, which had been given me by my friend in Philadelphia, and a few other books to pore over.

And here it seems meet to note a little incident that many years after brought this experience to mind with the clearness of a well-delineated picture. In 1872, forty years after that to me memorable voyage, I was a passenger on one of the big steamers of the Boston and Philadelphia line. The weather was beautiful, and as we were speeding up that same Delaware Bay, I was on deck, gazing all about to see if I could recognize any of the points that arrested my attention during that first

voyage. The Captain, a dignified, white-haired man, happened to be standing near, and I related to him the incidents of those far-off days while beating about in that old Providence schooner. He became quite interested.

"Do you remember the name of the schooner?" he asked.

I replied that I could not at that moment recall it, but could give it if I were at home.

"Was it not the *James Burrill*?" he queried.

"Yes, yes, it was. The name now comes familiarly to my recollection," I replied.

"Well," said he, "I was one of the crew on board the old schooner on that very voyage. I well remember our many baffled attempts to get around Cape May. And I remember you perfectly well."

And he could, I think, have added something about how I used to pace the deck in my impatience; how, when some brief interval of promising weather occurred, the Captain would invite me to go ashore with him for a tramp in the woods, to return, perhaps, with a few fresh vegetables and a little fruit, to which was possibly added a pail of milk, for the refreshment of those who had no such liberty. Nor could he have forgotten how, when the rainy night closed in and the dead-lights were drawn, that same genial Captain would summon the sable cook into the little cabin to cheer our spirits with merry tunes upon his fiddle.

Now, to go back. Finally, after beating about Delaware Bay for nearly a week, we one afternoon

succeeded in getting around Cape May. The weather continued disagreeable, though being now more in the open sea most dangers could be avoided. It was Monday when the Cape receded from our view astern; but no clear weather was vouchsafed us till Thursday. Then the sun arose, bright and cheering. And our spirits arose with it, and kept on till meridian height was reached. We were then off Block Island, whence, after a pleasant run, anchoring for the night in the river, we reached Providence on Friday evening. The next morning I took an early stage for Boston, and that night supped in my old boarding house on Washington street.

BACK TO BOSTON — THENCE TO LYNN.

IN THE following week after my return to Boston from New York and Philadelphia, I was reinstated in my old situation in the "Classic office," School street, and became twenty-one years of age on the next Christmas day.

In the early part of the following May, business being rather slack, I took the opportunity to visit Lynn, my native place, thinking to remain about a week. At that time, 1831, there were three printing offices, if such they could be called in comparison with the establishments of the present day. At each, a small weekly newspaper of partisan character, was printed; one Democratic, one National Republican, and the other Anti-Masonic. The

offices were small and ill-provided; the work correspondingly small and coarsely executed. Neither of the offices required more than two workmen to do all there was to be done on newspaper and jobs.

Happening in the *Mirror* office one morning I found at work there an old companion from the Salem *Gazette* office. Mr. Lummus, the proprietor, was quite urgent to have me take up the compositor's stick for a while, and as my visit was already beginning to be a little wearisome, I consented. Presently my fellow-workman announced his determination to quit Lynn, and in a sort of non-resistant way I continued on. And thus my visit to Lynn for a week or so, as proposed, has been protracted to more than sixty years, barring a few short intervals. Should I now conclude to end my visit and return to Boston I could not resume my old situation, for the "Classic office" has long since disappeared. And what is most touching, I do not know of a single living one besides myself of all the busy ones who labored there.

Alonzo Lewis, poet and historian, was at that time editor of the *Mirror*, as well as teacher of the Woodend grammar school. I saw much of him and listened to his conversation with pleasure and profit. I had, however, from childhood known him, and at one interval, while he had charge of the West Lynn grammar school, in the absence of Master Blanchard, was a pupil of his.

In several respects my situation became very pleasant. I loved the freedom of the country and

the scenes among which I had rambled in earlier life, and soon formed acquaintances, both male and female, that gave zest to every leisure hour. I agreed to work for seven dollars a week, which was less than I had been earning, but equalized by the lower cost of living.

It was not customary in those times to pay an employé who was under age full wages, there being about one-third difference in the prices, whether the work was done by the piece or week. When I first went to Boston I worked by the piece, but was soon asked to go on by the week, and did so, first at six dollars, then at six-and-a-half; and when I reached the position of foreman, being then about nineteen years old, at eight dollars. These were fair wages for the time, whatever compositors of this day may think. Money, however, then had greater purchasing power. In common book work, when done by the piece, the full journeyman price was twenty-five cents per thousand ems. And it would have been a slow workman who could not complete six thousand ems per day. But there was liability to lose more or less time, chiefly by waiting for letter, most offices then having but small fonts.

As to the cost of living, that bore about the same proportion to wages then received that the workman's pay at this time bears to the present cost of living. Good, respectable board in unexceptionable neighborhoods could be had for two dollars and a half per week. And boarding, in those days, in-

cluded lodging ; everything, in short, but washing, and sometimes even that. There was not much difference between Boston and New York, in these respects. As late as 1842, in the latter city I boarded on Broadway, opposite Bowling Green, for three dollars per week. There were at that time a number of good boarding houses thereabout and nearer the Battery, whose places are now occupied by towering warehouses and other busi-

ness structures. Of course there were high-priced accommodations to be had in all directions ; but I am now speaking of the great class who are dependent on their daily exertions for support. I remember a genteel-appearing and boastfully-talking man who boarded with us there on Broadway, who had accommodations for which he agreed to pay some five times as much as most of us. He seemed very polite and friendly, but suddenly disappeared, one rainy morning, as the landlady in sorrow informed me, owing his whole month's board, and carrying off her best umbrella which he had borrowed.

As to the price of clothing in those days, it was not much if any cheaper than at present, and there was perhaps less opportunity for the exercise of economy, as there was not such variety to choose from. Most people, however, did not dress in so expensive style as they now do.

Travelling was too expensive to be unnecessarily indulged in, not only in the matter of fares, but also in loss of time. In the rapid and cheap con-

veyances of the present day, it is often better economy to ride than walk; but in those times foot service was the great dependence. It seems, on the whole, questionable whether the modern facilities for travel are beneficial to a great many of the rank and file of the people, those who are inclined to be ever on the wing. True, they gather odds and ends of every kind of knowledge, but pay for it by the expenditure of means that sometimes might better be applied to home studies and home comforts.

Though the amount of my wages at the *Mirror* office was satisfactory, the payment, or rather non-payment, was not always so, for Mr. Lummus, with his unthrifty ways, was not a prompt paymaster. But he was intelligent, companionable and good-hearted, insomuch that he was generally much liked. Having given a pretty full account of him and his office in the History of Lynn, 1865 edition, nothing further is required here.

Time passed on till the close of the winter of 1831, when Mr. Lummus announced that he could no longer proceed with his business—had got to the end of his rope, as he expressed it. He was then owing me a sum which I could not well afford to lose, and which he was very anxious that I should not. So he urged me to purchase the office which, at a fair valuation, was worth but about two hundred dollars, the press being a hired one, and I had saved more than enough for the purchase. The office was bought, the *Mirror*

stopped, and early in the spring I commenced the *Weekly Messenger*.

It was on Saturday morning, April 14, 1832, that the first number of the *Messenger* appeared. It was a four-page sheet with five columns to a page, each page measuring twelve and a half by sixteen and a half inches of printed surface. The type was chiefly long primer. It was certainly a small paper compared with the sheets of this date, sixty years subsequent, but was as large as any ever before published in Lynn. Of the editorial matter I may not further speak than to say that as a whole the paper was favorably received. Greater age—for I was then but twenty-two—and more experience—for it was my first venture as editor—would have produced something better; yet I had sufficient confidence in my ability to carry on the venture, feeling assured of the assistance, if any were needed, of the best writers among us. Alonzo Lewis, Enoch Curtin, Lawyer Trevett, Lawyer Gates, Stephen Oliver, senior, and several other experienced writers on local affairs, furnished contributions. And my steadfast friend Lummus frequently handed in the “nubs” and “squizzles” as he called them, which he picked up in his rambles about town. “Counsellor Gill,” before spoken of, who was then engaged on the *Boston Post*, I remember furnished a good article for my first number. The subscription price was two dollars per year; and considering all things, I felt that the subscribers got their money’s worth. Newspapers in those days, out of the large

cities, and with scarcely an exception within, were published on the subscription plan.

With one assistant it was found quite easy to do all the work on the paper — editing, reporting, and printing — as well as all the job work that came in; and that with but little evening work. But no dawdling intervals could be indulged in. Fortunately the services of a young man who had served with me in the *Salem Gazette* office — John F. Ropes — were secured, and being a prompt, accommodating fellow, we had everything pass along smoothly. He was industrious, and on any emergency ready to do his part, night or day. His wages were six dollars a week, for he was a little under age. In passing, it may be remarked, that some years afterward he became publisher of a daily paper in New York city.

Enterprise and ambition in the newspaper line were not entirely unknown in those days. I very well remember our efforts to lay before the readers of the *Messenger*, at the earliest moment, the message of President Jackson to Congress at the commencement of the session, December, 1832. It was a long document, occupying a page and a half of our paper. This, it will be borne in mind, was before the day of railroads or the telegraph. A copy of the message was brought to Lynn by a Thursday evening stage, and we determined to astonish the people by issuing the paper by daylight on Friday morning, anticipating by a full day the regular time of publication, and with the message all unshorn.

Mr. Lummus happened to come in and volunteered to assist; but he had hardly set a stickful when he was struck by some new notion and dodged off. The assistance of John B. Tolman, of the *Record*, was then sought, and he agreed to set up in his office a certain portion of the message. The offices were some two miles apart; the *Messenger* in Federal street, and the *Record* in Union.

Mr. Ropes and myself had our part in type by midnight, and then hastened to the *Record* office for Mr. Tolman's. We found the office locked and no one about. After fumbling round a while we found the key, and were much disappointed in finding that very little had been done. Off went our coats, and in due time the whole was completed. Two o'clock in the morning found Mr. Ropes and myself, each with a galley of matter on his arm, speeding the whole distance from Union street to Federal. Fortunately it was calm and bright moonlight, though cold. The feat was accomplished without the breaking down of a line; and the press was in operation before the stars had disappeared.

The *Messenger* was published but one year, for though it seemed not improbable that it might ultimately prove profitable, it was almost certain that some years of industrious and exacting application would intervene. The ambition and impatience of youth have much to do with shaping future destinies. On squaring up accounts it was found that sufficient had been realized to meet all office expenses, and

leave enough for the reasonable support of a young, unmarried man.

I subsequently had two or three other ventures in the newspaper line in Lynn; but of them it is needless here to speak; and no doubt I have had my share of expressions of approval and disapproval. But mere praise is a barren commodity, and animadversion, though sometimes beneficial, is apt to unduly annoy the unseasoned writer. Those who have presided over the columns of a newspaper know well how to estimate compliments as well as criticisms.

AFTER the discontinuance of the *Messenger* I opened a book and stationery store in the immediate vicinity of Lynn Hotel, which was then the most active business part of the town, and for a few years continued in the line; not, however, at much profit, for, not having been bred to the business, I labored under many disadvantages, and gained little above a bare living and experience. I bought out the stock in trade of Mr. John P. Jewett, who had been here a year or two. He came from Salem, and kept on hand a stock of about the value of three thousand dollars. He left Lynn, after selling out to me, and subsequently became quite a noted publisher. When here, he was young, energetic, and ambitious, and the latter traits never forsook him. He was a very decided abolitionist, and never concealed his opinions. Perhaps the world would never have seen that famous book,

"Uncle Tom's Cabin," had not Mr. Jewett taken such a deep interest in the anti-slavery cause. I have been told that he saw some of the early chapters, as they appeared in one of the anti-slavery papers, and being struck by their force and style, sought the author and made arrangements to bring the work out in book form.

I still retained my little printing office, and had some jobbing done; but became finally dispossessed of it in an almost amusing way. I was for a short time stopping in Salem, when suddenly a young man one day made his appearance in my room, and asked if I did not own a printing office in Lynn that I would like to dispose of. I replied that I had a small office there, and would sell if a suitable offer were made, and named a price below which I should not desire to sell.

"Cheap enough," said he, "I'll take it. Make out your bill now, and I'll go over to-morrow morning and take possession."

His very eagerness of course put me on my guard.

"Have you the money with you?" I asked.

"No; but I'll pay this week."

"But you have n't seen the office and are for making a blind bargain. Go over and examine it, then come with the money, and we will see what had best be done."

He did go, and soon again made his appearance, announcing that he was well satisfied with the office and the price, and added that he would go over, take

possession, and go right to work. I told him he must not do that, till he had paid. There were one or two more conferences, and finally I set a day for the termination of the negotiation, telling him that if he then came with the money he could have a bill of sale and take possession; otherwise we would let the whole matter drop. Then he asked if a good endorsed note would be accepted, and was told that it would.

When the day arrived, much to my astonishment he appeared with a note endorsed by some twenty of the most substantial men in town, any one of whom would have been accepted alone; among them being Jonathan Bacheller, Josiah Newhall, Isaiah Breed and David Taylor. What inducement he offered for such names I never knew, but supposed something of a political nature. Thus passed from my hands the old *Mirror* office, the first printing establishment ever in Lynn. The purchaser forthwith commenced a political paper which after a sickly existence of some months became numbered with those that were. He was a young man with little experience or discretion, but could use the pen with considerable facility, though not with much judgment. Yet he was by no means without good points; and as I heard of him twenty-five years ago, had attained a fair position in the public service.

THERE are tender episodes in the life of every young person, whether of the gentler or ruder sex.

One who is insensible to the natural feelings and inclinations is diseased, or a prodigy, or, to use a stronger term, a monster. I suppose my share of experiences was about equal to the general average, but they were passed through without any extraordinary result. One incident, however, that gave me considerable disturbance at the time, I may be pardoned for relating, though I do so with hesitancy on account of its personal bearing.

A little more than sixty years ago, as I write this in 1893, I was well acquainted with an estimable young lady, saw her frequently, and much enjoyed her society, she was so bright and sympathetic. But my admiration ended there, for I never indulged the thought of matrimonial connection, and supposed she stood in the same attitude towards me. Indeed, to speak plainly, there seemed to be reasons why an offer on my part, if made, would be hardly likely to meet with a favorable response. There was another young man of our acquaintance, of good character and fair prospects, who also much enjoyed her society, but whose aspirations were quite different from mine; in short, I may as well say, he was deeply in love with her. Knowing my position he was very free in speaking of his own impressions and hopes. In short he made me his confidant. I was glad to notice the progress of what seemed to be a reciprocal attachment, and from time to time observed with much interest the apparently smooth running of what certainly seemed a course of true love.

One day M. came to me and spoke freely of his ardent affection, but, as I presume is common in such cases, expressed doubts as to what response would be made to a direct proposal. And he entreated me, as a friend to both parties, to endeavor to ascertain the probabilities in his case. I told him it was rather a delicate mission that he would impose on me, but that, nevertheless, I would do my best to serve him, and perhaps by the same token do a happy thing for her; adding that I should meet her at a friend's house that very evening, and would seek an opportunity to do what I could to further his desire.

I met the young lady as contemplated, and it fell to my lot to wait upon her home. It was a bright, moonlight night, and rather late when we left. Under pretense of enjoying the charms of the night, I induced her to take a rather long, round-about way to her home, though, as may be imagined, my object rather was to gain time for the execution of my commission. It was harder than I anticipated to open the subject; but usually one will bravely meet the inevitable. And so, prolonging our agreeable walk along the now silent street, the diplomatic venture was entered upon, and everything I said seemed most graciously received, insomuch that when I left her at the door I felt sufficiently bold to ask, in pretty direct terms, whether if an offer of heart and hand should be made, a favorable response might be hoped for. Her eyes slightly dropped, and with an arch, half equivocal look she

replied, "I think it would," and instantly disappeared. That seemed enough. I was quite elated. And when M. came in the morning, anxious to ascertain the result of my mediation, I was glad to congratulate him on the fair prospect, and assure him that everything seemed favorable for the consummation of his heart's desire. His spirits rose to a high pitch, and he declared that no time should be lost in placing his fate at her disposal.

A short time after, I saw him and was surprised to find him greatly depressed. On my eagerly inquiring what the matter was, he despondingly replied that he had ventured to formally urge his suit and—and—had been rejected. I told him that was to me a most unaccountable turn of affairs, in view of what she had so lately said to me. "Ah, yes," he gloomily responded, "and there was just where the misunderstanding came in. She thought all the time you were speaking for me, that you were speaking for yourself!"

I was astonished at this, and sincerely regretted my unskillful intercession. The best explanations I could make were offered; but my position was awkward enough. I did not, however, seem to lose the confidence or esteem of either of those young friends. The young man was in a few years after settled in an honorable profession, and journeying on with a worthy conjugal companion. And the young lady passed a life of quiet, single-blessedness. Both have now, for years, been sleeping beneath the green sods of the cemetery.

I was entirely unsuspicious of the feelings of the young lady towards me, having no thought that I was regarded with more favor than others of her acquaintance. I do not know what might have happened had I been aware of her sentiments. Anyway, she must have thought I had rather an odd way of proposing.

There is, perhaps, no value to this rehearsal, further than it may induce in some young heart a realization that too much maiden shyness and reserve, in such affairs, do not always lead to the most satisfactory results.

To THE use of intoxicating liquors I was never inclined, which is almost a wonder, considering the customs of the time when I was a youth. Few were the workshops that did not have the daily-replenished jug, and few the places of any sort, where friends congregated, that were not well supplied with the means of indulgence. The elder man tossed off his glass with the *sang-froid* of an exemplar, and the younger with the air of emulative manliness. It was, however, my good fortune not to be so constantly exposed to temptations and perils that lie in that direction as some of my associates, who were seen in after years melancholy wrecks along the highway of life. Yet, to look back, it does seem a little remarkable that I so safely escaped; for when at the susceptible age of eighteen and thereabout I found myself in Boston, very much my own master, and amid a circle of

associates, many of whom were ardent votaries of the amusements and more or less questionable entertainments of young life.

A little incident that shows the temptation, in one direction at least, to which young men in large cities were, and still are exposed, and at the same time affords assurance that multitudes have power to escape a threatened evil, may be given here. With two or three young fellows I was accustomed about every evening after work hours to spend a while in the counting room of a drug store on Milk street, in which one of our number was clerk. And

often on the way home we would stop at the restaurant under old Julian Hall, at the corner of Congress street, and call for a plate of oysters or other refreshment, "to be washed down," as the phrase was, by a glass of some kind of spirituous liquor; none of us, however, drinking to excess. The practice continued for some time; but late on a certain moonlight night, as three of us came out of the saloon, one, with some gravity remarked, "I do not know how it is with you, but I begin to feel as if I must stop here every night." A brief discussion followed this suggestion, that dangerous habits might be forming; and it was promptly agreed that our last visit to the saloon had been made. And the agreement was faithfully kept. One of the three was for many years a highly respectable Unitarian clergyman, but now, 1893, a skilled physician in large practice; another by mid-life became commander of an East Indiaman; and the third is

the writer of this. Possibly some young man may herein find a useful hint. Had we persisted in that evidently growing habit, who can tell what the result would have been. As I look back through the intervening three score and five years, and think what I may have escaped, I cannot avoid feeling an exhilaration much more wholesome and satisfying than ever resulted from those potations.

But it is common for us New Englanders to calculate the cost of things on a pecuniary basis. Now what does one save by abstaining from the use of spirituous liquors for three score and five years? It is not easy for one not in the habit of such use to come to an exact conclusion. Of course some must have their two-dollar bottle once a day, if not oftener; and multitudes of the less able will have all they can get, more or less. But take one of moderate means and not excessive craving. He would probably expend on an average not less than a dollar and a half per. week; possibly not all to appease the demands of his own appetite; but convivial habits lead to the "treating" of cronies. Now that would amount to seventy-eight dollars per year, and for sixty-five years, to five thousand and seventy dollars; to say nothing of the larger amount that would accrue by way of interest. It is unnecessary to comment on this, as anyone can ask himself if the given sum, with the interest accumulated by the way, would not be poorly spent in the purchase of trembling limbs and ever unsatisfied appetite.

NOR did the writer ever contract the habit of using tobacco in any shape — chewing, snuffing, or smoking. These have their votaries in all classes, and the epithet, uncleanly, is applicable to each. Whether my abstinence was attributable to natural distaste or sickening experience I cannot say. My first, and about only attempt at chewing, was when a very small boy. Getting hold of a plug left within reach, I bit off a generous fragment, as I had seen men do, began masticating, and no doubt swallowed a quantity of the nauseating saliva, if not some of the more substantial part of the quid. The result may be imagined. What the final effect would have been had not the young stomach presently relieved itself of the offensive burden by the ejecting means which nature kindly provides, I do not know.

The first remembered attempt at smoking was when a pupil at Master Blanchard's school, in West Lynn, in or about 1816. One day, during recess, some boy had found means to procure a "long-nine" cigar; and with it a series of wonderful experiments was attempted. When my turn came, I drew my mouth full of smoke, closed it tight, and also held my nose with a tight grasp; all in the effort to make the smoke find its way out through the ears. But all at once I became entirely oblivious, and knew nothing till I recovered my senses under a vigorous stream pouring upon my bare head from the old town pump near the hotel. The boys, thinking I must be dying when I fell, had dragged me all the way to the pump and were trying their

best to resuscitate me. Such experience was perhaps enough to deter me from the manly accomplishment of smoking.

While a young man in Boston, almost every one of my associates was addicted to the use of tobacco. One of my intimates dealt in imported cigars, and occasionally urged a bunch of "genuine Cubas" upon me; but I could never make a better use of them than distribute them among my less fortunate friends.

No doubt abstinence from the use of intoxicants and tobacco sometimes kept me from objectionable company, and sometimes from places where worse habits were liable to be contracted. And then the saving, in a pecuniary way, by the non-use of tobacco, as well as the abstinence from pernicious drink, was considerable.

THE general good health that I have enjoyed for a large portion of my life, next to the inheritance of a naturally sound constitution and absence of excesses, is doubtless in a great degree to be attributed to continued fondness for out-door exercise. From early childhood I loved to roam in the fields and woods, and upon the shores in summer, and to join in all the boyish winter sports; and until advanced life was much of a pedestrian. While yet a boy in Salem I used frequently to walk over to Lynn and back, the same day. And when a young man in Boston, often on a pleasant Sunday morning

I went out to Lynn on foot, and at evening returned in like manner. The cost of riding, before the day of railroads, was an item to be seriously considered by one whose purse was not well filled. I always found that walking, besides mere physical exercise, was most valuable as a mental stimulant.

The business men of this day might well be astonished at the pedestrian feats of those of old. The shoe "bosses" of Lynn, for instance, were wont to undertake such expeditions as would, to most of the "manufacturers" of the present day, not only appear insupportably laborious but decidedly undignified. Oftentimes they would walk back from Salem at night, with a side of leather on the shoulder, having walked over in the morning and peddled shoes during the day. The healthy human frame is capable of far greater endurance than many imagine. The results of habit in this direction are surprising. The habits of a community frequently spring from necessity; and after the necessity ceases to exist and has passed out of mind, people look back and wonder that such laborious and absurd habits should ever have been formed. Few of us can realize what may be accomplished by persistent will. I once knew a middle-aged woman, living in Marblehead, who sometimes of a morning walked to Boston, did her shopping, and walked home at night carrying her bundle of purchases, making a distance of not less than thirty miles besides her perambulations in the city. What lady in this day of grace would accomplish such a

feat, even with the incentive of materials for a new dress and new bonnet enwrapped in the bundle?

I once asked the carrier of a daily newspaper, knowing he had been formerly engaged in employment that kept him sitting most of the time, how he bore the fatigue of his daily round. He answered that at first his new vocation was excessively wearying, and for some time he feared that he would be obliged to give up his job. "But now," said he, cheerfully, "I like it, and can walk my daily round of twenty miles with the greatest ease. And what is more, I sometimes, after getting through, walk into Boston and out; but that makes a late bedtime, and I cannot do it often. A man when he gets used to it can saw wood all day; and why shouldn't he get used to walking all day?" A vigorous walk often oils up the thinking machinery.

I believe physiologists say that walking, horse-back riding, and sawing wood, are among the best kinds of exercise. And it may be added that working at the hand printing-press is very much like sawing wood in muscular action. Mr. Badger, who many years ago established in New York the excellent paper known as *Badger's Weekly Messenger*, by close application to literary and sedentary pursuits, so injured his health, and so completely ran down, that he was obliged to retire. I have seen him in the street when it appeared as if he could hardly "drag himself along," to use a quaint phrase. He left New York, went to a place

somewhere up the Hudson, and commenced work as a journeyman printer, chiefly at the press. After working for a few months he so regained his health that he was able to return to his former pursuit with all his old-time vigor.

It is said that in a population like that of the United States, taking it by-and-large, and calling the period of life seventy years, ten days a year is about the average term of sickness for each individual; above fifty it is much greater; but below forty-three it is considerably less. But by confining the calculation to those pursuing sedentary occupations the average is found to be very much greater. All know that exercise has visible effect on the spirits. It is one of the best medicines for despondency, producing a healthful exhilaration, and driving away those insane fancies about disease that make so many miserable. These remarks are not wasted if they prove the means of saving one individual from sickness or melancholy; and it is hoped they are not out of place.

It was in or about 1841 that the then recently discovered art known as Daguerreotype, the original of the photographic process, was introduced into this country, the discovery having been made two years before by M. Daguerre, of France. Great ingenuity was presently applied in all parts of the civilized world for the development of its possibilities; but it was some time before it attained anything like the beautiful phase now known as

photography. Mr. Gray, a gentleman residing on Beacon street, Boston, as well as many other amateur scientists, became greatly interested in the new discovery. At considerable expense he imported a set of the apparatus from the establishment of the discoverer. And this apparatus he kindly lent me to experiment with during the summer of that year, 1841. It was a ponderous collection of boxes, with one or two bottles of chemicals, and only suitable for landscape views. No satisfactory portraits could then be taken by the process, though something in that line was attempted. This was the first Daguerreotype or photographic apparatus ever in Lynn, and with it I pleasantly employed many a vacant hour. There was an establishment in Boston which made some pretension in the line of miniatures, but the sitter, after remaining painfully still for from ten to fifteen minutes, often received a blotched picture called a likeness, the features of which were scarcely discernible unless held in a particular light. But the process, in this country especially, was improved with remarkable rapidity, and we now witness its capabilities in the elegant cards that adorn the homes of rich and poor, adding so much to endearing memories of departed friends. Not only that, but science is already indebted to it for many wonderful discoveries, especially in astronomy. And still great expectations of further achievements by its aid are reasonably entertained. There seem, however, to have been glimpses of the photographic art as early as two centuries before the time of

Daguerre ; but nothing satisfactory appears to have been accomplished, and it became a "lost art."

AGAIN IN NEW YORK.

IN 1842 I again found myself in New York, and at this time was chiefly engaged in the editorial department of a daily paper ; two or three weeklies being likewise issued from the same establishment.

It was at this time that I became a co-worker with Walter Whitman, who was then only known by his undocked name, but who, when he became a member of the Bohemian conclave, chose to reduce the baptismal part to Walt. Mr. W. and myself occupied chairs at the same table, and of course saw much of each other. He was modest and companionable ; though what he might have been had he possessed power to see the position he would attain as one of the leading poets of the age, can only be imagined. The association was extremely agreeable in many respects. Though affable and unassuming in personal intercourse, he was occasionally so trenchant with his pen that the proprietors had, now and then, to broadly hint that some restraint would be desirable. His style at that time somewhat resembled Dickens's, having nothing of the rough, ragged, and sometimes uncouth features that so marred it after he had fraternized with the Bohemians. As the writer knew him he was more than commonly free from vicious habits or inclinations, and it was never learned that he afterward,

when surrounded by roistering associates, became tainted by their indiscretions.

Poet like, however, Mr. Whitman had even at that time gained a reputation for indolence. I remember his coming in one pleasant spring morning and asking if I would fill his place, as well as my own, on the next morning's paper. Without any hesitation I assented. An hour or two after, one of the proprietors came in and asked where Whitman was. I replied that he said he wanted to take a stroll on Long Island, and that I had agreed to fill his place on the morning paper. "Lazy d—!" he exclaimed; "but then, if you choose to do his work and your own, too, and make an accommodating turn-about, I have no objection." It never seemed to me, however, that it was laziness, as the term is commonly understood, in Whitman, but rather a desire for the stimulation of a free and airy ramble, with the opportunity to indulge uninterruptedly in some train of thought, the fruit of which might soon appear in print.

Why Mr. Whitman was always poor it is not easy to tell, for at one time, while in the vigor of early manhood, he certainly earned a good deal of money, and apparently had no expensive habits. He appeared to enjoy good health, and loved to take long walks about the city and far into the suburbs. But for many of his latter years he was sadly paralytic, almost entirely deprived of the use of his lower limbs. His exposure during the war was considered to be the cause of his suffering.

The "Bohemians" were an interesting though not an exemplary class. Henry Clapp, who finally became a leader among them, was at one time a resident of Lynn, and very zealous in stirring up the people of Essex County on the temperance and anti-slavery questions. He edited a weekly paper, was a writer of much vigor and pungency, and an eloquent speaker. After leaving this section he roved about Europe for a time, became quite prominent among the Bohemians of London, and finally returned to New York, where he attained the pre-eminent title of "King of the Bohemians." He had charge of one or two newspapers. But though a forcible writer, he was so uncertain and so unsteady in his course as an editor, that he was by no means successful. He died in 1875.

One or two brief narrations will very well illustrate the readiness with which Mr. Whitman was able to wield the pen, as well as afford a glimpse at other traits. The first relates to the time when his writings were beginning to be known and appreciated, and before he had fallen into those vagaries of style which characterized him, and in the minds of many greatly damaged him in after life. He was then about twenty-five years of age.

I was one day, during a temporary residence in New York, passing down Broadway, when I met a friend who informed me, with much feeling, of the recent death of his endeared young wife, and added that he was having prepared a monument to mark her burial place, and wished I would furnish some

suitable poetic lines to accompany the formal part of the inscription. I told him that such composition was not exactly in my line, but that I knew one who could do it in a most acceptable manner; that I should see him in the course of an hour or two and would not hesitate to ask the favor. The person to whom I alluded was Mr. Whitman.

I saw him during the evening, made my request, and was assured that the lines should be ready in due season. Some weeks passed and, though we met about every day, nothing was said regarding the matter, probably both of us allowing it to drop temporarily out of mind.

When I again met my friend he was quite impatient, saying that the workman was actually waiting for the lines. I told him I would see to it forthwith; and knowing where Mr. Whitman could usually be found at that hour, I hastened to see him. He was comfortably seated, absorbed in a book. I reminded him of his promise, the nature of the lines desired, and the inconvenience of further delay; and with due emphasis declared that if I were compelled to go out of that room empty handed I should feel forced to undertake the task myself. He then raised his head, and with the well-remembered look of mingled earnestness and drollery said: — “ Well, now, N —, rather than you should be driven to that perilous extremity, I’ll see what I can do for your relief. Give me your pencil.”

A short interval of silence ensued, he deep in

thought and busy with pencil, and I gazing out over the stirring scenes around the City Hall.

It was done. The lines were handed me, and so appropriate, so tender and sweet they were, that there was not another murmur about the delay.

Another little incident occurred during the time when he fraternized with the Bohemians. I had not seen him for months, and was hastily passing down Fulton street about noon, one day, when I met him. The meeting was cordial, and happened in front of one of the restaurants, at that time so common thereabout. About the first salutation from him was, "Come, come, now, let us step right in here, and I'll order something for the encouragement of the inner man; and over the supply we will have a talk." My reply was, that as I was hastening to take a steamer, I must decline his kind invitation. "Well, then, good-by," he said, as we shook hands; but with an air of mock gravity added, "and perhaps it was as well that you declined my generous invitation, for six cents is the sum total of my funds."

The last time I ever saw Mr. Whitman was some fifteen years ago. His condition was then pitiable, such that even with the assistance of a muscular attendant he found it difficult to mount a few steps. To my remark that rheumatism must be a very painful affliction he rejoined, "Rheumatism! I wish it was rheumatism; it is paralysis; hopeless paralysis."

Of the quality of Mr. Whitman's literary pro-

ductions it would be unseemly here to enlarge. He was extolled as poet by some of the English publications to a degree that to many confirmed the idea that distance lends enchantment. It is hardly likely to be conceded with anything like unanimity, that the reviewer who placed him at the head of all American poets—naming Bryant and Longfellow especially—could have so written after mature consideration. Perhaps he was greater than all in the sense that everyone is greater than others in something. But supposing the works and memory of one of those three—Bryant, Longfellow and Whitman—were decreed to be blotted out of existence, which would the world vote that it should be? I seriously question whether it would be Bryant or Longfellow.

There are, doubtless, many who sincerely believe that the name and fame of Mr. Whitman will survive as long as those of any poet America has ever produced. And it is equally certain that there are many who believe that his name and fame will rapidly fade away. That he himself had an ardent longing for the poet's immortality, and believed it to be his destined achievement, cannot be doubted.

THERE was another poet in New York, at this time, a much more marked character than Mr. Whitman then was. It was McDonald Clarke, called the "mad poet," from his waywardness and varied eccentricities. He made occasional contribu-

tions to our paper, was a well-known promenader of Broadway, and sometimes met with serious rebuffs for what were taken to be offensive oglings of the belles he met on that brilliant thoroughfare. But it is hardly probable that he thought of giving any offence, for he was a born worshipper of female beauty, and when meeting a charming specimen in his walks, was apt to turn about and indulge in a prolonged gaze. He was of an amiable and courteous disposition, always well dressed, and apparently addicted to no vices. His oddities of manner in the streets seem to have been his chief failing towards the maintenance of the full-rounded character of a gentleman. He was a devoted attendant at Grace Church, the fashionable place of Episcopal worship, then on Broadway, corner of Rector street.

Mr. Clarke was not a very prolific writer, but some of his poems will be admired long after many of the popular metrical essays of this day are forgotten. Some of his productions were not very perfect in diction nor mellifluous in construction; but they had touching pathos, deep sentimentality, or stirring humor. In mere description he was not happy. In looking over a collection of old papers, recently, I came across the original manuscript of the last lines he ever wrote. And it vividly recalled to mind his appearance as he handed it to me on that far-off day, requesting that it might, if possible, appear in the next morning's paper. He was wrapped in his well-known blue military cloak,

with a low-crowned cloth cap on his head. He seemed strangely agitated, as if trying to grasp some far-off idea; but I did not imagine that within a few hours his voice would be forever hushed and the melodious pen drop from his grasp; that within forty-eight hours his cold limbs would be gathered to the silent company in Greenwood Cemetery. There he rests beneath a once fair but now neglected and decaying monument, which bears an inscription written by his own hand, and lines by his loving friend and fellow-poet Halleck. Mr. Clarke died on the 5th of March, 1842, at the age of forty-four years. Some thought his death was suicidal, by drowning, for his body was found beneath a flowing faucet. The funeral service was held in Grace Church, which he had long devoutly regarded as his spiritual home.

ONE of the chief attractions for young men in the large cities is the theatre. The first regular play that I ever attended was in the old Federal street theatre, at the corner of Federal and Franklin streets, Boston. I do not remember what the principal play was, but the after-piece was "Luke the Laborer." Theatre attendance, however, never cost me much money, though I cannot deny that I was deeply interested in some of the old plays. To see such actors as Cooper, the elder Booth, Forrest, and other stars, in Shaksperian delineations was highly enjoyed. Then there was Henry J.

Finn, the popular actor of tragedy and comedy, and poet and humorist as well. I saw him many times. But his oft merry career ended in deep tragedy, for he was one of the unfortunate passengers on the steamer *Lexington* on the terrible night in which she was burned on Long Island Sound.

The theatres of those days had much more objectionable features, in a moral way, than those of the present time. They had drinking bars and quarters where the meretricious were accustomed to congregate and ply their wiles. But fortunately I had power to resist all those temptations. When in New York, as a press representative, I had a free pass to two or three of the theatres, and used almost every evening to drop in for an hour or two, but probably never so yielded to their allurements as did most young men situated as I was.

I remember that when the famous dancer, Fanny Ellsler, created such a furor, I wished much to see her; but my free pass did not include the theatre in which she appeared; and the price of admission had risen enormously. In speaking of my desire to the one in our office who had a free entrance to that particular theatre, he said, "Why, I can get you in easily enough. We will go together. I will pass in at my usual door, leaving you in the vestibule. Then I will come out by another door, taking a return check; that check I will hand you and you can pass in by any door. I do not desire to attend to-night, and so there is no wrong in the arrangement; as you can make a note if anything

special occurs." The plan worked without any obstruction, and both of us had quiet consciences in the fact that I merely occupied his seat as a substitute. Thus I had an opportunity to witness the surprisingly graceful feats of the "divine Fanny," without cost. With the performance I was charmed, and began to ask if, after all, great bodily accomplishment were not as profitable and sometimes as desirable as great intellectual accomplishment.

I likewise had a free pass to the American Museum, on Broadway, opposite St. Paul's Church. It had recently come under charge of P. T. Barnum, then a young man, recently from Bridgeport, Connecticut, and in rather low circumstances pecuniarily, but full of energy and resources. Sometimes of a Saturday he would come into our office to borrow a few dollars to help pay off his employés, who were not slow to threaten a revolt if their wages were not forthcoming. He was always planning something to attract the gaze and wonder of the public, whether it be the laying of bricks in some cabalistic form in front of the museum door, or dazzling the eyes of the crowds on Broadway by a brilliant revolving light on the roof. He probably at that time little dreamed that he would ever become proprietor of "the greatest show on earth," or an unquestioned millionaire. But one maxim, on which he is reputed to have acted during his whole life, was well calculated to insure success; and that was to always give patrons their money's worth, even if it were in the line of arrant

humbug. This remarkable man was born in Connecticut, in 1810, and began his career as a showman at about the age of twenty-five. He became noted in Europe as well as in America, and, after some pecuniary ups and downs, was finally so successful that at the time of his decease, April 7, 1891, his estate was valued at more than \$5,000,000. He was a man of estimable character, and newspaper eulogy both here and abroad was unstinted.

WRITING.

I do not know what the inducement was, but recollect that I began very early to indulge in attempts at composition, which, by the way, was not taught in any school that I attended. The first that I remember was an epistle to the nurse who presided at my birth. I was seven years old, and in the exuberance of happy childhood seized the opportunity to express my thanks for her agency in my introduction to a world that then appeared so beautiful. And I remember of occasional attempts all through my school-boy days to express my conceits on paper, sometimes in rhyme. But nothing to speak of greeted my glad eyes in print, till June, 1831, at which halcyon period there shone forth in the *Boston Saturday Evening Gazette* an article I had slyly sent in, and which seemed so favorably received that in my elation I fancied myself on the high road to literary fame. Thence forward I continued to often use the pen, and at some periods

was almost solely indebted to it for support. The greater part, in bulk, that I have written, has passed into oblivion, in the columns of newspapers and other publications of the day. What chiefly survives, in book form, is as follows:

"The Essex Memorial": embracing historical, statistical, and descriptive notices of all the towns in Essex County. 1836.

"Lin, or Jewels of the Third Plantation": giving the legendary and romantic side of Lynn's history. 1862.

"History of Lynn, from 1629 to 1890": in two volumes—1629 to 1865, 1865 to 1890—embracing Alonzo Lewis's valuable chapters.

"The Centennial Memorial of Lynn." 1876.*

"Proceedings on the Celebration of the Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the Settlement of Lynn." 1879.*

"Sketches of Lynn, Lynnfield, and Swampscott," in J. W. Lewis & Co.'s Volumes of Essex County History.

As to the labor of the writer on the History of Lynn it may be proper to say a few words specially. About the year 1860, Mr. Lewis, whose first edition of his excellent history was issued as far back as

* "The Centennial Memorial of Lynn," and "Proceedings on the Celebration of the Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the Settlement of Lynn," were published at the request and by the invitation of the City Government of Lynn.

NOTE.—"Ye Great and General Courte in Collonie Times" was completed for publication at the time of the death of Judge Newhall. He wrote the book, set the type, had the plates cast, and was arranging for its publication. It has now been published contemporaneously with this book, 1897.—*END.*

1829, and whose second edition appeared in 1844, proposed issuing a third edition which would bring the history down to perhaps the year 1860. But from various causes, such as ill health and urgent duties on which he was dependent for daily support, he did not press on with the work. And in 1861 he died, having made little or no progress. A year or two passed and no one appeared willing to undertake the work.

Happening to be in the bookstore of Mr. Thomas Herbert, on Exchange street, one morning, something was said about the history. And finally, Mr. H. remarked, "Why don't you undertake the preparation?" The reply was that the labor would be great, and might essentially interfere with my professional duties. And, besides, pecuniary loss would be almost sure to follow, for local histories are costly in preparation, and the circulation must necessarily be limited. However, I was led to think the matter over, and concluded that, as I was acquainted with the use of types, I might procure a font or two, manufacture a little rough office furniture, borrow a few necessary materials of my friends, the printers, and in a back room undertake the composition.

In pursuance of that plan I went to work, prepared the manuscript, and did the composition of the whole 620 pages. By that means I saved some \$600, though how much was incidentally lost by the neglect of other duties I never calculated. This volume brought the annals down to the close of

1864. At a later period another volume was published, making the history complete to the close of 1889.

I never claimed the exalted name of poet; but occasionally on an emergency turned my hand to versification; perhaps supplying a carrier's new year address; for the newspaper carrier of old must always have his new year address to patrons, which was a delicate way of asking a *douceur*; or when a poetic quotation for the head of a chapter or something of the kind was wanted, it was found easier to write the same than to look it up in some other work. But at intervals, as is often the case with other literary fledglings, a "poem" would, in spite of any restraint, ooze from the pen.

IN THE line of fiction, my productions, such as they were, have been varied and scattered over many years; but the endeavor has been to give them such an air, dress and tone, as to distinguish them as fictions. Yet in some instances they have been quoted as unadorned truths. Comparatively few readers critically observe the texture of what they read. They skim over the page and catch a general idea, without considering details or weighing conclusions. This, of course, applies more to newspapers than to books. The matter was brought to mind many years ago in a rather singular way.

It was in 1842 that I happened in the office of a friend who printed a weekly paper in Lynn. As

was usual with the young editor when I happened in the office, he said, "Come, now, write something for our next paper." The reply was, that if he would give me a printer's stick I would set up something without writing. The stick was soon in hand and in due time a piece of half a column was in type, and appeared in the morning's paper. It was simply a sportive fiction, expected only to create a momentary wonder. And this is the way it read:

EXTRAORDINARY PHENOMENA.

Through the kindness of a friend we have been enabled to lay before our readers the following extract of a letter from an eminent astronomer in New Haven, to a scientific gentleman in this town, received during the present week. It will be found deeply interesting:

"* * * There is certainly some extraordinary change going on in the solar system. Whether the result will be a speedy dissolution of the present harmonious arrangement, is of course known only to Him who instituted the laws which govern the courses of the stars. For some time my attention has been directed to the rapidly developing phenomena, and I have been assisted in my observations by gentlemen eminent for their scientific attainments. And within a few days I have had placed in my hands a paper from the celebrated astronomer Hanß, of Berlin, detailing his own discoveries, and indicating that the subject is beginning to excite intense interest among the scientific of Europe.

"It is evident that the inclination of the earth's axis with the ecliptic is changing. There is now a nearer approach to a coincidence of equator and ecliptic than has

ever before been known. Since the autumnal equinox the obliquity of the earth's course has sensibly diminished, and if no counteracting influence intervenes, there will soon be a perceptible change in the seasons and in the relative lengths of day and night.

"The change is so great already that many intricate calculations for the present year will be found inaccurate. Some of the important calculations of the Nautical Almanac will be soon found perplexing to the mariner as he takes his observations. And some of those heretofore highly useful tables in the American Almanac, founded on the bearings of some of the fixed stars as well as planets, will prove entirely unsafe if the progress of the change continues. An experienced and intelligent shipmaster, a day or two since, casually observed to me that on a recent voyage from the East Indies, when he had sailed about six degrees north of the equator — the region from which the North Star is usually first seen after crossing the line, the haze rendering it invisible while nearer the horizon — he was astonished and perplexed in his observations. The unusual variation of his chronometer from the time indicated by stellar observation led him to doubt the accuracy of his formerly faithful guide.

"Should these changes continue, a variation in the altitude of the North Star will soon be apparent to the most casual observer. At those points of time, April 15, June 16, August 23, and December 24, when all true time keepers should agree with the sun, the chronometer will be found essentially varying; and many other very important results will be developed. An attentive and accurate observer in the high latitudes, even at the next solstice, cannot fail to recognize various astonishing phenomena.

"But the changes going on in regard to the earth are less remarkable perhaps than those which are affecting some of the other planets. The poles of Venus to all appearance are now elevated full thirty-five degrees, and she seems to be changing from her former clear radiance to a color approaching that of Mars. The change in this particular, however, is as yet slight, — barely perceptible under close observation to the naked eye. By the aid of a powerful glass there may be perceived what appear to be waves of fire rolling over her disc. This appearance I have watched with much interest. It commenced some months since, on the southern limb, and gradually advanced over the whole breadth till the planet was completely enveloped. The motion of this planet, too, in her orbit, seems to be retarded, as if she were under the influence of some new power of attraction.

"Herschel has the appearance of having greatly diminished in size, and has failed to meet a given point of its orbit at the usual time, and, in short, seems to have broken the bands that connected it with the solar system, and commenced its course as a member of some remote celestial retinue.

"Saturn, also, is assuming an unwonted aspect. To all appearance there is a mighty conflagration going on in the hitherto dark line which divides its rings. To such an extent has it already attained that, in one or two places, the whole breadth has assumed the appearance of ragged ranges, glowing as if they were of red-hot iron, and throwing a lurid reflection upon the adjacent portions of the ring.

"The changes seem also to extend beyond our system. The beautiful star *Betelgeuse*, in the constellation *Orion*, has varied to such an extent from the vernal to the autumnal equinox of the present year, that its distance

may be ascertained. It seems to be approaching the solar bounds."

As before remarked, this was simply a sportive fiction, and supposed to be of so transparent a character as to be seen through on a little reflection. But such was not the case. To the surprise of all acquainted with the facts, and most to the astonishment of the writer himself, it was received far and near as sober truth. Never, perhaps, did it more plainly appear how easily a reading public may be imposed upon. It would almost seem that any school-boy would at once have strongly questioned at least one or two of the statements. But the article was published all over the country, and as stated in a New York paper, was translated into most foreign languages and published all over Europe.

Among other things, at home, regarding this article, the editor of the *Locomotive*, that being the name of the paper in which it appeared, received a letter from Professor Olmstead, begging for some information in the premises, and stating that he was subjected to such numerous calls, personally and by letter, for light on the subject, that he was really burdened, notwithstanding he had twice publicly stated through the New Haven papers, that he knew nothing about it. And it was stated to the writer that a Washington paper announced that observations had been instituted at the National Observatory, which resulted in showing that the thing was a fiction. But nothing was more amusing

to the author than the remark of one really scientific gentleman, who, having no suspicion of its real character, actually said that he had himself observed some of the same phenomena—particularly relating to Venus.

From the history of this little piece an excellent lesson may be drawn. It shows with what avidity anything wonderful is seized upon, and how few take pains to seriously consider what they read. Where anything wonderful is concerned, even the intelligent mind seems often to forget its powers. There are, however, two classes of wonders—the natural and the supernatural; and two classes of minds to divide upon them. Some minds are self possessed and strong in the examination of all matters partaking of the supernatural, but weak and irresolute in examining into wonders of the natural world. Others are the reverse. The celebrated Dr. Johnson—was of the latter class. An account of an earthquake, a hurricane or volcano, he examined by the severest tests, questioning and doubting to the extreme; but if any man of common reputation for truth told him of the appearance of a ghost, or detailed any spiritual wonder, he listened with childlike confidence, not questioning or doubting. Most minds, however, are of the reverse order; and in such, the article in question met full favor.

Is it not true that most of the editorial chairs at the present day are occupied by those who in earlier

life were practical printers? And is it not also true that some of the occupants could not have received the most worthy instruction, or, having received it, must have proved unfaithful to the high trust? Were this the place for didactic counsel, or were the writer an accredited mentor, it would better become him to criticise and make suggestions. A newspaper naturally takes color from the character of its conductor. By his works, emphatically, is an editor known. And a character founded on truth and equity, and nurtured by an honest ambition "to do a little good in the world," as the first Lynn printer once expressed himself, is one which will stand firm through all vicissitudes, and be a fortune when the head is growing white; a fortune more to be desired and more enduring than any worldly accumulation. In the management of a newspaper two distinct interests are in active operation, distinct and oftentimes antagonistic — namely, individual interest and the public good. I need not say which is paramount, for every well ordered mind will instinctively perceive. The public often crave unwholesome, even poisonous intellectual food, and for what they love they are willing to pay; and hence the strong incentive for the publisher to cater to vitiated appetite. Thrice worthy, then, is he who withstands the strong temptation, who has the high determination and the moral courage to subject, if need be, individual interest to the public weal, to stem the tide of perverse taste, and endeavor to purify it, rather than to be swept onward

by it, even though golden nuggets glisten beneath its ripples.

Perhaps young printers at this day are quite as restless as were those of former years, though it does not exactly appear to be the case. There are some advantages in being an itinerant in early life, though there are many and great dangers. One learns more of the world, and may form acquaintances and have experiences that afford most agreeable recollections and valuable working material for the upward struggles of life. Possibly I may have been classed among the rovers, and while at my now advanced age I can look back upon many delightful passages, I can also see where some wonderful escapes were made.

The earlier printers were most certainly a roving set. What, indeed, was Franklin but a typographical tramp, though, to be sure, a tramp of the better sort. There seems to have been a providence in his career, a blessed providence; so we will not take exceptions to a little seeming waywardness, for had he not drifted off to Philadelphia as he did, where he found opportunities to form acquaintance with leading patriots and hear discussions on the great political questions of the day, is it probable that he ever would have attained the lofty position he finally occupied, or led a life of such eminent usefulness to his country? But imitation of wayward traits is not to be recommended, in the hope that they may lead to the height attained by a famous exemplar. So it is to be hoped that our

young friends will take warning rather than encouragement, and never do an evil thing because a greater man has led the way.

A LAWYER.

AND now I may be allowed to speak of the most important change in my whole business life. It not unfrequently occurred to me, after becoming engaged in the activities of life, that I was better fitted for a regular profession than the rather unsatisfying course I was then pursuing. After my return from New York, in 1842, I began to consider the matter seriously. It did not seem as if I were too old to commence study; but the puzzling question was as to what particular end my studies should be directed; or, in other words, for what profession I should aim to qualify myself.

One day, while coming from Salem on the railroad, I fell in with my friend Thomas B. Newhall, who had settled in Lynn as a lawyer some seven years before, and was then in fair practice. As we walked up Commercial street I made some remark about wishing that I had prepared, while younger, for a profession. "Why," said he, "you are not too old now. And if you have any inclination for the law, come into my office and take a student's chair as soon as you please." It did not require much time for me to consider the matter, nor to signify my acceptance of his kind offer.

I applied myself diligently for three years, taking

only a vacation of a few weeks once or twice a year, to replenish my purse by lecturing and a little other literary work. At the end of three years I entered the bar at Boston, and soon prepared to commence practice. This was in 1847. The law at that time enabled those who had studied three years in the office of a regular practitioner, to enter the bar on a certificate, without special examination. I entered by a certificate. How I should have fared had I gone through an examination I do not know ; but would have ventured the ordeal, having very industriously applied myself.

Immediately after being admitted to practice, my modest little sign beamed forth on the old Sagamore Building, mutely inviting the attention of the public. The Sagamore Building, till it went up in flames in the great fire, November 26, 1889, stood close by the railroad station, Central square, Lynn. It was the first law office ever opened in that immediate vicinity, where now, 1893, so many are congregated. Very different was the then aspect of things in that neighborhood, now so busy and so adorned with stately structures. Nothing but diminutive wooden buildings were about there ; and I can at this moment, in my mind's eye, see good old Father Conner driving along his cow, to be turned into the pasture field by the gate that swung very near where Central avenue now opens from the square.

Clients came in slowly. I believe I sat some four weary weeks before having a business call, but

yet I seemed to be gaining somewhat in the goodwill of the neighbors. I remember being near my open window one morning when a stranger, alighting from the cars, called to a passing neighbor and asked where he could find a lawyer. My expectations were on tip-toe. He pointed to my sign and replied, "Why, there, there is a fellow up there, who pretends to be a lawyer." I was amused rather than offended at the gentle sarcasm, knowing that the man bore me no ill-will. He afterwards became a valuable client. From the few lawyers then in practice here — Jeremiah C. Stickney, Thomas B. Newhall, and Benjamin F. Mudge, the latter of whom had very recently commenced business — I invariably received the most kind and considerate treatment.

A FULL history of the law business in Lynn, its peculiar character and remarkable growth in recent years, would no doubt prove interesting to the present generation of practitioners, and in a measure to all others, for there are few who do not at some time have experience in legal ups and downs. But brief notices of two or three of the earliest legal lights will be enough for the present purpose.

The late Benjamin Merrill, who died in Salem on the 30th of July, 1847, aged sixty-three years, after having been in practice there for almost forty years, is usually spoken of as the first Lynn lawyer. He came here in 1808, but remained only a few months.

But in early colonial days there were one or two lawyers here. They did not, however, come as practicing lawyers, for of course there was hardly any law business to be done. No doubt they assisted their neighbors by advice, and perhaps sometimes pleaded for them. There were, however, great questions, often of a semi-political nature, sometimes arising to call into action the greatest skill and profoundest learning. But these were not usually of a local character.

The most eminent of the first lawyers here was John Humfrey, who came from England in 1631, and settled in Nahant street, very near where Ocean street now opens. He was an original colonial proprietor, and did much to promote the settlement of the Bay Colony, being indeed one of the master spirits in council and in action. But he was ambitious. And added to his yearning for distinction, was the depressing influence of his homesick wife who was a daughter of the Earl of Lincoln, and had been nurtured in the highest refinements of English life. It was beyond her strength of mind contentedly to sit down in this wilderness, with barely the necessities of life. She pined for her old home of elegance and luxury, and made his life miserable by regrets and complainings.

Mr. Humfrey had been led to expect the appointment as Governor of a more congenial and important jurisdiction, but failed in his expectations and aspirations, and in 1641, with his wife, returned to England, where he died in 1661, well-nigh

broken-hearted. He left his children here in Lynn, one or two of whom suffered most grievous fortunes, and the family here dwindled away in reputation and substance. It is hard to excuse these parents for their almost literal desertion of their offspring; and the excuses that have been urged for their conduct seem altogether insufficient.

One or two others, of the early colonial settlers, seemed to have possessed sufficient legal attainments to assist their fellow-townsmen in the few matters of law that arose; and some, perhaps, as we find instances at this day, being ignorant and arrogant, were able to get their trusting neighbors more deeply into the legal mire. But I need not enlarge upon the achievements of any of these. Mr. Merrill was undoubtedly the first who opened a regular law office in Lynn, and solicited general practice.

The next lawyer was Joshua Prescott, ancestor of the accomplished historian Prescott. He came in 1811.

In 1812, Reuben P. Washburn opened an office in the chamber over Caleb Wiley's grocery store, corner of what is now Western avenue and Federal street. He gained his education by his own exertions; was a man of marked energy of character, faithful to clients, agreeable in manners, and ambitious to excel in his calling. He married a daughter of Rev. Mr. Thacher, minister of the famous Old Tunnel, and was father of the late Governor Washburn of Vermont, who was born in Lynn.

In 1813, Robert W. Trevett opened his law office here. For some years he was numbered among the foremost of the Essex bar. He was a graduate of Harvard College, and not only well read in law, but in history and general literature. Indeed his knowledge of the history of American commerce and manufactures was surpassed by very few. His wife was a lady eminent for her social accomplishments and virtues. His life, however, closed in indigence and obscurity on the 13th of January, 1842, his age then being but 53 years.

In 1826, Isaac Gates settled as a lawyer in Lynn. He was a marked character; not particularly courteous toward opponents, or conspicuously prudent in his habits. Yet he had kindly traits, and, as one of his neighbors, I would readily bear testimony to his friendly acts. These two — Mr. Trevett and Mr. Gates — were the only lawyers here at the time Jeremiah C. Stickney opened his office in 1828, though two or three others whom I have not named had come and gone.

In 1837, Thomas B. Newhall opened his law office here, and continued in successful practice for a little more than fifty years. And he deserved success by his legal acumen and true manhood. Since that time, slowly at first, but with astonishing rapidity afterward, have the Lynn lawyers increased in numbers, so that we may now reckon forty or more.

It may be remarked, in passing, that lawyers, above most other men, should possess their souls in patience, for they are subjected to countless annoy-

ances. And of these, perhaps none are more vexatious than street importunities — I mean the sudden propounding of questions, often those of an abstruse character, in the street. But then, street law must always go for what it is worth. I remember hearing it related of a prominent member of our Essex bar, that he was once stopped on the sidewalk by an anxious citizen, who asked his advice as to what course he ought to take in an important case then in preparation for trial. The advice was given, off-hand, and probably with little or no knowledge of the real points in question, even supposing the questioner had any true conception of what the vital points in his case were. Some time afterward the questioner hailed the lawyer and, with due expressions of injured innocence, told him that his advice had cost him a round thousand dollars. "My advice? Why, when or where did I give you advice?" "O, do n't you remember, sir, that I stopped you on the sidewalk of Essex street, and there you advised me how to work up my case?" "O, ah, in the street, was it? Well, well, that was street law, my friend; street law; unpaid law; uncertain law."

AT THIS time, 1847, the Police Court had not been established, and all Justices of the Peace had authority to try minor cases, civil and criminal; and not unfrequently a young lawyer found his judicial business quite a help.

After being in practice for a year or two, how-

ever, I became convinced that the manner in which cases were disposed of by local magistrates was often bungling and inequitable. As any Justice of the Peace, whether lawyer or not, could sit in judgment, justice was continually liable to miscarry. Therefore, in 1848, I very readily headed a petition for the establishment of a Police Court in Lynn, though well aware that the move was considerably against my own pecuniary interest, for a good many cases were brought before me, and the fees were not to be despised. Yet it seemed to be something that the public good required.

The Court was established by the next Legislature. And then came the question, Who shall be the Judge? There were presently three or four candidates all eager for the office, not one of whom was a lawyer. Soon after the passage of the law I met Senator Upham in the Salem depot, and in a brief conversation was asked if I desired the office of Judge, he remarking that I could have it if I wished, the matter having been talked over. My reply was, that however much I might desire it I did not feel competent, with my little experience, to assume the duties; that I thought one more deeply learned in the law should be appointed, as the Lynn people had suffered enough by trusting to magistrates who had only their common sense to guide, one of the candidates having pompously declared that to be sufficient. And I took the liberty to add that if Thomas B. Newhall, the oldest lawyer then in Lynn, excepting Mr. Stickney, would accept the

office, no doubt his appointment would be eminently satisfactory to the people.

As the time drew near when the Court must be organized, I was one morning in Salem when Mr. Chapman, of the Governor's Council, came across the street to meet me. He said that there were three candidates actively pressing their claims, but against all of them there seemed serious objections, the Governor having received letters speaking very decidedly against them; adding that I could see the letters if I wished. My reply was that I had much rather not see them. Then the conversation with Mr. Upham was referred to, and I reiterated that Thomas B. Newhall was the right man; and I thought he would accept. "Very well," said Mr. C., "I have your opinion. No doubt the appointment will be made." And it was made. Very soon the commissions were received. Thomas B. Newhall, Standing Justice, Benjamin F. Mudge and James R. Newhall, Special Justices. Thus was the Lynn Police Court established.

FROM some cause lawyers' prices had been lower in Lynn than in most other places in this section. Whether this was because the people were poorer, or thought the law they got poorer, is now immaterial, as so it was. Not till about 1860 did the Lynn lawyers begin to raise their standard of prices to that of their brethren in other places. But notwithstanding the low prices for legal services that prevailed, I succeeded in making a fair living; and

after a few years was invited by Mr. Jeremiah C. Stickney, before named as the senior lawyer here, and one of the best known in the county, to cast my lot with him as an equal partner. The association was very pleasant, and we thus continued till the time of my appointment as Standing Justice of the Court in 1866.

Soon after my appointment to the office of Standing Justice, I happened to meet one of the oldest and most respectable members of the Essex bar on a railroad train. He congratulated me on my appointment, and in reply I remarked that I had serious misgivings as to my qualifications, but hoped I should be able to do justice, though without the expectation of pleasing every one. "Now," said he, "do n't you have any fears. Take the cases as they come, fairly weigh the evidence, judge of the lies the witnesses tell, and the blunders they make, and then give judgment according to your own common sense. Where inexplicable entanglements occur, just turn up a copper, making your decision in that way, but not allowing any one to know of the process." That struck me as rather a unique way of solving legal puzzles, though justified by one of high standing, and apparently given in all sincerity. It seemed akin to the ancient trial by ordeal, which was not so very unreasonable, perhaps, in an age when popular belief pointed to direct providential interposition in the most trivial affairs. And then the instruction of the British

minister to his appointee to an important semi-judicial position in the East Indies, occurred as worthy of note. "Why," said the honest man, "I am not fit for the position, am no lawyer, and have had little experience; pray have me excused." "Not at all," was the reply, "I believed you fit or should not have appointed you; you have common sense; administer according to your best judgment, and never worry about results. Be careful, however, not to give reasons for your decisions. Reasons can always be picked to pieces, but where none appear your worst enemy, if you have such, will be in the dark and probably conclude that there are good ones in the background." This very year, 1893, there has been an outcry against a certain jury in our own Essex County, because they decided a case substantially by lot. Perhaps they thought the precedent recorded in the last verse of the first chapter of Acts afforded sufficient justification.

The jurisdiction of the court was from time to time greatly enlarged, and the business much increased. I remained in the office till 1879, and then resigned its cares, perplexities and emoluments. My judicial term extended over thirty years—seventeen as Special and thirteen as Standing Justice.

LAWYERS, beyond most others, are witnesses of the more intense workings of passion, prejudice, resentment, of almost every sentiment, propensity and emotion, that operates in poor human nature. And no wonder that they are often led to conclu-

sions concerning the acts of men very different from those entertained by such as witness no such examples. That some individuals possess a morbid and uncontrollable impulse to commit certain crimes, as theft, or even murder, cannot be successfully denied; and hence the lawyer, who in defending his client takes a ground that opposes popular opinion, is sometimes denounced as little better than the culprit himself.

Kleptomania, or the irresistible desire to pilfer, for instance, which some undoubtedly are cursed with, is a propensity that many sturdy moralists utterly deny; while others as firmly believe it to be an undeniable human trait. I remember a case that came before me prior to the establishment of our Police Court, that seems singularly apt as an illustration on this point.

A young fellow of about sixteen years, prepossessing in appearance and quite intelligent, was arrested for the larceny of a small clock. It turned out that a month before he had been arrested for stealing a sum of money from a store on North Common street, was convicted, and by Aaron Lummus, a magistrate, known as Judge Lummus, sentenced to the Ipswich House of Correction for thirty days. He served out his time and on his way home, which was in Reading, or thereabout, passed up Market street, Lynn. It was about noon, and there happened to be very few in the streets. On the platform of Woodbury's furniture store he spied the clock in question, stepped up and took it

under his arm. The loss was soon discovered, and one or two said they had seen a boy passing along with such a clock. He was pursued, overtaken and brought back. I think he pleaded guilty; but whether he did or not, the evidence was overwhelming, and I told him he would have to go back to the House of Correction, this time for two months. While waiting for the officer to get ready, I had some serious talk with him. He said, as to the clock, before seeing it he had no thought of stealing any thing, but when his eye caught it, the temptation was so strong that he could not resist. He said that two months was a shorter term than he expected to be sent back, but in tremulous voice said he wished he could see his mother before going, though he did not suppose that would be allowed. When the officer was ready he went off with him very quietly. It was truly pitiable to see a bright, handsome boy like him in such a predicament.

He served out his two months at the House of Correction, left the institution about noon, and on his way through the town went into the furnishing store of Mr. Baker, ostensibly to purchase a cap, remarking that he had been working on a farm for a couple of months and was then on his way home. In negotiating for the cap, under some pretense he induced the attendant to go into another apartment; and while alone the little rogue, seeing the cash trunk behind the counter, slipped round and took from it somewhere about a hundred dollars. The loss was discovered soon after his departure; he

was pursued, and caught in Hamilton or Wenham. The Grand Jury were then in session; he was indicted, his trial speedily took place, and partly perhaps in consequence of his previously stained record he was sent to the State Prison; probably without seeing his mother in all that time. That was the last I knew of him for some years.

One night the shoe manufactory of the late Isaac Newhall, in Central square, was broken into and a quantity of shoes stolen. By some means Mr. Newhall ascertained that a portion of the shoes were in possession of a Boston retailer. He sued the retailer in a civil action for the value of the shoes, and obtained judgment. One of the chief witnesses was this very youth, who was summoned from the State Prison and brought into court by his keeper. He testified that he stole the shoes, and disposed of them to the trader in whose stock they were found. It was at this trial that, becoming indignant at some of the questions put to him, he declared, with much solemnity, that he was a thief, but never guilty of perjury or any other heinous or disgraceful offence — that he was a thief, but a criminal in no other way.

Quite a different phase of human nature appears in the following case, which partakes somewhat of the comical as well as pathetic; but lawyers are not much surprised at such mingling of sorrow, anger and emotion. A woman one day made a complaint against her brother for having committed an aggravated assault on her husband. On exam-

ination it appeared that the husband was sick and not expected to live many days. The brother boarded with them in their rather forlorn tenement, somewhere in the vicinity of Waterhill. The boarder came home one night rather late, and hungry, and searched around for something to eat. The sick man was in bed in the room, and from some cause the two got into a dispute, which ran so high that the sick man sprang from the bed and grappled with the other, who, of course, got the better of his weak antagonist, and the outcries presently brought the wife to the scene. The disturbance was soon quelled without much damage to either. But the wife's anger was not readily appeased, and the result was the complaint at the Police Court against the brother. The case was patiently heard, and it soon appeared that the wife's great indignation did not arise solely from pure wifely affection, but partially from considerations of quite another sort; for in her pathetic remarks to the magistrate, she said, "We knew my husband would die in a few days; and what a looking corpse he would make with his face all banged up!"

A client is often quick in perceiving a vital point as the trial of his case proceeds, and gives a shrewd hint to his counsel. I remember that once a neighbor applied for my services in prosecuting a claim against another neighbor. The amount involved was not large, but the costs, it soon became apparent, would be considerable; so it was important to obtain judgment even for a small sum. The contest

was about a lot of morocco skins, which could not be produced for inspection. It was necessary to prove them to have been of a particularly valuable kind, a thing that it seemed impossible for us to do. As the case appeared to be going against us, my client whispered, asking whether if he could produce one of the skins in a partly worn condition it would be of any avail. I told him to hurry off and get it, in whatever condition. He presently returned with a dilapidated and besmeared blacksmith apron. The experts were recalled, and every one unhesitatingly declared it to be of the kind we were contending for, saying they could tell that kind of skin under any circumstances. Judgment was quickly rendered in our favor.

A year or two after I met that same client, and he asked if I remembered about the old blacksmith apron that gave us our case. I told him I did. He then said he would tell me a secret about it; which secret simply was, that he knew a neighboring blacksmith who had an apron that he boastfully claimed was made of a valuable kind of skin, and ventured to borrow it. "But," said he, "I did not know it was one of the lot in question, or like them; and neither the counsel on the other side nor any one else thought to ask me if it was. All of you took it for granted that it was one of the lot, and had I been asked I should have been obliged to say I did not know; then our case would have gone by the board. I was not going, voluntarily, to give our case away."

A rather amusing instance of shrewd conception of a certain human trait, though not exactly of the character of the foregoing, occurred soon after I commenced practice. A client, whom I knew to entertain a singular distrust of the integrity of all people of a certain religious denomination, came into my office, one Saturday morning, and giving me the necessary details about a piece of land he had just purchased of a neighbor, asked me to make out a deed, and not fail to have it ready early in the afternoon, as the grantor had agreed to come in at that time and execute it. He said he was very particular to have it done at once, and urged me to be sure and have him sign it before he left; saying that he knew him to be timid about signing documents, and moreover was a strong ——, that the next day was Sunday, and he would go to meeting and sit all the time brooding over the negotiation, and be sure to finally conclude to back out from his bargain; adding that he well knew how it was with all —— as he had been one himself. I told him I would endeavor to do as he desired, though I knew the man was hard to move from any fixed purpose.

The man came in promptly. The deed was ready, he looked it over very carefully and said he believed it was all right and according to agreement. After hesitating a while, he said he thought he would not sign it then, as it would do as well on Monday. I told him the grantee was very desirous of having the matter finished at once; and if, as

he said, the deed was all right, delay seemed unnecessary. After a little parleying he signed and left. Presently the grantee came in; I gave him the deed, and he also left; not, however, before remarking, "Now you see if he don't come in on Monday morning and try to get the document back. I know he will, for he will have the forenoon and afternoon meetings to attend to-morrow, and nothing but this transaction will occupy his mind."

Sure enough, early on Monday morning, the grantor did appear, and, in almost pitiable anxiety, asked if I had delivered the deed. I told him I had, within an hour after he left on Saturday; that the grantee came in for it, and probably immediately sent it away for record. "O, I'm very sorry for that," he replied; "I've been thinking the whole matter over, and am much afraid I was too hasty!"

Among the most aggravating things that a lawyer has to contend against are the wiles of shrewd but absolutely dishonest parties. A very honest landlord once applied for my services in the endeavor to collect a considerable amount of rent from a tenant. He submitted a carefully prepared account of the amount due and the payments that had been made. We could do nothing but bring a suit. And when the trial came on, greatly to our surprise, a claim was made that the rent was overpaid. I knew there was some trick but could not tell just where. The trial proceeded. The tenancy and time of occupation were admitted. Then came

the defence. An array of receipts for rent were produced, which the landlord admitted to be genuine. Then a witness was called to testify to other payments when no receipts were given. Together, they did show a balance in favor of the tenant. I asked my client how he could account for their showing. But he seemed a little confused, and could only persist in declaring that he was right. I questioned the witness pretty closely, and could not doubt that he was perfectly honest. Suddenly a solution occurred to me. And I was not long in establishing the fact that the tenant, who was a shoemaker, would now and then, as the landlord happened in his shop, offer him a few dollars of the back rent. The landlord would, of course, gladly accept the offered money, and say that he would give a receipt if he had a pen at hand. "O, no," the tenant would reply, "no matter about a receipt; we are honest men, and will not cheat each other; and besides, the man at work there will bear in mind that I pay you such an amount at this date." The man's attention would be called to the transaction, and perhaps he would make a memorandum. Some days after, as the landlord again happened in, the tenant, in the absence of the witness, would say, "You recollect I paid you so much on such a day, and did not take a receipt. Perhaps, to prevent all future misunderstanding, you may as well give me a receipt now." Then he would write one, dating it not on the day the payment was made, but on that present day, and the

other would unsuspectingly sign it. Thus the one payment was made to count as two — the one testified to by the witness, and the other as indicated by the receipt. And in that manner the cheat had been carried on till an actual balance in favor of the tenant was made to appear. As soon as I was satisfied of the fraud, I boldly charged it upon the rogue, and his silence and shamefacedness were sufficient to give us the case.

AFTER retiring from the Police Court, August 24, 1879, I opened a law office near the City Hall, and did a quiet business for two or three years. Then I took a foreign trip of a few months, visiting England, France, Belgium, some of the Mediterranean countries and Egypt, arriving home January 21, 1884, greatly refreshed.

Having returned from my foreign trip and being of an age when business cares begin to weigh heavily, I did but little law business; only such as seemed rather to force itself upon me. At intervals, also, I busied myself with my pen, largely on historical subjects. And still retaining my love for the printer's case, I kept in a convenient back room a font or two of type, and there spent many pleasant hours in putting in type pages of cogitations, sometimes without the irksome labor of first committing them to paper.

AN OCTOGENARIAN.

ON CHRISTMAS DAY, 1889, I had the extreme pleasure of meeting, by invitation, a large number of my fellow citizens, in the Mayor's room, City Hall, who assembled to extend to me their greetings, as on that day I completed my four-score years.

And again, on the evening of the second of January, 1890, in recognition of the same event, my brethren of the bar did me the honor of requesting my presence at a banquet in a hall on Market street. Feeling that on this occasion I should be expected to make some remarks, I prepared a brief paper, from which an extract or two may not improperly be here introduced.

"On the occasion of the dedication of the City Hall, Nov. 30, 1867, Hon. Thomas B. Newhall, being introduced by Mayor Usher, remarked in his expressive undertone on laying aside his overcoat, 'I take off my coat, but I hope you will not take that as an indication of any extended remarks from me.' So now, as I take in hand a few written notes, I hope those present will not take it as an indication that I propose inflicting anything like an extended address. Written notes often prevent undue rambling and the introduction of inappropriate matter.

"I know that you will believe me, brethren of the bar, when I say that I am deeply touched by this expression of your kindly feeling. And I can but look upon your greetings as I did upon the

neighborly greetings at the City Hall on Christmas Day, as among the choicest experiences of my life. Yes, I have arrived at four-score years. It is a good old age; half a score beyond the common limit of human life.

“It can readily be conceived that men who are subject to continual physical pain should feel impatient, and under incurable disease wish to be released. I was strikingly reminded of this when some time since I called upon an aged friend, who had passed the four-score bound, but who was surrounded by every comfort that wealth or social position could give. During our conversation he several times referred to his physical sufferings. And finally, as I was bidding him good-bye, he remarked in pathetic earnestness that, on the whole, he wished there was a law of the Commonwealth decreeing that no man should be permitted to live beyond the age of seventy. Now this was a man who had led an eminently respectable, and I may say successful, life; one who could, no doubt, have recalled many and many a bright passage. But he was so worn by physical suffering that his thoughts could not be fixed on the higher and better features, where calm endurance if not actual happiness was to be found.

“Probably no one who has reached the age spoken of can look back and not see passages wherein more satisfactory results would have been secured had a different course been pursued. But to no man is given the power to see what future

results may flow from present action, and hence it is idle to mourn for what one fancies might have been.

“In the absence of extreme physical suffering why should not old age be highly enjoyable? The cares and perplexities of business life have lost their influence, and their interest, in any controlling degree, and one begins to look back upon them as frivolous dreams, wondering that they should ever have compromised his dignity or disturbed his equanimity. Wealth, social distinction, public honors, all appear as bubbles dancing away on the surface of time’s fast ebbing tide. But yet where is the elderly person who, in the hours of retirement, does not recall bright and beautiful pictures of scenes that illumined his earlier years, and on whose memory is not unfadingly photographed the lineaments of many a loved one whose real presence comes no more to cheer?

“Have not old people some resources of enjoyment unknown to the young? And do they all need the pity and deserve the scorn that thoughtlessness or arrogance is too apt to bestow? Recollection as well as anticipation is usually sweeter than fruition. And it must be a barren old age that has no cheerful recollections to fall back upon.

“Let me refer to a trifling and long-forgotten incident that was a few days ago vividly recalled to my own mind, and which opened an avenue of pleasing remembrances extending away back to boyhood.

“On the dubious October day, in 1821, when I

left my father's house to begin a destined career of self-support, at the evening meal in my new home was a young girl, who, during my subsequent period of intense home-sickness tried her utmost in sympathetic and girlish ways to relieve my misery. That, it will be observed, was about seventy years ago. But I can, even at this far-off time, think of her only as a bright, laughing, good-natured school girl. She has for some fifty years been a resident of another State. And the incident which brought her so forcibly to mind was in receiving from her a large box of substantial clothing for the sufferers by our late disastrous fire.

"Yes, it is often that a mine of rich memories is opened by some slight occurrence. And he who has reached his three-score and ten even, and has no bright memories, no such vivifying resources, is groping in dreary and pitiable darkness.

"A few days ago I met a gentleman on Market street, who, pointing to an electric car then passing, asked what I imagined Franklin would think could he return and see such an exhibition of the wonderful and mysterious power of electricity, of which he alone of all the philosophers of his time seemed to have any just conception. It was a pertinent question, and what think, my hearers, really would be his thoughts?

"We are very apt, when considering any of the great discoveries and inventions of this remarkable age, to ask with what wonder the old settlers, could they return, would view the achievements. But do

we realize that things are still progressing with equal, if not accelerated march? And is it not quite as profitable and interesting to attempt a glance into the future as into the past? What will be the aspect a couple of centuries hence? one may as well ask as what it was a couple of centuries ago. We have suffered a great calamity by fire. But all traces of the disaster will probably have disappeared in a score of years. And after a few added years, the memory of the grievous occurrence will almost have faded away from public recollection, unless, perhaps, some enduring monument may be reared to mark the spot where so many fond hopes and inflated expectations were blasted. In the heart of great London, for more than two centuries, a towering shaft has commemorated the destructive conflagration of 1666. And should Lynn erect some modest but enduring reminder of her fearful experience of 1889, it might be a silent but eloquent admonisher for generations to come. It can hardly be imagined that any monument Lynn might rear would for many years look down upon a population of millions at its feet, like that of London. But it would stand as a beacon light to warn against any fancied immunity from the ravages of untrustworthy elements. It is ardently to be hoped that some such reminder may be reared. In our glance at the future we can well imagine that the district now in ruins will be a region of buildings substantial and beautiful, filling all the requirements of a thrifty, wealthy and enterprising people.

“There are other things that the people of Lynn may be gratified in anticipating. And conspicuous among them is the projected Forest Park, comprising wild territory still known as Lynn Woods, but destined to become a place of boundless enjoyment to people of all degrees, for generations yet to come, and many a throb of gratitude for the foresight that planned, and the liberality that executed, such a noble work will be felt. Few of the present generation will probably live to see the full-orbed beauty of that romantic domain; but the oldest may witness a beginning, and all may unhesitatingly anticipate satisfactory progress, considering the faithful and energetic hands in which the matter at present rests. To the philanthropic mind there is eminent satisfaction in doing something to give rational and enduring pleasure to those who may succeed him in the toils of life.

“Did belief in the old mythology prevail, some of us, who can expect to remain here but a very small remnant of time, might rejoice in the thought that we may be permitted in far-off times, in spirit to revisit those shady dells and sunny heights, to mark the musing walk of poet or philosopher; to listen to the gratulations of friendship and the tender lips of love. But in these matter-of-fact times, one who, like myself, must own up to four-score years, can only indulge, for the brief remainder of his days, in the pleasure of imagining what the future has in store. Sometimes I have queried as to what will be the aspect of the Public Forest when

another eighty years have rolled away. But the answer can only come to me beyond the vale.

“But this topic must be left with the single suggestion that it needs no fevered imagination to supply many bright passages in such an excursion into the regions of the future — the future, which will as surely come as the past has been. To the young belong the joys of anticipation; to the old, the two-fold joys of recollection and anticipation.

“In view of the present large number of the brotherhood now practising in Lynn, may I ask, do we fully realize the position we occupy, the influence we do or should exert? I know very well what is said about the duties of lawyers to their clients, and I know, too, that divers baleful maxims are in vogue. But it is pleasant to believe that no pernicious rule is permitted to hold sway here — that no member of this goodly association, young or old, can be found to so identify himself with a corrupt client as for a moment to sink true manhood, or compromise honor or integrity. Lawyers, perhaps more than any other class, are made to bear the sins of others; and they are often so circumstanced that they must bear them with silent submission. The public cannot know how frequently they are the victims of deceitful clients, or how many take a vulgar pride in practising deceptions upon them, how often bitter taunts are their only fee for standing firmly between vicious demands and humane principles.

“I most cordially wish the young gentlemen of

the Lynn bar — with several of whom, I am sorry to say, I have not yet had the pleasure of a personal acquaintance — the most abundant professional success. But in view of what has been said, there may be those outside of the profession who would count the success of a lawyer a detriment to the community. So, in deference to such, if there are any, let me qualify the wish, and express the earnest hope that they may abundantly prosper *in all good ways*. If they do not choose the fair, the honest, the upright, the manly way, they may be assured that no mere pecuniary success will give comfort when their heads are whitening.

“One may not be the best judge of his own acts, though he may be the best judge of his motives. And a lawyer who has gained the height of three-score years and ten, and can look back and conscientiously say he has done nothing that can warrant disturbing regrets, is certainly in a beatific atmosphere. But none need expect to escape criticism however pure his motives or blameless his life; for there will always be traducers whose minds are swayed by ‘envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness.’

“To a person advanced in years, few things are more gratifying than the continued friendship of those in whose company he has for many years pursued life’s journey. And when to the ranks of earlier friends have all along been added new and younger recruits, the gratification is much enhanced. And when those old and new friends concur in

expressions of kindly remembrance, kindly greeting and assurances that his company has not been disagreeable, it is hard to set bounds to the gratification. Think, then, my brethren and friends, what must be my feelings at the present moment; I beg you to realize my position and accept my profound acknowledgements for this most pleasurable greeting, as well those who have joined the legal ranks in these latter days, as those with whom for nearly two-score years I have traveled on professionally. To be recognized in this way, as a member of so intelligent and respectable a body as the present bar of Lynn, may well justify a feeling of pride. I can only look upon it as an undeserved, as it certainly is an unexpected, honor.

“ But I must not further trespass on your patience. And after cordially thanking you for this kind manifestation of your good-will, brethren of the bar, let me simply add that I take no pride in calling myself an octogenarian, for I have not had the power to accelerate or impede the course of time, which, in spite of me, has continued to jog along after the same old sort. Some of you, I dare say, will reach this outpost of human life. I hope all of you will, if you so desire. I hope, too, that you may be blessed with the good degree of health that has fallen to my lot. And especially do I hope that when you reach that bound, be you still at the bar or on the bench, you will see no dark spots in the retrospect; that the ghost of no injured client or oppressed fellow-man of any name may rise to

terrorize ; that the memory of neglected duties may never come to disturb ; and finally, that the last entry in the great docket above may be one of approval, and the judgment be that you enter into the everlasting joys prepared for all those who can give an acceptable account of the talents confided to them, be they lawyers or laymen."

At the conclusion, the presiding officer called upon William H. Niles, Esq., Hon. William D. Northend, Hon. John W. Berry, and Joseph F. Hannan, Esq., whose responses were delivered in the happiest vein.

THE members of the Lynn Press likewise extended the honor of an invitation to a banquet at Young's Hotel, Boston, on the evening of January 17, 1890. Not being able to attend, I felt it a duty to say a few thankful words, by letter, in response, remarking that I hoped the invitation was not given solely because I had reached the age of four-score years, but in a measure at least because my long life was thought to have been fruitful of some good, though I could not exactly see wherein the virtue lay excepting, perhaps, in the endeavor. As the "days of our years" are not determined by ourselves, one has no occasion to feel either vain or abased on the score of age. The brethren of the craft were assured that among my most pleasing recollections were those of the printing office, and that I still loved to trace the careers of some of my early co-workers there — careers that had then with hardly

an exception ended; that I was able to follow some to eminence in literature; some to high positions in social life; some to political distinction; and one, at least, to the dignity of a millionaire; but that there were others who took the course that led to indigence, ignominy, and even to penal servitude—in which latter paths it was ardently hoped none present would ever be found.

IN CLOSING this, the First Part of the Volume, it may not be inappropriate to say a few words by way of explanation or of apology, as may be thought most needful by different readers.

As to the Biographical Notices scattered through the pages, it may be remarked that truthfulness has been the leading purpose. It is quite common in such sketches, as they appear in the publications of our day, to laud every one who has passed away as without blemish, whatever his faults or failings may have been. This, on its face, is untruthful, for no one passes through the battles of life unscathed. It is as misleading as the epitaphs on gravestones, which have become proverbially illusive. Nothing, most certainly, should be set down in malice, and all reasonable extenuation is doubtless justifiable. Did not Plutarch, that most eminent delineator, paint his characters as they were? And is it not this fact that gives such interest and value to his portraits? And then does not the Bible depict the foibles and vices of some of the most noble of our race? Notice, for example, what it says of

the ardent but saintly Peter—that he not only basely denied his Master, but garnished the denial with cursing and swearing. The fact is, the sacred writers assumed that readers would know enough of human nature to realize that all have failings, and that it is well to avoid discouragements to virtue by giving only examples in which no mixture of vice appears. Nowhere are the vices presented for imitation; but everywhere are the virtues extolled.

Are the most dignified of men always in the sombre mood? They are to be pitied if they are; and are rather clouds than sunshine on life's landscape. A perception of true wit is one of the highest, most delectable and useful of our intellectual endowments; and the greatest and best of men on proper occasions do not fail to give it play.

No reader, it is hoped, has been offended, if here and there he has found delineated a character in which the humorous traits have preponderated, nor any aggrieved that more sphinx-like gravity has been made conspicuous. The fact is, mirth and gloom are very much mixed in this world of ours. Joseph and his brethren shed tears when they became known to each other in Egypt; but can it be doubted that they had hearty laughs together when they talked over the manner in which the nefarious attempts in the desert were thwarted?

PART II.
NOTES OF TRAVEL.

PART II. — Notes of Travel.

CHAPTER I.

OVER THE SEA — NEW YORK TO LONDON. IN LONDON.

I SAILED from New York on the morning of the 5th of September, 1883, in the steamship *Erin*, of the National line; not a very fast sailer, to be sure, but large and having good accommodations. A shade of chagrin was naturally felt as another English steamer, and also an Italian, which left their docks at the same time, soon distanced us and faded away on the horizon. However we were not on a race, and could forgive them.

The passage was a remarkably favorable one. With the exception of a couple of rainy days and a smart thunder shower when near the Gulf Stream, we experienced no elemental violence.

After the first day or two out, we scarcely met a vessel of any kind till nearing the British coast, though now and then, as a fog set in, the steam-whistle sent its admonitory notes over the watery waste, in warning, perhaps, to such icebergs and whales as might be disporting in our path. A large number of the pretty little birds known as Mother Cary's chickens followed close along in our wake for more than a thousand miles, picking up such

refuse food as was thrown from the cook-room ports.

During the whole passage we experienced no severity of weather, or violence of sea, that would compare with what I have repeatedly experienced in Long Island Sound. And the beautiful moonlight nights and mild breezes were enough to make one almost in love with ocean life.

Two or three elderly English gentlemen who had traveled the world over, a Quaker missionary who had led a wandering life over the United States, Great Britain, India and Australia, and whose observing mind was richly stored with all sorts of information, and who had a remarkable faculty, in a quaint and humorous way, of imparting knowledge, an English printer, a Frenchman, a young Vienna doctor, and a poet or philosopher, as from his taciturn habits I judged him to be, formed chiefly the male portion of our happy family. There were also some half dozen ladies, and two or three romping children; to say nothing of a couple of frisky kittens whose right on board was not disputed, as it was their native place.

There was scarcely any pretence of sea-sickness; and some of the ladies even wished that there might be a little more turmoil of the elements.

In the cosy little saloon on deck, after the evening promenade, most of the gentlemen were accustomed to assemble for social intercourse, and such as were given that way held communion with their pipes. We all gave unreserved attention to our

Quaker friend, when he related his odd experiences ; and nothing could be more entertaining than some of his adventures and shrewd delineations of characters he had fallen in with. He said he loved music, had led a choir, and thought it ought to be introduced into the Friends' Meetings.

Upon the two Sundays we spent on "the great deep," the ship's bell was tolled for divine service at ten o'clock, and the Captain, in his full, strong voice, read the Church of England service, varied a little to suit the circumstances, and praying for "Her Majesty, the Queen, the President of the United States, and all others in authority." He did not even omit to pronounce the absolution.

On the afternoon of the second Sunday we came in sight of land, and entered the British Channel. The next afternoon we passed the Isle of Wight, which is much visited during the watering season, especially by the gentry, as a residence of the Queen — Osborne House — is here. Its white cliffs, verdant fields, and dwellings nestling among the trees, gave it quite a picturesque appearance.

By ten o'clock in the evening we passed Hastings, its long array of brilliant lights near the shore giving it the appearance of an extended beach, in its illuminated night dress. The dark, woody heights in the background were clearly cut in the moonlight, and afforded a most romantic spectacle. Hastings has become a favorite seaside resort and is historically interesting, as here the great battle, known as the battle of Hastings, was fought in 1066,

and gave to England the Norman sovereignty. We soon after passed Dover, and the much-abused straits which are such a terror to travellers passing to the French coast; but at this time the sea was as calm as a summer morning, and no one thought of being sick.

The numerous vessels of all kinds moving about in every direction, and the dense fogs which so frequently arise, render navigation in the Thames extremely hazardous. But every precaution is taken by government to lessen the dangers.

In the afternoon we reached the Albert Dock, and were soon ashore with our luggage, and under the inspection of a Custom House officer, who was extremely civil in the performance of his duty. England, being an essentially free-trade country, subjects the traveller to little annoyance in respect to duties. After a little delay we were in the railroad train gliding toward our proposed stopping-place in the great city.

Most of our passengers were well acquainted with London, and gave me much useful information; one aged gentleman took me to a private hotel, as unlicensed houses here are called, at which he was accustomed to stop, and spent the whole evening in conducting me among the glittering sights of the Strand. Such were the circumstances under which I reached London.

IN LONDON.

It would hardly be desirable to occupy much space in describing sights and scenes in the world's great metropolis, as all readers are more or less familiar with its principal features and institutions. Yet, at least a few of the more notable things that usually first attract the stranger's attention should not be disregarded.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

The usual daily service was proceeding when for the first time I entered this venerable sanctuary. It is largely musical, and the clear, fresh voices of the choir boys resounded among the lofty arches in almost angelic harmony. As a large portion of the service was identical with that of our own St. Stephen's, of Lynn, of course it had a home-breathing influence. After the service we strolled all over the edifice accompanied by a Verger who was sufficiently voluble in his explanations, and ready to answer any incidental questions. An air of venerable antiquity pervades everything here. The ponderous pillars and arches are stained and deeply eaten into by the tooth of time, and the hoary old stones of the floors are grooved and broken by the tread of centuries. While threading the dark and intricate passages it was easy to imagine that we must assuredly be jostled by some old monk, see him telling his beads, or hear the brothers chanting their monotonous strains. Everything, however,

is scrupulously clean and in perfect order. It is a rare place for meditation; and while wandering through the richly adorned chapels and the cheerless dormitories, solemn and weird fancies would naturally intrude.

As I leaned with my elbow upon the monumental tomb of Mary, Queen of Scots, the beautiful, the unfortunate, the erring, it was impossible to avoid recalling some of the touching incidents of her checkered life. And when in the British Museum I saw the prayer-book she held in her hand when she laid her head on the fatal block, the same train of reflection was revived. There lies her dust, and about ten yards away the dust of Elizabeth: Elizabeth the strong, the politic, the austere, the almost malignant, who with steady hand signed the warrant for her death. In the Chapel of Henry the Seventh, the marble effigy of Sophia, daughter of James the First, who lived but three days, lies in its marble cradle. And while I was looking upon it a little girl, the daughter of a visitor, with child-like curiosity climbed upon the edge and seemed about to kiss the cold face, not realizing that it had lain there two hundred years, when her attendant took her away. Observing the effigy of a "Lady St. John," I asked the Verger if he could tell me whether she was of the noble family of St. John, meaning that to which England's Chief Justice during the Commonwealth belonged, whose sister was wife of Rev. Mr. Whiting, an early and revered minister of Lynn, and who was ancestor of

the now extensive and reputable American Whiting family. But the Verger knew nothing about that.

In the Chapel of St. Edward are the Coronation Chairs, the most noticeable one being the stout old wooden affair in which all the Kings and Queens, since Edward the First, have been crowned. It looks much like some of the antique trumpery in which our American old furniture dealers now drive such a trade. But the Verger was careful to inform us that when Queen Victoria sat in it to receive the crown, it was covered with a cloth of gold. And he pointed out the exact spot on which it was placed during the august ceremony. Beneath it rests a stone which is said to have been Jacob's pillow, and was brought from Scotland some six hundred years ago.

The Poet's Corner is interesting, for there we see effigies and tablets in memory of many of the great lights of English literature whose works are as enduring as the marbles. But it is not the poets alone whose memories are here embalmed; historians, divines, and philosophers are in the noble company. It is a rare place for meditation on the greatness as well as the vanity of human life. While standing there I could recall the names of many who had adorned their country's annals, but of whom no record appears; and I saw the names of others who I thought did no honor to the glorious company. I was amused at the dexterity with which the Verger, when he pointed out the spot where Cromwell's body was laid, avoided any

allusion to the exhuming and desecrating at the time of the Restoration. The English are thoroughly ashamed of what was done when the political reaction took place — as they ought to be. While I was looking at the tablet of John and Charles Wesley, an old gentleman, evidently a good churchman, in theory at least, said to me, “There, I have always contended that the Church of England was the most liberal of all Christian bodies. Do you think the Methodists would place, in their most sacred edifice, the effigy of a Churchman who had done all he could to tarnish their good fame?”

THE OLD STREETS.

In describing some of the old London streets, and viewing famous historical sites — as Drury Lane, Covent Garden, Fleet street, Charing Cross, Old Bailey, Bow street, Seven Dials, High Holborn, Downing street, Mark Lane, and so forth, a thousand interesting thoughts arise. We know that this place or that was the resort or the accustomed walk of the noble old characters of whom we never cease to read with delight. We can, in imagination, see Goldsmith, Garrick, Reynolds, thoughtfully striding on. And there comes Dr. Johnson in his rolling gait, nervously twitching, and muttering to himself, touching with his right hand every post, and if by chance he misses one, going back to give it the salute, and now and then stopping to pick up a bit of dirty orange peel. Then, perhaps, he sees Mrs. Thrale driving along in her

carriage with "sweet little Burney" by her side, a sight always sufficient to smooth the contortions of his scarred countenance, and induce something resembling a smile. And there, in the background, we see dear old Pepys chatting with that unappreciative wife of his, and trying to make her see things by his eyes. It is a matter of congratulation that the people here are fond of retaining the old names of streets and places that have become historically so interesting.

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

The new Houses of Parliament are near Westminster Abbey, and exteriorly present a most beautiful and imposing aspect. The apartment occupied by the house of Commons, excepting in its loftiness and extent of area, did not strike me as being hardly equal to the Common Council rooms of many of our New England cities. The seats can hardly be called convenient, and the ornamentation is by no means excessive. Whether the walls echo with more refined or patriotic oratory is a question I shall not venture upon, comparisons being odious. The House of Lords is much richer in its appointments.

ENGLISH COURTESY.

I must say a word or two commendatory of the politeness of the English people, especially to strangers. Whenever I have made an inquiry of one, high or low, I have met with the utmost civility.

An instance or two will illustrate. Coming from the Tower, one morning, and knowing that I must be in the vicinity of the famous Billingsgate Fish Market, I met a gentleman of whom I enquired the way. "Why," said he, "you are going directly from that market, but I am on my way there and we will walk along together." On the way he took me through Mark Lane, famous as the place where wine merchants and grain dealers most congregate, into the Corn Exchange, where he explained the manner in which the great business is conducted, and thence to Billingsgate. There he took me to different stalls, showed me the various kinds of fish most fancied by Londoners, told how and where they were taken, the manner in which they were sold, and various other particulars touching the trade. On expressing my thanks for his civility, he simply shook my hand and blandly said, "Don't mention it." The market was at that hour in a wretchedly dirty condition, as it was late in the forenoon, and the business of the day was nearly over. Billingsgate, to be seen in all its glory, should be visited at about five in the morning; then it is that the voluble and uncleanly tongues of the fishermen and fisherwomen most fiercely wag.

Another instance of the courtesy to which I allude was experienced from a gentleman whose acquaintance I early formed. He devoted a whole day to conducting me to places of interest, and an hour or two in the evening to making suggestions likely to aid me in future movements. As I thanked him,

on parting, he, like the other, simply replied, "Don't mention it."

Another instance may be named, though not for the single purpose of showing the politeness of the people. Passing along High Holborn — or "igh 'oborn," as our good cousins generally call it — I saw, when near Day & Martin's famous blacking manufactory, a man filling some tin pails from a street hydrant; and the water was so clean and wholesome looking, that I asked him if all the people of London had such good water to drink. "Yes, indeed, sir," said he, "all Lun'un has all they wants, and nobody has better. I'll get a glass and give you a drink." I told him he need not go to that trouble, as I found everywhere what seemed to be the same kind of water. Ice, by the way, is very little used in England, and the water of course is not very cold in summer; a fact that may in part account for the great use of beer. The Thames is a terrifically dirty stream as viewed from the London bridges, and I presume the aqueduct supplies come from a long distance. Happy are the Londoners in being so blessed; and I do not see why they need drink so much beer, gin, and other spirits. They do not look upon such things with the eyes of a New Englander. Liquor stores are to be found at every turn; and it is odd to see well-dressed females, ladies in appearance, openly partake. However, we all believe in the softening and restraining influences of woman wherever she vouchsafes her presence, and perhaps her bar-room visits

should be encouraged on account of her benign influence. Anyway, so far as my observation has extended, the drinking-places of London are much more orderly than those in our large American cities. Yet it is no doubt true that in some of the inferior neighborhoods there are places of a very different description.

But I had almost forgotten my friend at the hydrant. I found, in further conversation, that he thought there was one spot on earth where there was better water than in London; and that was on the shore of the Black Sea. It was a shrewd preface to the information that he was in the Crimean War; and he was going on to describe the wells and tanks when I impolitely bade him good-day and passed on.

Over-done politeness sometimes runs into ludicrous extremes; and I may as well here relate another little experience which may be called politeness with a purpose. I was leisurely viewing some of the ponderous structures in the vicinity of the Mansion House, the Lord Mayor's residence, when a couple of seedy looking individuals became quite officious in ministering to my curiosity. One of them said, as he pointed around with his dirty finger, "that is the Mansion House, that the Royal Exchange, that the bank of England," and so on. I told them they were very kind, but I was quite well aware of the names of the buildings, and was passing on, when one of them in a comically impudent way, said, "Well, now, won't you give us

some coppers to get a drink?" The request was so ridiculous that I laughed in their faces. They, too, saw the absurdity, joined in the laugh, and bade me good-day. Upon the next corner was another chap, as rough as they in appearance, but evidently an honest fellow. When I came up to him he asked what the others said to me. I told him what they said about the buildings. "All right," said he, "I thought they might be trying to impose on a stranger, and so waited to set you right." He did not ask for a drink.

The police officers of London — and there are multitudes of them — are models in their way; always polite and patient in answering questions, often frivolous questions, with which they are almost unceasingly assailed. In the better streets you see none of the ugly clubs that our American police so often delight to flourish. They do not carry fire-arms excepting, possibly, as one of them told me, in some of the unruly suburbs. They are respected by the people; not viewed as a terror, but as a friendly safeguard. I have repeatedly had occasion to observe and experience their good offices. Many of the London streets are so crooked, narrow, and involved, that it does not require much erratic skill in a stranger to lose his way. When uncertain about my course at night, I have had a policeman go with me a considerable distance, continuing on till he was sure I was in the most direct way. It seems to me that the English idea of a police officer is far better than the American. But a great many

American ideas are fast working their way into English minds. And what will be the future condition here it is hard to determine. I find that the London papers are at the present time discussing the question of an armed police.

FEEES AND GRATUITIES.

Few things are more annoying to travelers from our country than the constant expectation of a fee or gratuity for any little service. The carriage driver expects a penny or two for handling your luggage; the waiter who serves you in the eating-house expects his penny, and so on. I have never been able to learn any better reason for this than the fact that all serving people are so poorly paid that they could not live without it. Now that is placing the burden on the wrong shoulders; but yet, it does not make much difference, if the demand of the principal—the eating-house proprietor, for instance—is lower than it would have been excepting for the contingency. Still it is an awkward custom to a stranger. Englishmen themselves have repeatedly told me that they think it a miserable way and one which they hope will soon disappear. Very good entertainment, cleanly, well-cooked food, and at quite reasonable prices, can be obtained in the London eating-houses. I judged that a good many Germans were here in the business.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

That ponderous old pile, the Tower of London, which yet looks firm enough to withstand the power of even a Sicilian earthquake, and which has already withstood the assaults of some eight hundred years, stands near the Thames. One almost shudders as he passes within the frowning walls, but soon meets chatting visitors, soldiers and warders, and is reminded that it was once a palace, the scene of gaiety and pomp, of the barbaric tournament and princely rout. But dismal shadows intervene, and the mind reverts to the miseries of the nobles and heroes who lingered here as prisoners of State, ending their lives in the gloomy chambers or at the block.

In the open area, a small stone pavement marks the spot on which Anne Boleyn and Lady Jane Grey were beheaded, the first victims of a sanguinary and shameless sovereign who yet, perhaps unwittingly, did much to establish the fame and glory of England, and who set in motion measures whose beneficent results are felt at this day and in all civilized lands.

The countless array of glistening arms ready for use, the historic collection of cannons and other warlike implements and engines which show the progress of men's devices in the art of destroying their fellow men, the mailed effigies of warriors of ages past, are all interesting if saddening. And I could not help noticing near them, as if in grinning irony, the original mask of the jester of Henry VIII.

A small body of soldiers were exercising on the parade ground, and in their bright scarlet coats and heavy hairy caps looked very much like some of our holiday infantry companies.

To the many who take little interest in historical matters, the State regalia and crown jewels have the most interest. The Queen's crown and diadem, glittering with precious stones, her sceptre of gold, the sword of state, and the many other articles forming this rich and dazzling collection, are highly attractive to those who love to feast their eyes upon gems and gold.

The burly Warders of the Tower in their queer uniform were pacing about, as dignified as if they thought themselves necessary to the preservation of the integrity of the realm ; but they were condescendingly polite and ready to answer impertinent questions. I asked one if there was anything more that it would be desirable to see besides what was contained in the rooms already visited. " If you have not seen the regalia," he replied, " go straight down that passage, say nothing to anybody, and let no one stop you. You will presently come to where it is." And so I did.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

St. Paul's is so famous, as well as conspicuous, an object that no stranger strolling in the vicinity should neglect the opportunity of at least a cursory examination. It is generally conceded to be the grandest ecclesiastical structure on earth, excepting

St. Peter's at Rome. But the exterior is almost black with the stains of atmosphere and time. An American is most struck by the hugeness of its proportions; and before entering I could not help indulging in the profane thought that it was sufficient to accommodate all the real Christians on earth. There are three services held here every day of the year; all of them largely choral. The choir boys certainly give evidence of extraordinary musical training, as well as natural adaptation. There are but twenty-six of them, as one of the little fellows told me; and there are probably about as many young men. The service is partially intoned, and but little besides the musical portion can be heard excepting by those within a few feet of the chancel. The congregation was large when I attended, and I was told that it always is — sometimes overflowing. The best sittings, those nearest the chancel, are very common flag-bottomed chairs; and those farther off are cheap settees. There are many sculptured memorials and effigies on and near the walls, costly and impressive, but largely illustrative of warlike achievements. There are, however, statues and memorials of the great and good in other walks. But the reflection would obtrude that the martial effigies especially would be more appropriate in some other place than one dedicated to the Prince of Peace. Surely there are enough Christian heroes to fill the places. It need not be said that rich and costly fittings and adornments are seen in every part of the noble structure, but

almost everything has a dingy, aged aspect. The evening service differed but little from the Sunday evening service as held in our own St. Stephen's; a little more musical however.

BRITISH MUSEUM.

This notable institution probably contains the most valuable collection on earth. The library especially is valuable, and its destruction would be a far greater loss to the world than was the destruction of that of Alexandria. It is free to all and I saw many who, by their appearance, belonged to the lower walks of life attentively examining works of high art, and perhaps blessing the liberality of a government which afforded them such rare opportunities. No detailed description, of course, could be attempted here; and I need only remark that the collection of Assyrian antiquities was to me rather the most interesting. The winged bulls, exhumed from the ruins of Nineveh, are certainly astonishing specimens of human handiwork, more wonderful indeed than anything in the Egyptian collection, and indicating ideal conceptions grander even than anything in the Greek and Roman departments. Young lady and young gentlemen students were seen in various rooms with their materials for copying, and every facility seemed to be provided for the successful pursuance of their labors. The institution must be exceedingly beneficial to the educational and refining interests of the nation. And that, of course is the great purpose.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

Upon the embankment, a wide and picturesque driveway bordering upon the Thames and near Waterloo Bridge, stands the celebrated Egyptian obelisk — Cleopatra's Needle — brought from Alexandria by a passage of much tribulation, having been once abandoned at sea through stress of weather. It seems now to be in a good state of preservation and the hieroglyphics remain, for the most part, in an almost perfect state of preservation. If it can long withstand the dissolving influences of the English climate, it can do more than the indigenous stone when fully exposed. It seemed to me that a singularly exposed position for it has been chosen.

The sudden changes of weather here are surprising even to a New Englander — rain, sunshine, fog, follow each other with astonishing rapidity. As to the fog, our "Yellow day," September 6, 1881, was hardly a circumstance to what I experienced during the first week; it was almost enough to create the apprehension that doomsday was at hand. The umbrella trade must be good, for the practice with many is to take one whenever they go out; and I very readily fell into the practice. The Londoners continually grumble about their weather; but they may finally become convinced that grumbling does not improve it, and learn to rank it among their other blessings.

Not far from the Tower is the old monument

commemorative of the great fire of 1666. On the recommendation of a passer-by I had the temerity to ascend by the interior stairway, three hundred and eleven steps, but was poorly compensated for the fatigue as the weather was thick, and the view consequently circumscribed. On a clear day the outlook must be grand.

CHAPTER II.

LONDON TO BRIGHTON.

I LEFT London on the morning of October 10, and this time with my face towards the southeast coast. And right glad I was to leave the great city behind, for I certainly never before experienced such a fog, so called, as set in soon after sunrise. At daylight it was pretty clear, but by ten o'clock the darkness was so great that the streets and stores had to be lighted as at night. I say so-called fog, for it was evident to me that it was chiefly smoke. My eyes bore smarting evidence of that fact. Probably the air was too light to bear up the immense weight of smoke ejected at the awakening hour, and there being no wind, it fell in a dense, murky sheet.

I must remark that I was more than ever charmed with the neatness and finished appearance of the landscape; with the taste displayed about the cot-

tages and even the roadsides; with the absence of brambles, weeds and unsightly *débris*, with the green fields, neat hedges, and healthy-looking domestic animals.

In good time we arrived at Brighton, the gem of the south coast. It is about fifty miles from London, and is renowned for its salubrity and enchanting views. It has a water front of four miles, which affords a delightful promenade and driveway. And its background of lofty hills adds greatly to its claims to the picturesque. It is a large, compactly built city, with a resident population somewhat rising a hundred thousand, to which there is a large addition during the watering season.

Multitudes of the young people of England of both sexes gather here for their education, many of the schools being of a high order. There are between seventy and eighty seminaries for young ladies, and about sixty for youth of the other sex. In these schools are pupils of all classes, and that social polish, so highly appreciated by the English people, is apparent in a remarkable degree.

An air of gentility pervades the place, and a stranger could linger here but few hours without perceiving unmistakable evidence of culture and wealth.

The stone of which the residences are chiefly built is of a cream color, and with the architectural taste everywhere displayed affords a most cheerful aspect. Here and there, however, I noticed a building, and in numerous instances a garden wall,

of a unique sort of conglomerate ; that is, stones about the average size of oranges, of dark color, apparently flint, worked in with cement, sometimes in regular rows, and sometimes promiscuously. The stones, I was told, are picked up along the shore ; and they certainly make a neat, handsome, easily repaired, and no doubt very durable, wall. The Church of St. Nicholas is built of this material, and is very beautiful. Most likely it is not cheaper than stone or brick, but is more showy and picturesque. And, by the way, I saw in England, walls constructed in a similar way, but with broken brick, bits of tile, and even old jugs and bottles, as well as stones of all shapes and sizes, worked in with the cement.

There is an interesting museum in Brighton which is free to all during certain days of the week. The library is valuable ; the collection of antiquities must be interesting to every Englishman ; and the stranger can spend hours in examining the collection of beautiful paintings. While it was a matter of regret that I had not more time to spend there, I was pleased to see so many people of the town come in to enjoy the refining influences so afforded without money and without price. Some, indeed, judging from their dress and manners, needed a little refining.

I have alluded to the hills about Brighton. In consequence of these, some of the streets are so steep that it seemed a matter of wonder how people could venture to ride down them.

My visit to Brighton was partly at least induced by a trivial circumstance, and I must relate it to show how sometimes a small matter will direct one's course. While seated in St. Paul's, in London, one afternoon, I began to fear, from the slow gathering of the people, that I had been misinformed as to the hour of service. Turning to a young lady seated near me, I asked if she knew the hour. "Why, yes," she said, "it is four o'clock, and we have almost an hour to wait." This led to a little further conversation, when she archly remarked, "you are an American; you have just said you *guess*. Now tell me, are the American ladies so much handsomer than the English, as people say?" I could only reply that before seeing her, and the lady friend with her, I had supposed they were, but must admit now that there were exceptions. She blushed a little, and then added, "You must certainly go to beautiful Brighton before you return to America. I have just come from school there. It is charming." She also remarked that her father was a clergyman, and was going on with some further chat, when she suddenly checked herself, seeming to recollect the sanctity of the place we were in, or the impropriety of familiarly conversing with a stranger, and the gossip ended. I judged from what she said about her journey from Brighton to London, that the railroad conductors there — guards as they call them — have greater discretionary powers than the conductors on American roads. She remarked

that when she took the car at Brighton it appeared that by some means she had got a third-class ticket, and so took a seat accordingly. I am not sure, however, that she did not say that her money only admitted of the purchase of a ticket of that class. However, when the guard came round to see that every thing was right, as the train was ready to move, he saw what ticket she had and touching his hat, said, "Why, Miss, this is not a suitable car for you. Come with me." She got out, followed him, and was shown into a car of the first class, and taken to London without a hint for additional pay.

From Brighton I took an evening train for Newhaven, intending to cross the British Channel to Dieppe, in France. It was early in the evening when I reached Newhaven, and finding that the steamer would not leave till about midnight, cast about for means to while away the intervening hours. It was a pleasant, moonlight night and I took a long stroll up into the compact little settlement. The men, women, and young folk generally, were out in the streets, or gossiping on the stoops and doorsteps. I strolled into the suburbs, and hearing the music of a band in a large building off in a field, thought there must be a circus or some other entertainment in progress. So, pursuing my search for amusement, I walked toward the enticing strains. On crossing a little rustic bridge I met a man who seemed to be listening to the music and asked him if he knew what was going on. "O, yes," said

he, "it is the band practising." Then I turned my steps another way.

In due time the steamer cast off, and at about seven in the morning we arrived at Dieppe, one of the finest of the quaint old French towns, a town famous in the ancient wars between France and England. It has objects of deep interest to the antiquary. A savory breakfast, of which many partook, was ready in a building at the landing place. And as the train for Rouen was soon ready, I bade adieu to Dieppe.

CHAPTER III.

LYNN REGIS.

LYNN Regis, King's Lynn, or, as it is most generally called in and about the territory itself, simply Lynn, is in Norfolk, on the east coast of England. It is especially interesting to the people of our own Lynn, in Massachusetts, as being the place from which our city derived its name.

On the morning of September 27, 1883, I left London by railroad for a visit to this ancient borough. At about noon we reached Peterborough, one of the old English Cathedral towns. But there is little there to delay the traveler excepting the Cathedral which dates back to Norman times, and is certainly a noble structure, towering up in stately proportions,

and impressing one with the idea that all its surroundings are but the setting for the splendid gem. The reader need not be reminded of the interesting fact that it was in this venerable sanctuary that the remains of Mary, Queen of Scots, were placed soon after she was beheaded, and there continued to rest till her son, James I of England, in filial love caused them to be removed to Westminster Abbey, where they still repose within a few yards of those of Elizabeth, by whom her death warrant was signed.

I was highly gratified by this additional opportunity of seeing so much of rural England. No wonder English mutton sustains its high reputation when such rich pasturage abounds. And I was especially impressed by the taste displayed in the cultivation of flowers everywhere observable, not only in the cottage gardens, but by the wayside, and about the neat little railroad stations. The cars, which, by the way, I do not think by any means so handsome, comfortable or convenient as ours, glide along through verdant, or cleanly-raked gravel banks sloping almost to the track, and usually surmounted by a line of hawthorn hedge. There are no stone walls like ours, but the lands are divided by hedge rows, with a ditch on one side — a ditch which serves the double purpose of drainage and a barrier against all ordinary intrusions.

At Peterborough I changed from the Midland to the Great Eastern road, and arrived in Lynn early in the afternoon, where I was most cordially received

by Solicitor Coulton, and at six o'clock, the usual hour for dining hereabout excepting with those whose labors and duties require a different time, was at his beautiful home in Pentney parish enjoying the hospitality of his refined and agreeable family.

And now a brief notice of a few of the interesting things about this ancient borough may be acceptable to the reader.

King's Lynn, it need not be remarked, is on the river Ouse, a considerable stream emptying into the German Ocean at the Wash. The river is navigable for large vessels up to the town, and I had not before imagined that there was so extensive a trade, in lumber especially, as I soon found was carried on. Norway and Sweden send down large shipments; and while I was watching the activity about the docks, a big Italian steamer was working into her berth. The docks are capacious and built with the English characteristics of solidity, convenience, and comeliness.

The fisheries yield large supplies of the various kinds usually found in northern seas. Many bushels of mussels were landed while I was there — mussels similar in appearance to those found on our coast — and women and men were employed in washing, screening, and preparing them for market; yet I believe they are not much used by any but the poorer classes. A gentleman on the dock, however, took one or two from a heap and opened them to show me how luscious and wholesome the meat looked.

I saw no clams of the kinds common with us, but heaps of hard-shelled scallops about the size of horse chestnuts. Eels, and fine, fat mackerel, seemed abundant.

Lynn is very compactly built of brick and stone, the houses being generally two stories in height. Many bear the marks of great age, though all seem in good repair, and nothing appears to be deteriorating into shabbiness. Upon the gable end of one house I observed in antique figures the date 1503. The streets are well paved with stone and kept very clean, some being narrow and crooked, a few broad and straight.

The Public Walks form a most charming feature. There is a long avenue of noble trees, which in many instances interlace their branches overhead, and for a summer-day stroll or evening promenade must be delightful. And the adornments of flowers, shrubs and water, with the conveniences of seats and lounging places, are not wanting. Just off from the Mall, as the avenue is called, and about midway of its length, upon an eminence that commands a picturesque view, a group of trees forms a pleasant bower and resting place, regarding which it is said that in olden times when a maiden and swain there exchanged a kiss it was the seal of an engagement.

The most noted churches and the old public buildings look dingy and weather-stained; but they have a venerable appearance, and while passing St. Margaret's or St. Nicholas's one feels almost

impelled to remove his hat. The oldest is St. Margaret's, a noble structure, whose foundation stones were laid some eight hundred years ago. But there are other interesting relics of by-gone years.

Grey Friars' Tower, all that remains of a once flourishing monastery, is still a conspicuous object; and even the unsentimental observer would be so struck by its appearance as to inquire concerning its history. The height of this tower is so considerable that it is seen from all points, and in earlier times was a noted landmark for vessels sailing up the river.

Upon a lead of this tower may still be seen scratched the name "Eugene Aram," one of the most famous in the criminal annals of England, scratched there, no doubt, by his own hand while he was a teacher in the grammar school, which is to this day kept in a building nearly opposite the tower.

After having committed the strange murder for which he finally suffered the extreme penalty of the law, he fled to Lynn where he found employment as a teacher, being fully qualified for the profession, as well apparently by temper and disposition as by learning and skill. He is represented to have been much beloved by his pupils, in whose sports he sometimes engaged, though he led a retired life, frequently seeming to be filled with mysterious apprehensions. His conduct here was without blemish, and he was so tender-hearted that he would never even tread upon a worm if he could avoid it. So he lived till the unfortunate day when near the market place he was recognized by a Yorkshire

cattle drover, who gave the information that led to his arrest. It is said that his pupils shed tears when he was apprehended, and in various ways manifested their affection.

Aram was born in 1704; and it was chiefly by his own exertions that he obtained the education that fitted him to rank with the higher class of teachers. Daniel Clark, the victim of his murderous hand, was a shoemaker, had a little property, but was not of unblemished reputation. The murder was committed in 1745. In 1759 he was brought to trial, and conducted his own defence, which a contemporaneous account says was "marked with very considerable powers. It was learned and argumentative, and in some passages glowing and eloquent." He was convicted, subsequently confessed, was executed, and his body afterwards hung in chains. His inner life, while in Lynn, must have been pitiable. And it was related by an old lady, that on any sudden interruption he would nervously turn not only his head but his whole body around, as if in desperation, to face some dreaded object. Bulwer's novel — "Eugene Aram" — was probably suggested by the fact that his great aunts received the instruction of Aram while he taught in the grammar school.

Another interesting relic is the mouldering remnant of the White Friar Monastery, a crumbling arch spanning the drive-way of the street. It was probably an entrance to the once grand edifice.

But the ruin regarded with the most interest is

that known as the Chapel of Our Lady, on the Red Mount, which stands conspicuous on an artificial knoll in the Public Walks. The superstructure which first meets the eye is evidently not the most ancient part, as it was built as late as 1483 — four hundred years ago. It is, however, a genuine ruin, with crumbling walls and unglazed apertures, every wind sighing mournfully through it, and every storm drenching its mouldy floors. The date 1483 of this upper chapel is clearly determined by a record of the town, to wit:—“1482. Sep. 20. Thomas Thorisby, Maior. Agreed that Robert Currance shall have licence to bilde a chapell upon the mount called the Lady hylle with seche grounde as shall be leful, nothyng neyyng the Comons of their necessities, on this condicon that the seide Robert shall ffynd sufficient surete unto the town as counsel w'd advyse.”

The date of the more ancient erection is lost in the obscurities of time. The lower chapel can be seen from the interior of the upper, and the remains of its appointments for the rendering of the holy offices may be traced along the grim walls. It was in reality, I suppose, a miniature church or shrine reared for the convenience of wandering pilgrims and wayside worshippers. I was invited to go down and examine the handiwork of that far-off period, but the damp and mouldy aspect was too forbidding. King Edward the Fourth is stated to have lodged here in 1469, on his way to Holland, its sanctity perhaps making it a safe retreat.

But the Chapel of Our Lady finally came to base uses. It was a magazine for the storage of powder in 1638. Twenty-seven years afterwards it was a pest-house, then an observatory, and then a stable. Now it is a ruin, and only that, its beautiful stone tracery nicked and grimy, its rich gilding and stained windows all destroyed, its chanting monks, its weary sojourners, and foot-sore worshippers, all gone to their final resting-place.

From the knoll on which this ruin stands a picturesque view is had, and seats are fixed against its walls for those who would linger for the enjoyment of the scene, for meditation, or for rest. To one of poetic turn a moonlight hour, while seated there, must be full of strange and weird fancies. When I was first there, on a sunny morning, two or three old men were on the seats listlessly sunning themselves, and looking like fit exponents of the old monkish days. I asked one of them if he could tell me anything about the place; but all he could say was that it was "nigh a thousan' year old." It is much visited, and seems to have of late attracted more attention than formerly. Men were digging into the base of the knoll seeking, as I understood them, an underground entrance to the lower chapel; and they seemed already to have discovered a side wall to such a passage.

Lynn was anciently a walled town, but most of the wall and the moat have disappeared. I however found, in my rambles, a section of some three or four hundred feet; and it looked as if it might

yet stand for many years if the material should not be wanted for modern uses, as probably most of the rest has been.

Mr. Coulton is a native of the town, and thoroughly acquainted with its history and condition; and I was much indebted for the information he gave, as well as for his hospitality. And I likewise felt under great obligation to the Rev. Mr. Alvis, Vicar of East Winch Parish, who conducted me about some ancient churches, and the Town Hall, in which I was shown the sword of King John, the cup presented to the corporation by that monarch, the maces, and other articles of interest. He also took me into some of the oldest houses, in which I was shown ancient works of art, rare panel paintings and carving, and the room in which King John lodged on his last night in Lynn. In St. Margaret's Church I had the pleasure of an introduction to Lady Parry, widow of the celebrated arctic navigator, an interesting old lady. She was Capt. Parry's second wife, and much younger than he.

On a Sunday morning I attended worship in the ancient little church in Narborough Parish, and in the afternoon in the Pentney church. It was the day of harvest home celebration, and the latter church, especially, was decorated in a pleasing and appropriate manner — not over-done, as I have seen in some of our churches at home. The tasty hands of my host's daughters had been employed in the decorations. The congregation was composed of persons of various ranks, but chiefly, of

course, of those connected with husbandry. These churches have graveyards in which many old monuments are seen, and which, of a summer evening after service, are often the lingering places for social chat, if not for meditation.

I can understand now something of the condition of rural England; have seen the "hedgers and ditchers" at work, and can in a measure realize how their labors tend to the finished appearance of the landscape, and to beautify even the waysides; directed perhaps by their more cultivated neighbors. But it cannot be disguised that the agricultural interest is at present in a sadly depressed condition in England.

On the forenoon of October 7, I attended a wedding in Narborough church. There was a large attendance of friends and neighbors, and things were conducted very much as with us. The musical portion of the services was by a choir of boys and girls. The bride I believe was organist of the church, but other hands played the instrument on this occasion. The laws of England require that marriages shall be celebrated between the hours of eight and twelve in the forenoon, excepting under a dispensation from the Archbishop of Canterbury, which cannot be obtained without money and without price — the latter a pretty large one. [1893. I think the limitation as to the hour of marriage has been removed by Parliament since my visit].

The celebrated Dr. Burney was for many years organist of St. Margaret's. He was the father of

"sweet little Burney," who so fascinated Dr. Johnson, Burke, and several others of England's great men, during the latter third of the last century, who was a maid of honor to the Queen, and whose gossiping diary and letters have even now such a charm.

Dr. Burney wrote his General History of Music while a resident of Lynn, and it was under his superintendence that the present organ in St. Margaret's was erected. Snetzler was the builder of the organ, and when asked by the wardens what he thought the value of the old one would be, in case it were repaired, replied that "if they would lay out a hundred pounds upon it perhaps it would be worth fifty."

As early as 1566 a chime of bells was placed in the tower of St. Margaret's, the set consisting of five, the largest of which could be heard ten miles away. Some years after the number was increased to eight; [and in 1887 to ten; the Mayor, on the fiftieth anniversary of the reign of Queen Victoria, presenting one, naming it "Victoria," and the Mayoress presenting another, naming it "Albert." These two were first rung on the jubilee day, June 21, 1887]. The large tenor bell of this chime is celebrated for the sweetness of its tone. It would be useless to attempt a description of the numerous memorial tablets which appear all about in the church, or the ancient monuments which are to be seen in the church-yard, — monuments which celebrate the virtues and noble deeds of those of

by-gone generations. Among the most remarkable things in the church are a couple of monumental brasses dating back more than five hundred years, one of them said to be the finest in the kingdom. They are about nine feet in length, and five in breadth, and are elaborately wrought, showing great skill and taste in the engraver. There are other brasses, but these are the most attractive to strangers.

St. Margaret's bears the appearance of great age, and in some cases of repairs that do not add to its symmetry. Two at least of the ponderous stone pillars I noticed were considerably leaning, probably from the uneven settling of the ground.

I have often heard it asserted by intelligent Americans who have traveled in England, that they were sure there was such a seething undercurrent of discontent as would, before many years, result in a change of the form of government. But it seems to me that nothing of the kind exists. Of course there are loud-talking discontents, but they rather confine themselves to political specialties. I once had a long talk with an English radical, a lawyer, who expressed himself very freely in criticising certain government measures; but at the same time he declared his belief that on the whole more real liberty and individual safety existed in England than in America. I cannot think there is more foundation for the opinion, so frequently expressed by travellers, that the English government is in dan-

ger of being subverted, than the opinion entertained so generally in England that the United States government is soon to topple over. The two nations probably entertain about the same opinion of each other's political condition.

I had an opportunity one evening to attend a large political gathering at Lynn. The capacious hall was packed, and the business was conducted in just about the same manner as at such meetings with us, and much enthusiasm prevailed. A member of Parliament made a speech, but was not eloquent or graceful in delivery. He was succeeded by one who spoke much better, and had expectations of soon being a member of that august assembly; and there were other good speakers. It was a radical gathering; and while certain measures of the government were severely criticised, there was nothing to lead to the opinion that any speaker desired a change in the form of government.

Speaking of rampant radicalism, I must relate an amusing experience. One evening, while standing by the Embankment railing near Waterloo Bridge, in London, a man made himself quite familiar in his remarks, thinking, I suppose, that he had at last found a ready listener. He needed no leading on, and soon developed into an enthusiastic radical, declaring, with energetic gestures, that England's light was soon to be extinguished; that her destruction was close at hand; that she was weighed and found wanting, and so forth. But

after a pause, as if to take breath, he more quietly added: "Yes, I believe there is one thing that yet may save her, and only one." I ventured to ask what that mighty remedy was. "Morrison's medicines," was his triumphant reply. I did not know that I had been talking with a lunatic; and had it not been for his whimsical conclusion, might have set him down as an exponent of the views of a large class of his countrymen, and shaped my opinions accordingly; for he really made some good points.

On the 8th of October I left Lynn, taking an early train for London; early for the English people, who leave their downy couches hours later, as a general thing, than we Americans.

"HARVEST HOME."

During my stay in Lynn I had the pleasure of attending a Harvest Home service — an observance which has been held in rural England for many generations, and which has furnished a precedent for similar observances in our own New England — in our own Lynn.

It was in the Parish Church of St. Mary Magdalen, in the village of Pentney, Norfolk, near Lynn. I need not say that I was greatly touched by the unaffected fervor with which the villagers engaged in the exercises, and the fond greetings and happy congratulations of old and young.

A similar celebration took place in the same church the succeeding autumn. And from a paper

kindly sent me by a resident, I clip the following account, premising that the J. J. Coulton, Esq., who is mentioned as having read the lessons, is the same Solicitor Coulton who wrote the Poem read at the Banquet held on the Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the settlement of our own Lynn. And I can well imagine him, with his white hair and flowing beard, proceeding from his seat in the congregation to the reading desk, and there, in his sonorous voice, clear enunciation, and serious manner, performing his chosen part. He has wide-spread lands in the vicinage, here a field of grain and there a pasture dotted with flocks, and who, more than he, should heartily engage in thanksgiving for "the favorable and abundant harvest"; or who, more than the ladies of his own household, should aid with willing hands in the tasteful decoration of the venerable sanctuary which was the scene of the celebration?

"A harvest thanksgiving service for the recent favourable and abundant harvest was held in the parish church on Sunday evening. The church was prettily decorated by the ladies of the congregation, who worked hard for some time to beautify the chancel, the Holy Table, the font, the pulpit, and the windows; and that they succeeded in their endeavours was evinced by the very general remark that the church had never been seen to better advantage. Altogether the decorations presented a very bright and cheerful appearance, and added greatly to the beauty and solemnity of the service,

which commenced with the harvest hymn 'Come, ye thankful people, come,' heartily and impressively sung by the whole congregation. The proper psalms chosen for the festival were the 65th and 150th, and these, together with the hymns and canticles, were carefully rendered in a way which reflected great credit on the village choir and their training. The prayers were said by the Rev. J. Ashley Broad, incumbent of St. Anne's, Dunbar, the lessons proper for the occasion (Deuteronomy xxvi, 1-10, and St. Mark's xii, 13 verse) read by J. J. Coulton, Esq., one of the church-wardens, and a carefully thought-out, earnest, and effective sermon (from Psalm 116, v. ii) preached to an attentive and overflowing congregation by the Rev. G. Gordon Coulton, B.A., Curate of Offley. The collection realised £4 2s 6d, and was equally divided between the Lynn Hospital and the Hunstanton Convalescent Home."

The Church itself is a venerable edifice of gray stone, of no great architectural pretension, surrounded by the graves of the village forefathers, mingled with the silent resting-places of those of later generations who joined with their glad voices in services like that herein commemorated.

Many famous names appear in Lynn's history, and she has from time to time been represented in Parliament by illustrious statesmen. Sir Robert Walpole was elected for Lynn in 1702. He soon became Secretary of War, then Secretary of the

Navy, and finally, after a brief period of eclipse, attained positions of still greater dignity; and, as has been remarked, for a series of years his life may be truly said to have been an essential part of England's history. Canning, too, sometimes called the most eloquent and sagacious statesman of his day, was elected to represent Lynn. Lord George Bentinck was returned for Lynn in 1826, and continued her representative till his death. The Catholic Emancipation and Reform Bills had his support. He subsequently became the acknowledged head of the Conservative party, and was what we now call a protectionist. On the death of Lord Bentinck, Stanley, Earl of Derby, was elected for Lynn. To his great ability in the management of public affairs is largely attributed the surrender of the East India Company to the Crown. During his Colonial Secretaryship the great Sepoy revolt was brought to a close. On the decease of his father, in 1869, he entered the House of Lords. The able and accomplished Governor of Madras was for many years Lynn's representative in Parliament.

A number of the substantial settlers of New England were from Lynn Regis or its vicinity, and Lynn, Mass., still retains names thus transplanted. For instance: there was a Thomas Loughton, Mayor of Lynn Regis in 1476; and one of our most active and enterprising settlers was a Thomas Loughton, who located near Saugus River in 1635, and from whom the present Loughton street takes its name. Edward Baker was Mayor of Lynn Regis in 1550;

and from the Edward Baker, who came hither in 1630, Daniel C. Baker, our third Mayor, descended. Richard Hood, ancestor of George Hood, our first Mayor, was an early settler from Lynn Regis and located on Nahant street. Benjamin Keene (a later name with us) was Mayor of old Lynn in 1683.

In 1737, Charles, Lord Viscount Townsend, was Lord High Steward of Lynn Regis. He undoubtedly belonged to the same Townsend family with Thomas Townsend who came here from Norfolk and settled as a farmer, at an earlier date, and of whom many descendants remain here and elsewhere in New England. Daniel Townsend, a lineal descendant of Thomas, was the patriotic hero killed at the battle of Lexington.

In the north alley of St. Margaret's Church, Lynn Regis, there is a black marble bearing this inscription: "Here lieth the Body of Mr. James Townshend, who was Organist of this church 36 years, and died the 8th of January, 1724. Aged 54 years. Also Elizabeth, his Mother, who died the 21st of April, 1733. Aged 84 years."

It need not be repeated here that Lynn, Mass., now mother of about twenty towns of that name in the United States, was called Lynn in compliment to Rev. Samuel Whiting who at one time ministered in St. Margaret's.

CHAPTER IV.

ELY AND CAMBRIDGE.

ON THE eighth of October, I left Lynn Regis, taking an early London train. In about two hours we reached Ely, an ancient, well-paved, cleanly and prim-looking town, and one well worth a visit. The grand old Cathedral, one of the finest in England, is conspicuous from every point. It is an immense building, so lofty, so elaborate, so imposing, without and within, that one almost feels as if the builders themselves were worthy of worship. It is very ancient, a portion at least having been built more than seven hundred years ago. There are other buildings adjacent, grim with age, which were adjuncts to the holy purposes for which it was erected. These adjuncts to the old Cathedrals were the dispensaries of food for the poor, comfort for the miserable, schools, hospitals, homes for the weary and heavy laden. Yet, as such good offices have in our day so passed into other hands, the utilitarian may say it is not well to be too enthusiastic over piles of stone, however rich or graceful. But the time will not soon come when these grand old edifices, which now so often appear to stand in stately loneliness, but around which cluster such memories, will cease to be venerated.

While I lingered near, the chiming bells announced that a service was about to commence, so I entered and took a seat. The surpliced choir of

boys and young men performed their part in an admirable manner, but the choral sweetness seemed in a manner wasted, for the auditors were very few in number. I was obliged to retire while the glorious *Te Deum* was being chanted, for the purpose of taking a train. It is fair to remark, however, that the small attendance may be accounted for by the fact that it was on a Monday forenoon, a time when some feel relieved from the onerous duties of Sunday, and rather give precedence to domestic than devotional duties.

In about half an hour from Ely we reached Cambridge, the renowned seat of learning — Cambridge from whose stately old college walls have emerged, for generation after generation, some of the noblest men who have ever lived, to shed upon the world the light of their trained minds.

In viewing the massive buildings of the various colleges, some of them hoary with age, and bearing the now unmeaning sculptures so cunningly wrought by hands, from which centuries ago the chisel dropped never to be resumed, we in fancy behold issuing from the sombre portals the gowned and mitred apparitions that represent the old learning and the old religion. And the procession moves on through intervening years, till we see, without the aid of fancy, the square-capped boys of our own day.

Cambridge is a large and fine city, and especially to the scholar one of the most interesting in this or any land.

CHAPTER V.

ROUEN.

I WOULD advise any one travelling in Europe to visit Rouen if possible. It is, with the exception of Paris, conceded to be the most interesting city in France — interesting in the beauty of its location, its architecture; and its historical associations. It occupies both banks of the Seine, which is navigable for large vessels up to the docks. I should judge, however, from what I observed in traversing the highways and byways, that it was far more of a manufacturing than commercial place, though the business is evidently done with less bustle and rush than is characteristic of an American or even English city.

Its architecture may with truth be called grand. It is compactly built, chiefly of cream-colored stone, and the principal streets are cleanly and filled with elegant stores. In some of the older parts, however, the streets are narrow and not very cleanly. Beautiful hills from which splendid views may be obtained overlook the town, and the descent towards the river is very considerable.

One of the principal streets is named *Rue Jeanne Darc* — such being the spelling on the signs — commemorative of that remarkable heroine, the Maid of Orleans, who with such wonderful enthusiasm and undaunted courage led her countrymen upon the battle-field, and inspired anew patriotism.

and hope. One of the first objects pointed out to me was the old prison in which she was confined during the trial which resulted in her being burned at the stake ; and the spot on which this fatal exploit was consummated, to the shame of the British commander, is still pointed out in the *Place de la Pucelle* through which I daily passed. I noticed in the *Rue Rivoli* in Paris an equestrian statue commemorative of the heroine.

Rouen has been called an "immense museum of churches, steeples, spires, towers and old houses." The Cathedral is one of the most splendid in Europe. Parts of it belong to the eleventh and twelfth centuries ; and later years have contributed their portions, till it exceeds in grandeur all churches in the world with the exception of about half-a-dozen. Its Butter Tower, so called, dates from 1507, and was erected by contributions from those to whom the use of butter during Lent was allowed by dispensation. The length of the building is four hundred and fifty feet, and it is lighted by a hundred and thirty windows, some in colors of extraordinary brilliancy, and some in softened tints, many of them delineating great scriptural events. Then there are the rich sculptures and carvings, the pictures, and other costly adornments, which it would be useless to attempt to describe.

Besides the Cathedral, Rouen has a number of other remarkable churches, ancient and beautiful. The enormous pictured windows of the Abbey Church of St. Ouen exceed even those of Notre

Dame, in Paris, in splendor. St. Vincent, too, is famed for its richness.

As I was crossing the open space in front of St. Ouen, and paused to admire its imposing proportions, I observed that a door was open, and could not resist the temptation to enter, late as it was. The shades of evening were fast gathering, and though it was dim, almost dark below, as I threaded my way among the ponderous pillars, with steps faintly echoing in the lofty arches, there was sufficient light above to make clear the double row of gorgeous windows. It seemed as if colors could not be wrought into more striking forms. In front of one or two of the shrines dim lights were burning, and as I stood musing by one of the overshadowing pillars, a lady dressed in black glided in, as noiselessly as a spectre, bowed before the image of the Virgin, and dropped upon her knees. Then I heard a faint step in the distance, and a tall man passed from behind a pillar, crossed toward where the lady was kneeling, and disappeared in the gathering darkness. These were the only persons I saw there, and the whole scene was almost fascinating in the weird fancies it called up. But enough about the old churches.

The Palace of Justice, an ancient and grand edifice, rich in sculptured adornments, and formidable in dimensions, having steeples and pinnacles enough to supply all the destitute meeting-houses of New England with one at least, cannot fail to attract the traveler's attention.

Seeing a number of persons about a basement door, as I came down the steps from above, I went in and from the very atmosphere soon found where I was. It was the Police Court then in session. A lawyer, in square cap and gown, delivered himself in tones of apparent moderation, and then sat down; whereupon the Judge, in a voice not remarkable for gentleness, seemed to argue familiarly with a female culprit, or witness, standing before him outside the bar, and who, in a high key and with great volubility, was apparently doing her best to enlighten him on the subject in hand. But the gabble, the smells, and the oppressive air of the court room, compelled me to hastily retreat.

Another conspicuous object in Rouen is the Tower of St. Andre, in *Jeanne Darc* street. It once belonged to a church which has long since disappeared, and has weathered the storms of five hundred years.

The view from the bridges that cross the Seine is at night very striking. The long, curving lines of brilliant lights, with their doubles dancing upon the rippling waters, and others blinking upon the far-off heights, the shooting boats, tapering masts, and dark hulls, with the moving masses of people in the bright thoroughfare that borders the river, afford an almost fairy-like spectacle.

I would most certainly urge every visitor to the Old World, who is fond of the stately and beautiful in architecture, of the picturesque and the historical, to visit Rouen. At Rouen I first experienced a little difficulty with the language.

Occasionally, in a window at Rouen, may be seen an announcement something like this: "englis spoken here." But I once or twice found that the "englis" was worse than the spelling. However, it is not fair to leave the impression that one cannot usually make himself understood. By resorting to gestures and grimaces I experienced little difficulty, as every one seemed desirous of doing his best to give information.

I believe I have previously spoken of the politeness of the English people, and no one will doubt that the French are their equals in the social graces. I may be permitted to state an instance to the point. Being at the Bastille in Paris one morning, and desirous of going to *Père La Chaise* Cemetery, I asked a gentleman near me if he could speak English. He shook his head, to show that he could not. I then simply said "*Père La Chaise?*" giving the words as much of the French accent as I could, and pointed in the direction in which I supposed the Cemetery lay. He instantly comprehended my meaning, stepped into the office, got me a ticket, and stood by till he saw me in the right omnibus, which was certainly very kind, seeing that in that confused meeting place of omnibuses, bound for all quarters, horse-cars, and all kinds of carriages, even a resident might be in danger of taking the wrong course.

I noticed that the drivers of teams use the same expressions to guide their horses that we do — a fact which leads towards the conclusion that there is a sort of universal equine language. And it is a pity

that that unfortunate Tower of Babel business should have occurred to make such mischief in the human family. But gestures, noddings, and facial contortions, mean much the same thing the world over, indicating perhaps that spoken language is really artificial.

One word more concerning the Maid of Orleans before we leave Rouen : Joan of Arc — *Jeannette d'Arc* — as the name is spelled in her native tongue, was born in the French village of Domremy, in 1412. As a girl she was modest, dutiful, and pious, in her peasant home. But she early became inspired by the belief that she was the divinely-appointed instrument for the relief of her country from English domination. By her patriotic enthusiasm and extraordinary influence she became a military leader, with undaunted courage and rare strategy leading veteran troops to the battle-field. After several notable successes she became a prisoner to the English, and was immured in the old prison, still a conspicuous object in Rouen. She was tried on the charge of witchcraft, condemned, and burned at the stake in the *Place de la Pucelle*, Rouen, May 30, 1431, that city then being the headquarters of the British commander. Her execution has ever been considered a deep stain on the character of that representative of English soldiery. She was but about nineteen years of age at the time of her execution. And twenty-five years afterward, a decree reversed her condemnation and she was declared innocent. Directly and indirectly the Maid

of Orleans accomplished great things for France, inasmuch that to her is to be attributed the downfall of English domination there. It is recently reported that after four hundred and fifty years the church has decreed beatification.

CHAPTER VI.

PARIS.

I REACHED Paris by a pleasant railroad run from Rouen, and was soon in comfortable lodgings in the *Hotel de Londres et de New York*. In traversing the streets of this splendid capital the stranger is at first almost bewildered by the rush and glitter. But, as in all such cases, the mind soon adjusts itself, and one is enabled to see things as they really are.

The grand parks, superb public gardens, the showy boulevards, the enormous piles of statuary, the monuments, the fountains, the magnificent public buildings, all deeply interest the stranger. But many of them to the more thoughtful, and to those familiar with French history, are simply reminders of events. As one loiters through the garden of the Tuileries, or along the beautiful avenues of the Champs Elysées, and pauses before the Egyptian obelisk in the *Place de la Concorde*, he thinks not so much of the record it bears of what occurred in

old Egypt thousands of years ago, as of the events that took place in the Reign of Terror, upon the spot where it now stands. There stood the guillotine which, one hundred years ago this very year, 1893, struck off the heads of Louis the Sixteenth and Marie Antoinette. And soon nearly three thousand other heads dropped there. But it was in the old *Place de Greve*, now the *Place de la Hotel de Ville*, where thirty thousand heads were severed.

The venerable church of Notre Dame is of course visited by every stranger. It was begun in 1163 and completed in 1312. The grandeur and taste displayed in its architectural surroundings are not surpassed by anything I have yet seen. Upon the ponderous doorway of the principal entrance is inscribed "*Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité.*" And when once within, one is almost struck with awe at what he beholds. The recollection of many events, some brilliant, some painful, some shocking, press upon the mind as soon as the first survey is completed. Brilliant was the scene when the imperial crown was placed upon the heads of Napoleon the First and Josephine; and brilliant the scenes when Napoleon the Third was here both crowned and joined in wedlock with his charmer Eugénie. But to the many shocking scenes enacted within those hoary walls during the terrors of the Revolution we need not allude.

Notre Dame, it may almost literally be said, stands upon the river bank, its two ponderous towers

rising to the height of more than two hundred feet, forming a landmark of rare dignity and grace. Near by a noble bridge spans the stream, and as I stood upon it, centered in the grand panorama, the waters placid and glowing in the sunshine, I could not avoid reverting to the dark days when those waters were ruffled by the whirlwind of intestine war, and made red by the blood of sacrificed innocence.

Nor does the stranger neglect to visit *Père La Chaise*, the solemn city of the dead, where repose the remains of so many of the famous in the world's history. It may indeed be called a city, having paved avenues flanked by innumerable monuments, modeled as temples and buildings of classic design. But it is a city of silence; the rush and noise of traffic are not seen or heard there. The day of my visit, and I presume at all times, the floral and other decorations were enough to astonish one not accustomed to such displays.

Singular as it may seem to the unsentimental mind, the beautiful and costly open temple, where side by side lie the marble effigies of Abelard and Heloise, is still perhaps more visited by strangers than any spot on the whole grounds. The two have lain at rest more than seven hundred years; at rest, after the weariness and distressing agitations of their unnatural lives. Strange is it not, that such guilt as that of Abelard, eminent scholar as he was, and the unyielding attachment of Heloise to an object which she knew to be

unworthy, should through so many generations continue to excite an interest that seemingly must endure forever? I saw there, hung upon the tall railing that protects the tomb, which otherwise would be destroyed by relic gatherers, fresh flowers that must have been placed there but a few hours before. Within the railing the ground had just been cleanly raked, and the box borders looked green and vigorous.

It is curious to observe what differences in the minor customs and fashions a little change in territory makes. I noticed, for instance, that in Paris ladies often choose a seat upon the top of an omnibus or street car, and sometimes even prefer to stand on the front platform of the car beside the driver, to taking an inside seat. They seem to like the most airy places, and to be willing to avoid discommoding others by their preferences. I have known such a thing in our country as a car window being kept open by a lady, much to the annoyance of other passengers, when she must have known that it was exceedingly disagreeable to those about her; but in France I saw nothing of the kind; yet I do not desire to intimate that our American ladies are less polite than the French.

In England the law requires that carriages in meeting shall pass on the left, instead of on the right, as with us; and an American, before he realizes it, often shivers under the apprehension that a collision will inevitably take place. But on the side-

walks people pass to the right, which seems like a mild protest against the law relating to carriages. In France, carriages pass to the right in accordance with reason and our law.

One often meets in the streets of Paris and other French cities ecclesiastics in gowns and unique hats. And I sometimes fancied that in my broad-brimmed soft felt hat I was mistaken for one of some reverend order, so uncommon was it to see anything but the stove-pipe or hard round-top hat. An Englishman in Paris can generally be distinguished by his having an umbrella.

A traveller is occasionally put to inconvenience by variances in the more minute customs of different countries. In France, for instance, soap is not furnished at the hotel lavatories, as each guest is expected to furnish his own. The reason is not referable to parsimony, but to extreme nicety — as if one would not use the soap of another any more than his toothbrush.

In France and Belgium it is common for the women, especially the younger, to appear in the streets bare-headed, or rather with only the covering that nature provides; this, however, they dispose of in a neat, often picturesque and sometimes coquettish fashion. The elderly women usually wear white ruffled caps. The upper class, however, as we all know, are adorned with bonnets and hats that give fashion to the world.

Months would be required for even a fair glimpse at the remarkable things in Paris, the richest of all

cities, especially in things that pertain to the elegancies of life. There is the Louvre, with its reputed ten miles of paintings by the most eminent artists the world has yet produced, its sculptures, its antiquities, and its hundreds of other objects of never-flagging interest. But the imperfect descriptions that could be given here need not be attempted, so often has the field of description been traversed.

CHAPTER VII.

BRUSSELS — FIELD OF WATERLOO.

I LEFT Paris on the morning of October 18, in the train for Brussels. The day was pleasant, and many interesting views of the country were obtained. Harvesting was going on in the fields, and every one seemed busy. All through this region great quantities of beets are raised for the manufacture of sugar. The cottages looked neat and the fields well cultivated. But I was told that it had been an extremely hard year for the peasantry, and that it was feared there would be much suffering during the coming winter.

It looks odd to see plowed land, pastures, and mowing fields, without fences of any kind. Many women and girls were at work on the land doing such labor as in our country falls to the lot of men. But, as I was informed, there is a fast-growing

discontent among the females at their hard lot. The younger ones prefer going to Paris, Brussels, and other large cities, to hire out as servants; and in too many cases, it is feared drift into occupations far less respectable than that of servants.

As we passed through patches of wood, I noticed that the foliage in many cases had assumed the gay autumn tints that so beautify the New England woods, though the brilliant red was less prevalent.

It happened that in the same compartment of the car I took at Paris, there was a middle-aged lady with her three little children. As I entered, she facetiously remarked that she was afraid her three bundles of roguish luggage, eyeing her three little ones with a motherly smile, would annoy me. So I knew she could speak English, though the children spoke only French. I soon found that she was a lady of culture, had traveled extensively, was very observing, and withal had a good common-sense way of looking at things.

I spoke of visiting the battle-field of Waterloo. She then said she was born in Waterloo, educated in Brussels, and while still young had emigrated with her parents to America, where, for many years, she had lived in Georgia and South Carolina, and was soon to go back to the United States; that a part of the Waterloo battle-field was owned by her family, and that her grandfather was in the battle. She also said, in answer to some of my inquiries, that she had heard the battle so much talked about, day after day, at home, and had seen so many

plans, that she had become quite confused as to details; and, moreover, believing that war was a horrid resort, and one that should never be engaged in by civilized people, that terrible event in the history of her native place was shocking to her. She had seen much of the Southern side of our Civil War, and I was surprised at the remarkably clear idea she had of the present state of affairs in the United States, both North and South.

When we arrived at the Belgian frontier, the train was stopped for a Custom House examination. The baggage was taken into a room, and as I was puzzling over the animated discourse of the officer, my lady friend came in and asked if I wished to say anything to the man in authority. I said I only wanted to tell him that there was my valise and umbrella, and he might examine them to his heart's content. She smiled and told him something, I did not know what, and he immediately put his official chalk mark upon the valise, and signified that I might take it and depart in peace. She had told me before that she feared a rigid examination, as once, in passing that frontier, the passengers, ladies and all, even had their pockets examined. Of all places, however, at the present time, she added, she thought the custom officers of New York and Spain were the most uncivil, if money were not offered. At Mons, a few miles beyond the frontier, a fine-looking gentleman was in waiting to receive the little family, and I bade them adieu. I had really received much interesting information

regarding the country through which we passed. Just before leaving, she said that in Brussels I should find a larger proportion of English-speaking people than in Paris, for the Belgians had not such prejudices against the English and Germans as the French had—prejudices that in some sort led them to despise even the languages. And I soon found that she was right.

Brussels is a beautiful city—neat, clean, airy, and most cheerful in aspect. It has some of the handsomest residences in Europe, and is well provided with public conveyances—horse-cars, omnibuses, cabs and coaches. And, by steam-cars, one can easily get to any part of the continent.

A few things may be seen in the streets of Brussels and other parts of Belgium that to a New Englander look odd. He may see dogs harnessed into small carts, dragging along their often too-heavy loads with the docility of little horses; and in doing their work they really seem to feel a sort of satisfaction, as if they thought they were earning their living. He may also see men, women, boys and girls, clattering about in clumsy, wooden shoes. Every-day traffic is but partially suspended on Sunday; and Sunday evening is chiefly devoted to amusements.

The city is delightfully shaded, better, it is said, than almost any other in Europe, and the principal park is supplied with everything necessary to make it a most enjoyable resort, though the nude statuary would to an Englishman or an American seem

a little objectionable. Then there are costly fountains, an abundance of marble groups, supposed to be classical, the King's Palace, the Houses of Parliament, *Colonne de Congris*, and the Cathedral, all worthy of the traveler's inspection. Nor should the celebrated carpet and lace manufactories be overlooked. I was much interested in a visit to one of the latter. The lace, which is so much admired by the ladies, is made entirely by hand, and it was curious to watch the delicate web as it grew beneath the nimble fingers of the work-women.

There is an old Cathedral in Brussels, rich in sculptures, carvings and illuminated windows, its front having two ponderous towers, much in the style of Notre Dame at Paris. And there are one or two other churches rivaling the Cathedral in some respects. Then there is the splendid Town Hall, with many fine historical paintings and some hangings of rich Gobelin tapestry. I was shown into the mayor's waiting room, the council chamber, and divers other apartments; but the one most sadly interesting was the banqueting room, noble in its proportions and grand in its finish. There I lingered a few moments, for it was the very room in which the beauty and fashion of Brussels, with Wellington and many of the British officers, were assembled at a ball, when suddenly, like an electric flash, the astounding news ran in whispers through the gay company, that Bonaparte had, like a dreaded apparition, appeared near Waterloo. I saw the little gallery where the musicians were perched

when the instruments fell from their trembling hands.

BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

In walking about the streets of Brussels, some of the scenes so vividly depicted by Madame d'Arblay, in her account of the battle, came forcibly to mind. When she tells us that the cannonading was distinctly heard, and that ever and anon panting couriers arrived, one announcing that the British line was broken and Wellington in rapid retreat, another that the French were so fast melting away that their utter defeat was but the question of an hour, we can in a measure realize the anxious suspense that was everywhere felt. She herself had her goods packed, ready for instantaneous flight, should the news of the triumphant approach of Bonaparte be confirmed. And then, when the battle was over and the rejoicings at the great victory began, few feeling hearts were not saddened at hearing day and night, for a whole week, rumbling over the pavements the ambulances that bore the wounded and the dead. Yes, while perambulating those now peaceful and beautiful streets, one cannot avoid a thought of these things.

And then, as to the scene of that terrific strife — the ground on which towering and long-successful ambition met so signal a defeat. As I stood upon the field of Waterloo, it seemed easy for any one who has read the authentic account of the battle, and having a mere outline map in his hand, to trace

the really important movements of the contending armies.

Standing upon the top of the "Lion Mound," which is ascended by two hundred and twenty steps, and which marks the spot where the center of the British line rested, as well as the spot where the Prince of Orange fell, the observer finds himself centered in a beautiful plain, extending far away on either side, without fences to mark the boundaries of the several fields, some devoted to vegetable crops, and some lying in lawn-like beauty as mowing or grazing lands. They were about harvesting when I was there, and immense loads of sugar beets were seen here and there moving along the unfenced roads.

The plain on which the battle was fought is wonderfully level, and it is easy to trace, without the officious details of an incompetent guide, the most important points. One can see where Wellington was posted, and where Bonaparte; where the inefficient Dutch troops were posted, and the road by which Blucher advanced; where the fierce struggles about the Hougomont chateau and the farm-house raged, and the road by which Bonaparte finally dashed away.

I saw two old women toiling — perhaps gleaning — on the edge of some plowed land, the very land, it must have been, over which the Imperial Guard so valiantly, so impetuously dashed, in their furious attempt to break the British line. It seemed as if I could yet see, for it was just around where I stood,

those walls of glistening bayonets, before which the spurred charges of the French wheeled in dismay; for horses cannot be made to dash against a line of levelled bayonets, as Bonaparte found at Waterloo, and the Mamelukes, at the Pyramids.

A man who persistently called himself my guide, said his father was in the battle, and that he had been guide to General Scott, General Grant, General Sheridan, and I have no doubt would have added General Washington and Julius Cæsar, had I suggested the names, kept at my side. He was able to speak a little English and was so ready to assent to any supposition, that I was induced, I am ashamed to say, to experiment a little with him by referring to certain marvelous but imaginary incidents of the battle, and asking if he could show just where they occurred. "Ou yez," said he, and without a moment's hesitancy proceeded to do so. But I gave him a franc, for I thought he had earned it in climbing up the two hundred and twenty steps with me, and left him to enlighten other visitors on the new incidents of the battle. I trust I may be forgiven, and sincerely hope that history may never become debauched by the introduction of the astonishing movements by which my friend seemed strongly impressed.

Near the "Lion," is a small public house, where visitors can get entertainment and lodging, and many avail themselves of the opportunity to stop a day or two. Among the registered names appear some of the great in all walks of life—princes, poets and

philosophers ; and the lady keeper, who spoke very good English, showed me letters she had received from many famous persons ; one, I recollect, from Tennyson, the poet. She had quite a museum of relics of the battle — swords, muskets, pistols, shells, accoutrements, and so forth, which no doubt are genuine.

In conversation with this lady, I happened to mention that on my way from Paris I had fallen in with a lady who said she was born in Waterloo, and that her family had owned a part of the battlefield before their emigration to America. Her curiosity was at once excited, and she made many inquiries. I told her I did not know the lady's name, but mentioned one or two circumstances of which she had informed me ; whereupon she said she was quite sure that she knew who the family was, that she well remembered the emigration, that they were very respectable people, and their removal was considered a great loss to the neighborhood.

When about leaving I indulged in one more look over the memorable field. A few narrow roads, unfenced by hedge or wall of any kind, wound here and there ; a team or two, and in the distance a peasant with his sack on his shoulder, or a toiling woman, like little dots upon the landscape, could be discerned. A few scattering farm houses with white walls and roofs of red tile, and, far away, the rather pretentious church of Waterloo village, could be seen — all quiet and peaceful, as if the sulphurous cloud of war had never brooded there, nor the belching cannon echoed.

CHAPTER VIII.

ANTWERP — BIRMINGHAM.

TAKING the cars at Brussels, on Saturday, Oct. 20, in about an hour I found myself in the quaint old city of Antwerp — Antwerp, which would very likely have ranked as the third city of the world, had it not been for the imperious and unconquerable will and power of Philip the Second, of Spain. It is now the second city of Belgium; and, during its remarkable history, has probably passed through more fiery trials and suffered more from the ravages of unjust war than any other city now upon earth; has been sacked by the most rapacious of mankind; had the inmost sanctity of its homes invaded by brutal soldiery; and its streets repeatedly washed in blood. As the traveler threads his way along some of the older streets, he may see venerable buildings that have witnessed all these things. But she now looks fair and healthy in her peaceful rest.

The magnificent Cathedral, with its towers and delicately wrought steeple, has a reputation for grandeur and beauty of architecture the world over. It is an object that never fails to attract the eye and the admiration of the traveler, while yet he is far off. I had an opportunity to attend service there on a Sunday morning. The congregation was large, and the services were conducted with all the solemnity and pomp of Catholic Cathedral worship. The music especially was grand. Many

costly paintings adorn the walls; among them Rubens' "Descent from the Cross," his greatest work. In Antwerp, he lived and died.

There are two or three other churches, rich in interior adornment — St. Jacques, especially, which is by many thought to exceed the Cathedral in splendor. I will not attempt to describe the paintings, statuary, and gildings, here to be seen, nor the gorgeous shrines, on several of which tall candles were burning at the time of my visit. Indeed, one might have fancied himself in some grand ecclesiastical museum.

Antwerp, though old, and in some of its streets having a most quaint as well as antique appearance, yet seems supplied with most of the modern improvements as they are called; has convenient lines of street cars, and its connections with other places by steam are very good. The streets are well paved and well lighted, and in many parts lined with fine stores, though I must add that they are not so clean and nice as those of Brussels.

I think I somewhere spoke of the London police as being unarmed. It is very different with those of France and Belgium. In the latter countries, they are seen in showy uniforms, and carry formidable weapons, some perambulating with mischievous looking muskets; some have swords dangling at their sides; and some are mounted. An American can hardly avoid viewing such displays in the light of wasted dignity. But the rulers probably know best what dangers beset their jurisdictions, and are

not likely to be much distressed by outside criticisms. Uniforms of one kind and another are so common hereabouts, that one is tempted to think that every man has some strange ambition to get into one of some sort. Yet I am told the pay of the uniformed gentry is so small that they barely live, and I can well believe it after witnessing some of the subterfuges to which they are driven. An appointment is generally considered to be for life, and probably the permanency is the chief inducement to strive for it. I observed in various railroad stations, in Antwerp particularly, what seemed a great convenience to travelers where there is such a variety of languages spoken; namely, conspicuous signs directing to the passage out, to the ticket office, waiting rooms, and so forth, in three or four languages, the English being in red letters. For instance: one sign had on it, "*Marchandises — Koopwaven* — Goods Office (in red) — *Grueter Expédition.*" Another, "Baggages — *Reispakken* — Luggage (in red) *Gepacck.*" And still another, "*Hommes* — *Heeven* — Gentlemen (in red) — *Herren.*"

The manner in which Sunday is observed hereabout, and I suppose in most European cities out of Great Britain, is almost startling to a New Englander. In Antwerp, though the churches are well attended in the forenoon, most of the stores are open for traffic, and travel goes on much as on other days. But in the evening, high carnival is held. The whole population, men, women, boys and girls, seem to be abroad; some parading the

streets, others in the beer saloons, and various places of amusement.

There is no privacy in the beer drinking. Parents with their little children, young men and young women, can be seen in scores by any one passing in the streets, ranged about long tables, each, old or young, male or female, with a glass of beer, sipping, chatting and laughing, and perhaps at intervals listening to the jolly strains of saloon music. I presume the beer is light, and never thought of by the drinkers as having any intoxicating quality. Distilled spirits, I think, are comparatively little used. Scores of the men smoke during the intervals of drinking, or drink during the intervals of smoking. I spoke to several about these drinking customs, but they, one and all, seemed to wonder what I could see that was wrong about them.

Every one, on these Sunday nights, seems to abandon himself or herself to some sort of gross "enjoyment" without any care as to who may witness this abandonment.

But in some places there were scenes which seemed worse than the drinking — places where dancing, card-playing, and similar entertainments were in progress. There is, of course, a class who indulge in none of these misdoings, but spend the hours of Sunday in a quiet and sober manner; yet I am afraid it is a small class, and one which has but little influence on the general habits of the people; one that keeps aloof rather through affected dignity than principle.

I am constrained to say that it is doubtful whether in the whole civilized world there is a city that to a New Englander would seem more immoral than Antwerp. Yet it has splendid churches, which on Sunday forenoons, at least, appear to be well filled with devout worshippers; and in the streets may here and there be seen a saintly image near which a light is kept burning by day and by night, and before which a passer-by may sometimes be seen to bend the knee or formulate the cross. Such things strike us as marvellous inconsistencies, while to them they have no such appearance. Habit and education furnish the reason why.

Leaving Antwerp for Harwich, in England, early in the afternoon of a pleasant day, I had a fine sail down the Scheldt, reaching Flushing, on the Holland side, just after dark. The gleaming of the different lighthouses, one or two having electric lights, and the phosphorescent glow of the water, with the apparitions of numerous vessels, some at anchor and some on the move, afforded an interesting spectacle.

A few days after leaving Antwerp — or Anvers, as the people there spell it — I found myself in Birmingham, famous, the world over, for its works in metal of all kinds. Here are a multitude of jewelers and goldsmiths, some of whom turn out the finest jewelry, and some, no doubt, that of the Attleboro quality. I saw one little piece marked £100 (\$500). There are also numerous workers in brass and iron, and button makers.

The city is one of the largest in the kingdom, and is spreading out with a rapidity that might almost surprise even an American. New streets and new buildings are appearing on every hand. A railroad station, now 1883, in process of completion, it is claimed will be the largest in the world. And the new market place is a grand affair.

If any one is desirous of seeing a prodigious collection of tall chimneys, from which are perpetually issuing volumes of black smoke, and at night, especially, bright flames, he may have his curiosity satisfied by passing through the suburbs of Birmingham and so on to Wolverhampton.

CHAPTER IX.

LIVERPOOL TO ALGIERS.

ON SUNDAY evening, November 11, I sailed from Wellington Dock, Liverpool, in the steamship *Arcadia*, for a trip to the Mediterranean.

In about three days we were in warm, clear weather, which was most welcome after enduring for some weeks the chilly, damp, and disagreeable English atmosphere. While crossing the Bay of Biscay, we experienced some rather heavy swells, but another day brought us into more gently disposed waters. This Bay is usually regarded as one of the most boisterous places the mariner has

to navigate in this or any other quarter of the world, owing, I suppose, to its being so open to the Western Ocean.

By a pleasing coincidence, another passenger was an English gentleman, who came over from New York in the same ship with myself, and with whom I had formed a very agreeable acquaintance. We had also, as a fellow passenger, a true son of the Orient, in the full costume of the East, diligent in reciting his prayers, and strange in the choice of food at our well-furnished table. But I soon came to like him much, he was so good-natured and obliging, and, withal so highly appreciative of well-timed humor. We had many a pleasant deck-promenade together, though the difficulties of language rendered intercourse at times embarrassing, for I could not deliver myself in Arabic or Hebrew, nor he in English; yet the universal language of gesture, together with a few undefinable words, enabled us to get along after a fashion. He said he lived at Tunis, where he had one wife, four handsome daughters and two sons; but that he was on his way to Jerusalem to look up a habitation, having determined to make his future home in the Christians' holy city.

The evening of the 15th was clear and beautiful, and the air so agreeable as to keep us long on deck. About 9 o'clock we passed the Burlings, enormous rocks towering abruptly from the sea, near the Portuguese coast, sharply cut in the moonlight, and much resembling gigantic ruins, as no doubt they

are, though not of structures reared by men's hands. A revolving light sheds abroad its warning rays to a great distance.

The next day we were off Cape St. Vincent, a southerly point of Europe, which, with its long barricade of perpendicular rock, looks something like an immensely extended Nahant. We passed near enough to see the ruins of the ancient monastery that crowned its level height.

Saturday, November 17. The captain, according to promise, kindly came into my state-room about four o'clock in the morning, lighted my lamp, and said we were just entering the straits of Gibraltar, and if I wished to have a view of the "Pillars of Hercules" by moonlight, I should then come on deck. As soon as dressed I went up on to the bridge, the steward handed me a bowl of hot coffee, and then I opened my eyes to a scene that it was worth crossing the Atlantic to contemplate. Not a cloud was visible in the whole heavens, and the moonbeams burnished the ripples from shore to shore. We had just entered the Straits, and the stupendous rocks on either side seemed so near that a stone could be thrown on them, though in reality they are some seven miles apart. The light-houses on either hand shed their benignant rays, and a few other lights were visible along the shores. A vessel or two bounded along like specters in the distance, for the breeze was fresh, and altogether it was a scene to be long remembered. And then the mind would naturally revert to the terrific scenes which

have from time to time, during the world's history, been here enacted ; to the fierce bombardments with rockets, shells and red-hot balls flying like fierce messengers from the nether world and descending upon the devoted battlements, or hissing off to quench their fury in the waters beyond. But on that peaceful moonlight morning, no more dangerous messengers than a shooting star or two were seen as they noiselessly coursed along far above the dark ramparts.

The loss of Gibraltar has long remained a festering element in the political heart of Spain. And as I leaned upon the ship's rail I could not avoid the strange thought that at some time in the future, when war again spreads her alarms, some spectral balloon may ascend, suddenly hover over the supposed impregnable heights, and drop down such a charge of dynamite as will rend the rocks to their foundations. Then casting a look upward from the rocks and the sea to the clear sky, there glowed Orion and the Pleiades, so familiar as objects seen at home ; for wherever a wanderer may be, in the cloudless heavens he can always observe some glowing stellar eye that likewise beams upon his home.

We arrived at Algiers on the morning of November 19, after a day and night of lively rolling and pitching off the African coast. The town has a very picturesque appearance from the bay, built as it is upon a declivity of no gentle slope, and having a background of high hills. The buildings are of light stone, much like that of which Paris is built,

and give everything a bright, cheerful aspect. The Cathedral, which was once a Moorish mosque, is one of the first buildings that attracts the eye, and another rather conspicuous edifice is the Mosque Djama Kebir, an erection of the tenth century. One of the first sounds that greeted our ears was the music of chiming bells calling to early service. As a general thing, where Christians and Mahometans live in such close proximity as they do hereabouts, neighborly amenities exist. They do not quarrel any more than do Christian sects with one another — perhaps because neither party cares much about their religion.

The Bay of Algiers is very beautiful, and the harbor capacious and easy of access. Large ships ride in safety at the very foot of the town, and as there are no tides in the Mediterranean they can go out and in at pleasure. Currents and winds may indeed produce swells and croppings, but the substantial breakwater is sufficient protection against serious consequences.

With the English gentleman before named, and a couple of bright young lady passengers, I took a long stroll, and much enjoyed perambulating some of the older streets which are more generally occupied by what may be called the native population in distinction from the French and other foreigners, though in fact the population in all parts is mixed. These old Moorish streets, which were the haunts of the piratical wretches of a few generations ago, are paved — more properly, perhaps, floored — from

side to side with stone, and fairly clean, though narrow and crowded. I had the curiosity to step into the middle of one or two, extending my arms on either side, and found that the width was not always sufficient for a full stretch, and the great height of the buildings adds to the apparent narrowness. The buildings are very tall and are joined together, the lower stories being occupied by stores and workshops, which are in great variety but very small compared with ours, and so open in front that most of the business, mechanical and trading, seems to be carried on in the streets. I stopped several times to see the operations, and asking a man who was running a sewing machine if it were American — they all understand the words "America, England, France" — he replied by a gesture that it was and politely stopped his work to let me examine it, and I found the American maker's name on the plate.

In another street I saw some shoemakers at work in a little room so much resembling an old-fashioned Lynn shop that it seemed quite like a bit of home, and I paused, asking if any one there could speak English. A man pointed to a youth who was sewing a coarse kind of shoe, held upon his knee by the old-fashioned stirrup, and I observed that the "shop's crew" began to prick up their ears, as if some fun was in store. A few unconnected English words were elicited by my questions, and I presently found that they were attempting to quiz me; so I encouraged them in their humor for a little while, they seemed to enjoy it so, and then in a

good-natured way made them understand that I fully comprehended their game. Whereupon they laughed till their old turbans shook again and I passed on.

There are many stores in which bread and cake of various kinds can be purchased. The bread, which is mostly in the French style, is light, white, and always thoroughly baked, and the cake looks rich, and is in great variety. Young folks with pans of dough ready for the oven were here and there hurrying along.

But that with which a stranger is most interested is the great variety of persons with whom he jostles along — variety as regards complexion, features, language and costumes.

Multitudes of children were pursuing their sports in the streets and little squares, and though some were dressed in full European, and others in full Oriental style, on the playground all distinctions were ignored, and their little disputes were as animated and their shouts of victory as triumphant as if all spoke in the same tongue. Marbles seemed to be a favorite game, and some of the little brown faces were radiant with delight and the black eyes sparkled as the winnings were seized. Many of the little girls too were quick in their movements and full of merriment. I spoke to several and they all appeared good-natured and good-mannered.

The new, or French part of the town, is overlooked by the old Moorish part, and has fine warehouses and other buildings, many in the Parisian

style. Indeed this section seems like a little bit of Paris itself, with colonnades, covered passages, glittering stores, a beautiful promenade overlooking the bay, and public squares with groups of noble palms and other trees and ornamental shrubbery.

In this quarter, likewise, the most interesting sights are the varieties of our own race, Oriental and Occidental, fair faces, olive, brown, red and black intervening. And such a variety of costume; everything from full Parisian style down to a wrap of old coffee bagging, with perhaps the remains of a date frail for a head-covering.

The fashionable French lady in her dainty Parisian robes meets her equally fashionable sister of the Orient in her dainty white trousers of capacious dimensions, with glittering anklets and richly-embroidered girdle, her graceful tunic and pearly slippers — but always veiled, or rather bandaged from vulgar gaze, in every facial feature below the eyes. No grosser insult, I am told, can possibly be offered to a lady of this higher class than to ask her to remove her veil, such a request always being taken as a solicitation of the most odious kind. But there are some of the inferior classes abroad unveiled, semi-European in dress, manners and occupation.

In front of the *cafés*, in the open air, may be seen little tables and chairs for the convenience of those who would pause for rest and a cup of coffee. The coffee is strong, absolutely black, about as thick as cream, and generally drank without sugar

or milk, often with a little brandy. Beside each cup a small cruet of brandy is usually seen. I did not taste the mixture, but judged from the relish with which it went down that it was thought to reach about the right spot in the stomachs of those who did partake. The ship's resident agent invited me to try a cup of the coffee, which I did after insisting upon having sugar and milk. Two or three little pieces of loaf sugar were brought on a plate, and the attendant continued to pour in milk till I begged him to stop; but after all it was too thick for my taste, though of delicious flavor.

A new and beautiful opera house and theatre nearly completed, and to be opened — dedicated, I suppose is the word — in about a fortnight, occupied a central position. The agent politely took us all over it. It is really a fine affair; rich in ornamentation, tasteful and harmonious, as of course it would be, the work being done by French workmen under the supervision of a Parisian architect. The cost we were told would be £50,000 (\$250,000) — just about what St. Stephen's in Lynn cost; but here things are much cheaper than with us; in other words, money goes farther. A smart, skilled, workman gets about \$1.25 per day for ten full hours. The market seemed well stocked with everything necessary for man's sustenance. Vegetables were in great variety — green peas, new potatoes, radishes, melons, and various garden articles of which I did not even know the names. The

most luscious grapes, and oranges just from the trees, pomegranates, and other fruits raised in the vicinity, were plenty and cheap. The date and fan palm, the bread-fruit tree, plantain, orange, lemon and citron, may all be seen growing in or about Algiers. Winter is not known here. The cost of living was formerly little, but since there has been such an influx of strangers, prices have gone up rapidly; still however the cost is not so great as in New York or Boston. Algiers has now gained the enviable reputation of being second to no place on earth as a temporary home for invalids.

Just in front of the town still remains the fortification which was reared in the old piratical days as a defence against the merited chastisement of the angered nations whose expeditions now and then appeared around the headlands. The brave and effectual action our own nation took in the long reckoning with the wretches is too well known to require particular notice. The fort, now decaying, is occupied for the peaceful purpose of storing coal for the supply of calling steamers, and will probably disappear before many years its usefulness having come to an end, and it being rather an encumbrance to the harbor. Many steamers and many sailing ships bound for the Mediterranean ports, and for the East Indies, stop here.

The air was delicious, and everything around looked so bright and pleasant that I could not help saying to myself more than once, "Who would endure the rigors of a New England winter if he knew

and could reach so charming a place as this, where 'chill November's surly blast' never comes?" But then there is something within that whispers, "Home, Sweet Home."

Algiers is too beautiful a place ever to have been the abode of desperadoes, robbers, and pirates; a haunt of the most villainous and shameless of our race. The very name Algerine was once the world over expressive of wrong, cruelty and bloodshed. Indeed its very arrogance may be said to have culminated in its redemption, as the French occupation was probably the final result of the insolence of the Dey who took occasion to box the ears of a French Consul.

But the land once so barbarous is now regenerated and advancing in refinement in the industrial arts, and in all that makes life desirable. The French occupation of Algeria has proved a great blessing to mankind. And so will, for it seems sure to come, the occupation of Egypt by the English. And does it not seem as if our own nation ought to do her part for the general welfare of the world — a part that will begin, in some center of abomination yet remaining, a redeeming work? Ought she now in her strength to stand selfishly aloof, proud of her own position, and caring for nothing beyond her own interest? When a pretended nation is worse than a waste place, can it be wrong for those who are able to make it fruitful and good to occupy and redeem it? Are we not apt to talk too tenderly of what are loosely called tribal, national, or natural,

rights? Pray, what rights have savages, robbers, and murderers, but the right to be restrained, reformed, and regenerated?

CHAPTER X.

MALTA.

THE little island of Malta in the Mediterranean is one of the most interesting places in the whole world; interesting as to its natural position, its physical features, and its history. It is small in territory, the area being but about 115 square miles, insomuch that a common pedestrian can walk from one end to the other in half a day; and its width is a third less than its length. It lies somewhat nearer the European than the African coast and has easy communication with either shore, indeed with the whole world.

The city of Valetta is the chief settlement, and a fine city it is, though not large, the population numbering between 60,000 and 70,000. It is pre-eminently a city of stone; indeed it has been called "an inhabited quarry;" its whole foundation is stone; its streets are stone and so are the grand buildings that flank them, in many cases the inside walls, floors, and stair-ways as well as the exteriors being of stone — to say nothing of the stupendous fortifications that rear their grim protecting walls

on every side. It is one of the most wonderful cities in the world; there is nothing like it. And it is not only a city of stone but one of ups and downs. The ascent to the plateau along which the principal street — Strada Reale — runs, is so steep that the streets leading up from the landing places have to be ascended by steps, which however are made as convenient as possible for foot passengers — wheel carriages not being used in them at all — the rise not usually exceeding three or four inches.

It is currently believed that the island was formerly a bare rock and nothing but that, and that the soil now there was transported thither by water. But to such a conclusion I cannot subscribe, though something in that way has undoubtedly been done. I would rather believe that for ages on ages accumulation of soil has progressed, largely by deposits wafted thither by the sometimes furious winds from the not very distant islands and continents. Perhaps Mount Etna, which is occasionally visible from Malta, may have made liberal contributions. Think too of the terrible storm of earthly matter over in Italy that buried Herculaneum and Pompeii. To Sicily, if not also to Italy, Malta is no doubt indebted for much of the rich soil that now clothes her hills and vales.

The buildings are lofty, flat-roofed, and join each other, having balconies which are picturesque in their architectural irregularities and convenient for evening airings. The roofs also form agreeable summer-evening promenades; for though the day

may be sultry, the cool airs from the Mediterranean after the sun has set are bracing and delicious. Well might Lord Beaconsfield say, "Malta is certainly a most delightful station. Its city, Valetta, equals in its noble architecture, if it even does not excel, any capital in Europe. And although it must be confessed that the surrounding region is little better than a rock, nevertheless the vicinity of Barbary, of Italy, and of Sicily, presents exhaustless resources to the lovers of the highest order of natural beauty. If that fair Valetta, with its streets of palaces, its picturesque forts, and magnificent church, only crowned some green and azure island of the Ionian Sea — Corfu for instance — I really think that the ideal of landscape would be realized."

Malta was formerly known as Melita, and is so designated in the New Testament, (*Acts xxviii*). Valetta was so named from the Grand Master of the Knights, John de la Valette, whose rule commenced in 1557.

By a stroll along the towering fortifications one can obtain very striking views of the beautiful bays and all the adjacent country. In the harbor he sees countless numbers of tidy little boats gliding hither and thither, upon which he can have a pleasant sail for the small expense of three or four pennies. He will also notice numerous great ocean steamers, from England, France, Italy, and other European and Mediterranean ports, some bearing the Moslem flag — but none the American — lying

at ease close by the town ; and many sailing ships, for Malta is the great stopping-place for ships bound to almost every quarter of the globe. He will likewise see, as he strolls along the battlements, huge cannon, and mortars, and enormous piles of balls, and other death-dealing projectiles, for England always keeps prepared to defend this fair jewel of her colonial diadem.

The native Maltese have great love for their rocky home and delight to call it the " Flower of the World." The present population is about 155,000, which enables them to boast of having a larger number to the square mile than any other section of Christendom. In addition to this resident population, about eight thousand soldiers are stationed here ; and it is likewise the headquarters of the British Mediterranean naval forces. There may sometimes be seen lying in the harbor four or five of the enormous iron-clad British war steamers.

The great body of the population belong to the laboring classes, who earn but little and consequently live frugally. Shoemakers earn from twenty-five to thirty cents per day, (our money) ; cigar-makers, ten to fifteen cents per day ; compositors (printers), twenty-two to thirty-two cents per day. Rents and provisions are cheap, but not so cheap that working people are always above absolute want, for employment is not always to be had. The weather is such that some of the very poor take their nightly rest with only the earth, or rather the stone, for a bed, and the sky for a covering.

From what I saw and the inquiries I made, I have no doubt that there are multitudes of healthy, active, and contented men who live and thrive on sixpence a day. A half-penny worth of bread and a half-penny worth of fruit furnish a full meal, and lodging can hardly be said to cost anything. The meal can be varied by a change of fruit or kind of bread, or one can dodge into one of the little cheap cooking shops and get a half-penny worth of cooked fish, or fried meat mixture, or soup. Many go barefoot, and wearing apparel for a year costs but a mere trifle. This of course relates to the poorer classes, many of whom do not earn above sixpence per day. As you ascend in the scale and bring in imported luxuries expenses increase. But let me show something of prices by my own case. On arriving here, with a gentleman who came in the ship — a retired English surgeon — I took lodgings at a good hotel conducted in Parisian style. We had a large front parlor on the second floor handsomely furnished, with sofas, gas, and other conveniences, two well-furnished sleeping rooms, and three regular meals, with good attendance, for six shillings (\$1.50) each per day.

I need not say that there is not the enterprise and business activity hereabout that one sees in an American or English town. And for an ambitious young man there seems not to be a very promising field.

A spruce young fellow, of perhaps twenty-five, who kept in a store on one of the principal streets,

spoke to me once or twice, having learned that I was from America. He seemed to have an exaggerated idea of the promising state of things in our country for a young man, and almost sighed to get there, saying that there was no prospect of getting more than a living where he was, that his life was monotonous, and that he was anxious to try his luck elsewhere. America was his ideal. I told him he could easily get to America, but must not think that on his arrival he could pick up money in the streets, as some I had seen seemed to imagine, but if he went industriously to work, at almost anything, he would have a fair prospect of being ultimately well rewarded. "Ah, yes," he replied despondingly, "as you say, it costs but little to get there; but it would take so long to lay by from my small earning that little, that I might be gray before I had enough." The most encouraging thing I could say to him was that in America we had a maxim declaring that "Where there's a will there's a way," and that despondency would not help matters.

There are some rather curious police regulations in Malta. I noticed conspicuously posted in the entrance hall of the hotel where I took lodgings some of these, among them the following:—"Every keeper of an hotel or lodging-house shall admonish every foreigner who shall have taken lodgings to present himself at the police office within two days after his arrival; and no such keeper of an hotel or lodging-house shall allow

any foreigner to remain in his house who shall not within ten days after his arrival be provided with a regular permit of residence by the police." My fellow-lodgers were disposed to joke me a little about being turned away ; but before making up my mind to appear at the police office they relieved my apprehensions by assuring me that the authorities liberally interpreted the ordinance as placing Americans on the same footing with Englishmen. At all events, I applied for no permit and received no warning.

Wheel carriages are but little seen, excepting in two or three of the principal streets on the summit level of the city, as it may be called — as the Strada Reale, for instance — owing of course to their steepness and narrowness. In such as have layers of steps no such vehicles can be used. And I dare say many an unsentimental Rambler on returning from his weary round has mentally repeated the couplet attributed to Lord Byron, so familiar here : —

"Adieu, ye cursed streets of stairs,
How surely he who mounts you swears."

Some customs, originating in these topographical peculiarities, seem curious to a stranger. On the day of my arrival, for instance, while I was leaning over the balcony of the hotel, a man came up the street with a small herd of goats. He stopped at the house opposite, sat down on the doorstep, when a pitcher was brought to him into which he drew from one of his docile little subjects a certain quantity of milk, received his pay, and drove on to the

next customer. While he was milking the one the others stood patiently by without any inclination to stray. I afterwards saw that this was a common way of delivering milk. At first I thought it might be a way of convincing the customer that he received a pure article—as with us coffee is ground in the presence of the purchaser—but such was not the case; the reason was in the impossibility of threading the streets with wheeled vehicles, and the hard labor of hand carriage. Goats and diminutive donkeys have an important part to perform in the traffic of Malta.

Some masters in geological lore claim that the Maltese islands are the heights of submerged lands that ages ago formed a part of the African or European continent, or perhaps the ridges joining the two. The highest point is about seven hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea.

The early history of the place is lost in the obscurities of time. Jupiter and the other heathen gods appear to have taken a bold hand in arranging affairs after the mysterious giants, who preceded the classic times, had disappeared—the giants alluded to by Homer.

Coming down to historic times there seems to be sufficient evidence that a Phœnician colony was planted in Malta more than three thousand years ago, and that it soon became a settlement of importance. Remains of their works are still to be seen. The Egyptians too, without doubt, once held possession. A little more than seven hundred years

before the Christian era the Greeks had the mastery ; then the Carthagenians. Then came the Punic wars, and finally all-conquering Rome gained possession.

In the earlier years of the Christian era, Malta was subjected to all the calamities of war and change of rulers. The Goths and Vandals are supposed to have held sway for a time, and after them the Arabs, whose occupation has enduring proof in the present Maltese language which, however, is a medley of various tongues.

Let us now leave these mystic times and greet the illustrious order known as the Knights of Malta, always bearing in mind that it was an order of two-fold character — religious and military. But then man is a fighting as well as a religious animal, and the Christians of that period, in common with their Mahometan antagonists, thought it imperative to extend their religion by fire and sword as well as by gentler means. The order began in Jerusalem, in 1050, as the benevolent founders of a small hospital, and so increased that it finally became one of the chief defences of Christianity against Mahometanism. Power however begets arrogance, and as pride leads to downfall, the Knights, after about two hundred years, had put on such airs that they were expelled from Jerusalem and retired to Cyprus whence they were driven, and then made a stand in Rhodes. Harassed wherever they went they at last found rest in Malta where they were hospitably received, but under the promise that the established laws should be respected.

It was in 1530 that these Knights of St. John, who have since been known as the Knights of Malta, arrived. There were different classes, as nobles, ecclesiastics, men at arms, and servants. Essentially they claimed to be a religious order, with military organization and high-toned notions of chivalry. Poverty, obedience, and chastity were enjoined, but these virtues seem not to have long survived in a healthful state. The income of the order was derived from the commanderies and priories in different countries, fees of admission, presents, rents, indulgencies obtained through papal bulls, ransom of slaves, and a few other sources. The expenditures were for diplomatic transactions with other people, personal maintenance, support of nunneries and hospitals, allowances of bread and meat to dependents, and various other benevolent objects.

In June, 1798, the Grand Master Hompesch surrendered — pusillanimously, some said, though he undoubtedly believed it useless to contend — to the French forces. And thus Bonaparte became master, the terms of surrender being that the liberties and religion of the island should be respected. Fifteen thousand French troops were landed. All Knights under sixty years of age were expelled, a general havoc was made with the order, and rich and costly works of art carried off. Against these indignities and wrongs the Maltese arose in desperation. Lord Nelson was appealed to and came with a fleet. But the Maltese were subjected to

almost indescribable suffering during a two years' siege, and it is reckoned that twenty thousand perished. The suffering and suspense was heroically borne till the Treaty of Paris, in 1814, declared that "The island of Malta, with all its dependencies, shall appertain in full authority and sovereignty to his Britannic Majesty." And now to look at the present fortifications that frown on every side, and the terribly suggestive armaments, one would think there could be no danger of the place ever again by force changing hands. The ancient Order of St. John of Jerusalem — or the Knights of Malta — no longer exists on the island, though it has not become entirely extinct in Rome and a few other places.

Malta has had her full share of distress and suffering in almost every shape. She is geographically so situated that the storms of war have swept over her in fearful force. Pestilence and famine too have visited her. But just now, under British rule, she seems peaceful and happy. Hurricanes and earthquakes have spread desolation around, but of late years there seems to have been a lull in such elemental disturbances. And with bright skies and charming airs she is, it is hoped, destined to recover her lost ground and advance till her hills of rock become the scene of permanent prosperity, though to a stranger it does not readily appear how such a favorable condition can accrue, inasmuch as the island does not produce sufficient for the maintenance of even the present population, and there is

little hope that manufactures will to any considerable extent be established. There are some beautiful laces made by hand, and some fine sculptures and other works of art turned out, but all to a very limited extent. Commercial facilities and prospects are not encouraging. To England the island is valuable as a military and naval station, and by the maintenance of the forces there considerable amounts are disbursed, and a degree of vigor infused into some departments of trade. So let us hope on.

The Grand Masters, who ruled in Malta from 1530 till 1798, were twenty-seven in number.

St. John's Church is a magnificent edifice, not, however, so much as regards the exterior as interior, and its bells, ten in number, may be heard at almost any hour. In one of the towers are three dial faces marking the hour of the day, the day of the week, and the day of the month. It is an old church, and in the days of knighthood was held in great veneration. It was consecrated in 1575. At the rear of the altar is a large painting by Michael Angelo, who came here in 1608 to exercise his skill on these walls.

An attempt to describe the splendors of this temple, which is declared to have very few superiors in the world, might prove tiresome. The Grand Masters emulated each other in their endeavors to add to its richness and beauty, and in its sacred precincts their remains have a resting-place. The French plundered it of some of its most valuable possessions, but enough remain to indicate its pre-

eminent grandeur. It still continues the custodian of some precious relics, as resident worshippers believe — such as one of the stones with which St. Stephen was slain, one of the feet of Lazarus, a fragment of the true cross, and a thorn of the crown which in mockery was placed upon the Saviour's head. I certainly would not speak irreverently, nor have I any desire to disturb the faith of any by casting suspicion on the genuineness of sacred relics like these, which have given so much comfort to the devotees who, weary and heavy-laden, have groped their way along the Christian ages, yet I must suggest in relation to the last-named, that if all the thorns of which I have heard as having formed a part of that derisive diadem are genuine, it must have been a crown that no mortal head could have borne.

But St. John's is a rich depository of high art. Its statuary, exquisite carvings, painting, gildings, and other rare adornments seem constantly to develop new beauties as they are the more closely studied. Yet I admit such a sanctuary should be visited from higher motives than curiosity. Few buildings in the world have more touching histories than this, in which continue to be held daily services of the most impressive order, though the attendance is not always so large as it ought to be, at least has not been when I have attended.

Religious processions as imposing as those of old monkish days still thread the streets of Malta. The passers pause and remove their hats, and devotees

kneel upon the cold stones. The carnival and other old-time observances are not forgotten, and many of the strange mediæval customs, now so fast becoming obsolete in most Roman Catholic countries, seem here to yet tenaciously hold sway.

There are some dark passages in the history of Malta. The dreadful massacre of 1282, known as the Sicilian Vespers, is supposed to have been concocted here. And here the Inquisition held its withering grasp from 1575 to 1798. Slavery, too, was an institution of long duration under the Knights, who derived a considerable revenue from their ransom. In 1749, some 4000 Turkish prisoners were held as slaves.

Malta is a very healthy place, and has long been the winter resort of invalids. Some diseases have never been known to occur here — hydrophobia, for instance, though there are great numbers of dogs. The disease known as glanders is said never to afflict the horses.

There are hot days in summer, and occasionally the damp and depressing Sirocco from the African desert is felt, at which time the doors and windows are hastily closed and every means adopted to guard against its enervating effects. But its unwelcome visits are something like those of angels as regards number and intervals of occurrence. The range of the thermometer in summer is from about seventy-eight to eighty-four degrees; the sunsets are gorgeous and the evenings delightful. In winter the

thermometer ranges from about fifty to fifty-eight degrees. Snow and frost are not known.

Amusements of various kinds, including the opera and the drama, are common in Valetta, and the streets always afford spectacles of much interest to the stranger. Strada Stretta, the very street, by the way, in which I took lodgings on my arrival, was the ground, and the only ground, on which the Knights were permitted to settle their disagreements by duel, and such were the strange demands of chivalry, that even here the hostile parties were obliged to forego the sanguinary indulgence if another Knight, a priest, or a lady, so commanded. A cross upon a neighboring wall indicated the spot where a fatal encounter had taken place, and one or two such crosses, it is said, are still visible, though I have not seen them. The duels were of course fought with swords or daggers. The street is narrow, floored with stone from side to side, and in some portions ascended and descended by steps.

In Malta, as a matter of course, one may see interesting antiquities. There are Phœnician tombs and inscriptions, Carthaginian, Arabian, Greek and Roman remains. The roof of a building used for a school is partially supported by a column alleged to have been brought from Solomon's Temple — first taken to Rhodes by the Knights and thence brought hither. In the village of Melleha is a little church much venerated by the native Maltese. It is in part excavated from the rock, and the crypt is claimed to have been consecrated by

St. Paul. Pilgrimages have been made to it, and it has a painting of the Virgin Mary on the wall, said to have been executed by St. Luke. The church of "St. Paul Shipwrecked" contains several remarkable relics, among them a portion of the pillar on which the apostle suffered martyrdom. The shipwreck is annually commemorated on the tenth of February. But as to the genuineness of these relics, and multitudes of others of like character, it hardly need be added there are many doubts.

Ancient as Malta is, nothing about it looks shabby. Some of the old walls are eaten by the tooth of time, and show the mildew stains of ages past, but they are not ruinous. The preservation is no doubt attributable to the nature of the material and atmospheric favoritism. The stone is not hard like granite or porphyry, but in such a climate its integrity is wonderfully preserved. In New England or Old, the decay would surely be much more rapid.

In the suburbs are very beautiful drives; not among green fields and woods, but along roads which, being stone, are firm and always in good repair, with no unseemly fringes of quagmire or rank weeds; with charming views of the bays and inlets, of the harbors, where stately ships are always riding, and where trim boats are always gliding, of palatial buildings and gigantic fortifications, of creamy slopes and sunny heights. Carriage-hire for these drives is quite moderate. To St. Paul's Bay, which from Valetta is about eight miles, a

handsome barouche and span may be hired for half a day, with a careful driver, for about \$1.25 ; and if there be a company of "jolly gentlemen," they may get Sicily wine for sixpence a bottle, and cigars of Havana tobacco for thirty-six cents per hundred. For shorter drives a turnout like that just named costs about forty cents per hour. Two or three young men from South America, who were passengers on our ship, took the ride out to the Bay, and from them I learned the cost of the trip.

And here I beg leave to say that I have not seen the cruelty to animals so much talked of in books and by letter-writers as being practised in these countries. I have noticed that the little donkeys, as well as the horses, generally look plump, as if well fed, and their drivers use little violence, besides high words and screeches ; but that is affliction enough, if not for the beasts, certainly for the quiet passer-by. I have seen a donkey-boy put his arm around the neck of his diminutive four-footed co-laborer as if he really loved him. Yet I have sometimes thought they were heedlessly overloaded. The horses look glossy and well groomed, and being fed chiefly on grain are sufficiently high-spirited ; they are, however, small as compared with the English team horses. Bits are often dispensed with in driving cart horses.

Citta-Vecchia, which is five or six miles from Valetta, and reached by a railroad, the only one on the island, must of course be visited. So on Friday, December 7, with a couple of young English

gentlemen, I went there. We went by railroad from Valetta, the station from which we started being what in any other place would be regarded as a great curiosity, as it is entirely an excavation in the rock — very neat, well-lighted, capacious, and evidently executed by accomplished workmen.

Citta-Vecchia is the oldest and in some respects most interesting of the settlements of the Maltese island. In reality however the whole territory is occupied, there being several villages, hamlets and detached groups of buildings. Citta-Vecchia is near the island center, and on elevated ground. Here, at Citta-Vecchia, from the ramparts may be had a comprehensive view, giving a good idea of the extent and nature of the whole territory. The few patches of green and cultivated land, the long ranges of stone wall piled up, apparently more for the purpose of clearing the land than for use as walls, the blue inlets and more distant sea, are all within the range of vision. The prospect is unique and really grand and nothing like it is anywhere else to be seen. I was told that Mount Etna, in Sicily, could at times be seen, and did not doubt it, as the Sicilian coast is but about fifty-five miles distant.

From our point of observation St. Paul's Bay was in full view; the Bay, which was the scene of the apostle's shipwreck on his voyage to Rome. But in the calm sunshine as it then lay a toy skiff might have ridden in safety. The inland depth of

the bay is about three miles, and the width some two. The Knights erected a tower and other fortifications which still remain. A little chapel marks the supposed spot on which the barbarians built the fire to warm the mariners, and which also warmed to life the viper that showed its gratitude by fastening on the saintly hand. Whether that memorable bite drew the last drop of venom from the viperous race hereabout may not be known, but certain it seems to be that no venomous reptiles have since been known to exist on the island. Some old drawings preserved in the chapel represent incidents connected with the shipwreck. A monument marks the spot on which it is alleged the apostle landed. The Bay has become quite a watering place and is much visited, for aside from its scriptural interest it has attractions in the salubrity of the air, the beauty of the sunsets and the rugged aspect of the adjacent scenery. The scriptural account speaks of the people who received Paul in so friendly a manner as "barbarians," but by that term is no doubt merely meant strangers, for the Greeks and Romans modestly distinguished all outsiders as barbarians.

I need not remark that various spots hereabouts are shown as sanctified by the apostle's presence; for instance, the places where he lived, where he preached, where he retired for meditation. But it was sufficient for us, as we stood upon the lofty battlements and scanned the striking scenery by which we were surrounded, that all around the saintly foot had trod and the saintly voice been heard.

Citta-Vecchia, as I have said, is the oldest settlement of the Maltese island and is full of historical interest. We were shown what are undoubtedly the ruins of a Roman villa; the ponderous stones of the foundations are there, and sculptured fragments lay about; an area of rich mosaic, and other unmistakable evidences of a grand residence are visible, including portions of marble statuary, lamps and vases. It must have been in this immediate vicinity that the hospitable Publius, the "chief man of the island," lived (*Acts* 28, v. 7). And perhaps we have here the remains of his luxurious home. Tradition says that Publius became Bishop of Malta. But there are remains of undoubtedly greater antiquity than these.

With lighted candles and a mercenary guide we descended into the "Catacombs," as they are called — mysterious chambers and winding passages wrought in the bowels of the rock with wonderful skill and labor, and so intricate that if left alone one would despair of ever seeing daylight again — chambers compared with which the excavations in Dungeon Rock, in Lynn Woods, are but a rough footprint or two. With my candle I examined some of the work, and found fluted pillars and doorways that indicated great patience and ingenuity in the hands that worked in those strange, dark, stifled caverns.

By the more intelligent antiquaries these excavations are supposed to have been the work of the Phœnicians. But our guide, whose knowledge

seemed equal to all occasions, said they were Mahometan tombs. He crawled into one, and after digging about with his hands in the bushel or two of dust, produced a bit of decaying bone which he gave me, saying it was the finger bone of a Mahometan, but did not inform me how he knew that pathetic fact. However, I have preserved it among my other relics, to muse over in some future meditative moment. These subterranean chambers may possibly have been used by the Saracens while they occupied the island, or by the early Christians as retreats from Roman persecution. At all events, they are interesting though their full history may never be known. Phœnicians, Saracens and Christians may in turn have used them.

The extent of these Catacombs is not now fully known, as some passages have been walled up for the purpose it is said of preventing accidents; it being traditionally asserted that persons sometimes lost their way and perished. When St. Paul visited them — as it is fair to presume he did, while the “barbarians” were showing him the lions of the place, though I did not see his name among those scribbled upon the walls — he must, if he did not have a more attentive guide or better luck than we, have emerged with a sore head occasioned by bumps in the low passages.

The Inquisition was established in Malta in 1575. While in Citta-Vecchia we visited the cells and rooms in which transpired the harrowing scenes at the recollection of which the Christian world now

shudders. It need not be said with what feeling of relief we left those gloomy chambers, enduring the head bumpings against the low doorways with the patience of martyrs.

There are at Citta-Vecchia one or two churches well worthy of more than a passing notice, not only for the interesting historical collections they contain, but likewise for their rich endowments in pictures, vestments and costly utensils, and for the beauty of their various decorations. The church of St. Peter and St. Paul stands pre-eminent.

There is probably no place in the whole Christian world where at the present time the Roman Catholic religion flourishes in greater vigor than in Malta. Of course other forms are tolerated, for it is under British rule. But the native population are almost exclusively Catholic, and being far from an educated people unquestionably accept crudities that really belong to old monkish days rather than to modern Catholic thought. The chiming of bells — for there are several sets — may be almost constantly heard, and Saints' day celebrations, illuminations and processions seem perpetually in order. I asked the captain of one of the ships which regularly run here how often the religious celebrations took place. "Three hundred and sixty-five times a year," said he, "with an occasional extra day thrown in." The number of ordained priests in Malta is said to be fully a thousand. And it will at once be perceived that their support is a heavy tax, for they are not a producing class. Their maintenance, and

the cost of the processions, illuminations, and so forth are, however, not to be counted if souls are saved by the means.

During our visit at Citta-Vecchia we were beset by such a number of beggars, old and young, male and female, as it has not been my fortune hitherto to encounter. And their unabashed persistence arose almost to the sublime. If St. Paul was followed by such a pertinacious crew as followed us, he might with reason have called them barbarians in a more offensive sense than he probably did. I cannot avoid the conclusion that example has some influence here. The ecclesiastics are constantly begging in one way and another, and the good-natured friars who perambulate the streets with their leathern pouches have an insinuating way of asking, almost demanding, alms, which seems to give character to the profession, elevating it in the eyes of the vulgar and lazy to a regular calling. One storekeeper, with whom I had some conversation after the bare-footed ecclesiastic had gone out, seemed to regard his little weekly contribution as a regular tax, to be unhesitatingly paid. I have the highest respect for religious people, however their peculiar views may differ from my own, but some noxious weeds which have grown in the regenerating sunshine of Christianity perhaps might be uprooted without injury.

We found it very easy to purchase "ancient" coins and similar curiosities at a cheap rate, for even the children had them for sale in plenty. One

of our little party asked if I would like to invest. I told him I would not take any as antiquities for they were evidently spurious, as I could see the Maltese cross upon them; but as mementos of our visit, I did not matter having a few, if he could drive a reasonable bargain. Upon that he made an offer for the whole lot that a man had, which was less than was asked for a single piece. While waiting for a reply, another stepped up and offered a similar lot for the price named. "But I won't give it now," warmly responded our negotiator. "I will give you only so much for your lot." And we made a motion as if to move on. It is needless to add that we got the lot at our own price, and divided the acquisition; but, unfortunately, I afterwards lost a part of my share. They were no doubt made in Birmingham, as I told the man, though he pretended not to understand me. Those Birmingham manufacturers of antiquities, who send such supplies all over the East, have much to answer for.

The Maltese appear to be very fond of music. Pianos may be heard at almost any time as one passes along the streets. And in St. George's Square the regimental bands frequently give entertainments of a high order; indeed, military music salutes the ear almost every day, Sunday not excepted.

The English church service may of course be heard in Malta, as the high officials are of the order, and there are always a considerable number

of English residents. On my first Sunday there I attended worship in the Garrison Church, a fine though not ostentatious edifice, in a pleasant square. The house was quite filled with soldiers in full uniform, and the services were conducted by a chaplain, rather in regimentals than canonicals. The music was grand, as may be supposed, as it was rendered by at least two hundred trained male voices, accompanied by a full regimental band. The soldiers joined in the services with much heartiness and decorum. At the close there was a parade in the square, and then to the music of the band the worshippers marched to quarters.

In the streets of Malta one sees a great variety of costumes; ecclesiastics in robes of black, brown and gray, some bareheaded, some barefooted, soldiers in scarlet coats, and jack tars in blue, all seeming to take pride in looking fine and trim. As to the garments of the civilians, one may see every style, from the latest Parisian to the coarsest Oriental, almost to no dress at all.

The most interesting place in Valetta for a stranger to visit is the palace, which is an architectural pile traversed on its four sides by fine streets. It is not a particularly grand edifice, but it contains collections, genuine and of rare interest, among them portraits of all the grand masters, paintings of famous battle scenes, numerous specimens of ancient armor and ancient arms, splendid tapestry, rows of knights in full dress of mail, curious muskets, pistols, swords, daggers and other weapons —

among them the sword of the famous Dragut the Algerine, a strange old Turkish cannon of five-inch calibre, made of a thin cylinder of copper wound with tarred rope and covered with plaster, and specimens of breech-loaders hundreds of years old.

But I need not go further into details, excepting to mention the carriage of the Grand Masters, which was embellished with great magnificence, though cumbersome as compared with the carriages of our day. It is the same carriage in which, the attendant was careful to inform us, Bonaparte rode when he entered Malta, but I did not care to disturb his equanimity by reminding him that it was the very carriage in which history informs us Bonaparte refused to enter, preferring to march at the head of his troops.

Various tropical fruits are produced in Malta, though the culture, as may be imagined, cannot be extensive on account of the little soil by which the rock is covered. The oranges are of excellent flavor. Lemons and figs were seen, but not in profusion, and in walking up the island I noticed considerable quantities of the prickly-pear plants, full of fruit.

Within the fortification walls and about the barracks, as well as along some of the roadsides leading from Valetta, were numerous small trees full of fruit about the size of dwarf cherries. I made some inquiry as to what the fruit was, but did not get a satisfactory answer ; either the one questioned

did not know, or gave a name that I could make nothing of.

Soon after leaving the Island, however, it occurred to me that it could be none other than the fruit that so figured in the whimsical story told by Sir Jonah Barrington, which story relates that at an officers' mess, over their wine, an Irish Captain gave some glowing accounts of affairs while his regiment was stationed at Malta. I have not read the story for more than sixty years, but can probably give a sufficiently intelligible outline.

The Captain in question, while enthusiastically describing the fruits with which they were constantly regaled, declared among other things that the trees along the barracks were so loaded with anchovies that they could be plucked by the handful.

"Anchovies!" exclaimed a brother officer, "anchovies do not grow on trees; they are fishes!"

"Then I'm a liar, am I," retorted the other, his Irish blood beginning to warm.

"Yes, you are, if you insist that you saw anchovies growing on trees in Malta, or anywhere else. I tell you anchovies are fish."

The war of words waxed warm, each vehemently maintaining his ground. The result was a challenge to immediately fight a duel. The other officers present were not averse to that mode of settlement, and out they all went to the duelling ground. It was the fortune of the Irish Captain to bring down his opponent at the first fire. No one expected such a result, and they were horror-struck; none

more so than he whose bullet had done the deed. They all rushed toward the fallen soldier, and as they were raising up the writhing body, some one happened to quaintly remark that he never before saw a dying soldier cut such queer capers.

"Capers! capers!" exclaimed the unfortunate Irish Captain, "it was capers that grew about the barracks in Malta, and not anchovies at all. And now I've shot my poor friend for a mistake of my own."

This relation of Sir Jonah occurred forcibly to me, as I remembered how much the little fruit, so plentiful about those barracks, resembled capers — which they probably were, in a ripened condition. The pickles imported under the name are chiefly flower buds.

CHAPTER XI.

EGYPT — HER PEOPLE AND HER WONDERS.

IT WAS on the evening of December 8, that I went on board the steamer *Ararat*, at Malta, bound for Alexandria, in Egypt. And it was at that parting moment, if ever, that I longed for the poetic fire of a Byron — and Lord Byron, by the way, resided for a short time in Malta, the house in which he lived being still pointed out — that I might give some adequate description of the scene.

By the glorious sunset and illuminated cloudlets,

the waters were tinged with gold and violet. And when they faded away into night the many-colored lights of the ships and along the shores began their valiant dance. In the town and neighboring villages there were illuminations, music and the constant chiming of bells, as it was the day for the celebration of the conception of the Blessed Virgin. The evening guns from the war ships and the fortifications echoed over the waters, and the tinkling of ships' bells, with now and then a bugle-note from the ramparts, saluted the charmed ear. The steam was up. We soon rounded the fortifications, the last Maltese coast-light faded from view, and I was once more rocking "in the cradle of the deep."

From Malta to Alexandria we had an exceedingly pleasant run, several jolly young fellows, on their way to Soudan, being on board. The trip occupied about ten days.

Alexandria has for many centuries held a prominent rank in the world, but its history is so familiar that an attempt at details would be out of place here. It has a capacious harbor, in which may be seen at all times great numbers of ships from every part of the commercial world. And here, for the first time in an Eastern port, I saw the American flag flying, and then it was upon an English steamer which was probably in the American trade.

Alexandria, with its fine buildings of light stone, its graceful minarets and domes, has a striking appearance from the water, though the land on which it stands is low, flat and rather barren of

trees. In its general appearance it is an Oriental city, though there are many French, German, English and Italian residents. From the disastrous effects of the late bombardment, which took place in 1882 and continued two days, it had by no means recovered, though much had been done in repairing and rebuilding. Not many lives were lost, for ample warning was given, but the destruction of property was very considerable, as in addition to the direct batterings, fires were kindled and fierce conflagrations raged in various quarters.

By the terms of settlement, the loss of property belonging to individuals is to be paid for by the Egyptian government, and I was informed by one of the sufferers that the entire sum to be awarded would most likely reach about £5,000,000 (\$25,000,000); which is a large amount to be met in the present impoverished condition of the treasury. But there is a proposition to hereafter tax foreign residents who are doing business in Egypt, a class who, heretofore, singularly enough, have managed to escape taxation. There would seem to be the utmost fairness in requiring these commercial parasites to do their part under existing circumstances for the relief of the government which has heretofore not only protected, but highly favored them. But there was a good deal of chafing on the subject when I was there, and grave doubts expressed as to how the matter would end. It is not easy to see, if something of the kind is not done, what the government will do to meet the demands.

Immediately on my arrival in Alexandria, a smart, youngish man in Oriental costume came on board and, through the little English at his command, made known his intention to be my guide while I remained there. He said he would take me to Pompey's Pillar, the Khedive's palace, the College and all places of interest. I found the Captain knew him and had considerable confidence in him. So we came to a sort of loose understanding as to the gross amount he should receive for his services. He assured me that he would do his duty in a faithful manner, as he desired to have from me a certificate that would be of use to him as a guide to other travellers. I think he said he was a native of Abyssinia, but had lived in Alexandria nearly all his life. At any rate he was black enough to be an Abyssinian. I afterwards found that he was well-known about the city, and did considerable business of one kind and another. As we passed along he was often respectfully saluted and seemed to bear himself with becoming dignity. He brought a boat, as the ship lay some distance off in the harbor, took me on shore and at once commenced showing me about some of the principal streets and bazaars, explaining things with a volubility that was rather confusing, considering his often unfortunate use of English words.

He was in the place at the time of the bombardment and able to lead me to the quarters where the effects were most visible. About noon he took me into one of the little native coffee booths, where

were old men and young, squatting about in Turkish fashion, sipping their thick black beverage from tiny cups. I sat down among them, disposing of my legs in as Christian-like a manner as the seats would admit, and was treated to a cup; but though the flavor was really delicious, I could drink but little, as it was prepared in the Eastern style — thick and without sugar or milk. The keeper of the “saloon,” was polite to me and a little daughter of his, of some five years, was so romping and full of fun that she kept the younger customers in high glee.

My guide, as I may as well call him, finally took me to the railroad station, as I proposed going to Cairo. I gave him an English gold piece with which he purchased my ticket and handed it to me with a little change, which from some cause I suspected was not right, but he declared that it was. After he had gone, however, I found it was just one shilling short. This was a trifling matter, but it lessened my confidence, as he was to receive a specified sum for all his services. And my confidence was not restored when, on my return from Cairo, I told him I had discovered his little peccadillo and he insisted that the mistake was made at the ticket office. I did not much avail myself of his services after returning, though I met him frequently, and we kept up a good-natured recognition of each other. He was on board the ship just before sailing, and bade me a pleasant good-bye, after receiving about double what he had reason to expect. I felt quite willing to recommend him as

one well acquainted with the city and its people, active, intelligent, and with a lively appreciation of his own capacity. But I did not feel entirely safe in recommending him for moderation in his demands, for skill in the use of the English language, nor for his historical knowledge.

Perhaps the most important event in the whole history of Alexandria was the destruction, as is alleged, though not without reasonable doubt, by the victorious Saracens, of that great collection known as the Alexandrian Library when, with their conquering arms they invaded the Mediterranean States, enforcing their religion and polity by fire and sword. Had that invaluable collection been preserved it is not likely that the scholastic world would at this day be disputing over certain questions which now can never be settled : questions touching the knowledge of the ancients in mechanics, in science, in literature, in the arts, in everything pertaining to the welfare of mankind. But my guide, to his shame be it said, knew nothing about the Alexandrian Library ; and while surprised at his ignorance, I was pleased at his frankness in confessing it. Why, it was not much more than a thousand years ago that the nefarious action took place, and to find a guide who forbore to claim that his great grandfather, at least, was present was something wonderful. Guides are the most knowing people I have ever met or expect to meet.

Taking an afternoon train at Alexandria for Cairo, I found myself in a motley company, mostly

Arabs and Egyptians, with a sparse sprinkling of Europeans. The cars are not elegant nor so convenient as those of America, but their motion is easy and the rate of speed about the same as in other countries.

Cairo is about seven hours' ride from Alexandria, and the route is through a pleasant country and one of great historical interest. Groves of the stately date-bearing palm are seen at intervals; orange trees and patches of sugar cane likewise, as well as the lesser vegetable growths, attract the eye of the traveler.

But the great product is cotton. And to judge from the immense piles of bales and bags at some of the stations, one might well conclude that Cotton will soon be King in Egypt, now that it has been deposed from its sovereignty in America. The Egyptian cotton is said to be equal in quality to that produced in any part of the world, excepting the Sea Island. The cultivation is getting to be more extensive and profitable than was a few years since anticipated. In 1883, the amount exported brought a return of some \$50,000,000. The ship in which I left Alexandria took 3,300 bales, each of 720 pounds weight.

Our civil war, not to speak irreverently, was a God-send to Egypt. She so understood it, and made strenuous efforts to gain the cotton trade of England, so interrupted. A great measure of success has attended her efforts, and the cultivation still goes on increasing.

We passed along through fields — all unfenced — clothed in luxuriant green, and laborers were at work in every direction. Irrigating canals and trenches abound, with wheels and apparatus for distributing the water. Some of the “teams” were very odd and the animal and mechanical forces oddly united and applied. I saw in one place a camel and an ox yoked together, apparently pursuing their labor in the utmost harmony.

Miserable Arab mud villages were frequently passed, and one or two Turkish cemeteries; the latter looking, for all the world, like miniature cities, neat and tasty.

As evening drew on, long lines of camels and donkeys were seen filing homeward, some with burdens as large as their own bodies. And men, boys and girls were trudging wearily along or sitting in groups upon the ground for rest or gossip.

The train stopped at two or three large towns and quite a number of villages. The stations are neat and supplied with the various conveniences of offices and sanitary arrangements common in other countries, the names being conspicuously posted in Arabic and French. The evening was very pleasant, as Egyptian weather is such that it is seldom otherwise, and the interesting ride constantly opened scenes that appeared like the mere reproduction of old Bible pictures. But a train of railroad cars gliding along was a sight that probably never greeted the eyes of a Pharaoh or a Cleopatra. The cars were quite well filled, and the passengers were

very civil; excepting that when here and there at some village station a bevy of merry youngsters were taken in, everything was as quiet as the most stolid Turk could desire.

We arrived at Cairo at about nine in the evening. It was bright moonlight and everything looked cheerful. There were plenty of carriages and saddled donkeys in waiting, but no uproar, or "pulling or hauling." Fortunately I had fallen in with a fellow passenger who could speak very good English, was a resident of the city, and well acquainted with the wants of travellers. He secured a carriage for me, took passage in it himself, and saw that I was safely landed at the Nile Hotel—"Hotel du Nil." I found it a very comfortable place, with a large number of well-dressed guests from various parts of the world. A good meal, for which I was sorely in need, was speedily prepared. And though such things are properly regarded as specially private matters, I must give a few details partly to show what kinds of provision may be had on call, and partly to show what an extraordinary idea they had of the stomachic capacity of a moderate-sized American. They spread for me warm and cold meats, vegetables, bread, French chocolate, oranges and dates fresh from the trees, various dried fruits, and lastly, though I have not mentioned everything, a dish of real Egyptian honey—yes, honey of such flavor, that if that which the patriarch Jacob sent down with the propitiatory offering to his prosperous son Joseph was

equal, it could not have failed to have a mollifying effect.

Immediately after supper they handed me some English and Egyptian newspapers, and on my remarking that I wished I could see an American paper, they brought two or three late New York *Heralds*. Then I was introduced to a couple of young gentlemen, to whose polite attentions I was greatly indebted during my short stay in the city. One was an Austrian military officer, in uniform, on his way to Soudan, and who could speak perfect English; and the other an Englishman, in the pay of government as teacher of some of the higher mathematical branches. They both, though young, had seen much of the world, were intelligent, and in no manner pompous or assuming. We sat conversing till near midnight. It was in company with the latter that, on the next day, I made an excursion to the Pyramids, those mysterious monuments of an unknown age.

THE PYRAMIDS.

We took an open carriage, in the forenoon, and, passing through some of the busy streets of Cairo, were soon upon the substantial though not elegant bridge that spans the Nile. The width of the river here, at that season, December, is not greater than that of several of our New England streams. There was a fresh breeze up the Nile valley and the road in some places was gullied and disagreeably dusty.

The Pyramids are some eight miles from the westerly bank, and the road for the greater part of the distance is through a double row of trees of thick foliage, which in some places overarch. They were then full of fruit, long pods much resembling tamarinds swaying in the somewhat strong breeze. The fruit, however, was not the edible tamarind. The road was not in very good repair, though quite passable. And here and there appeared the mud-house of an Egyptian farmer, with heaps of corn in the husk, as high as the house itself. The corn, though considerably smaller in kernel and ear than our common New England product, otherwise much resembles it. It can remain out of doors, as there is no danger of rain, and so a multiplicity of out-buildings is unnecessary.

In due time we reached the rocky and sandy plateau on which the Pyramids stand. They are three in number, and known as the Gizeh group, Cheops being the largest. Like all other objects of an extraordinary nature, the stranger does not at once realize their greatness or grandeur. Indeed, he is apt mentally to exclaim, "Is this all?" But he soon begins to comprehend, to wonder and admire. It was so with me, though it did not take long to realize that I was gazing upon the grandest work of art yet produced by man.

As soon as we had alighted from our carriage, which was a sort of open barouche much used in that part of Egypt, no covering being required for protection against rain, we were beset by a bevy of

Arabs who seemed to take it for granted that we desired to ascend to the top of Cheops. But we peremptorily declined the privilege as the wind was high, and unless we kept on the leeward side, the drifting sand, on the lower layers at least, would be very annoying. But we saw quite a number of men and women climbing along at different heights, those near the top looking little larger than dolls.

It is not really difficult to ascend by the help of the Arabs who are always in attendance, but one unaccustomed to clamber up dizzy heights would find it quite impossible to work his way upward. The layers of stone form narrow steps of extremely inconvenient rise, some being full four feet. Two Arabs accompany each visitor. They keep one step ahead, and, bending over, take the hands of the person and really lift him up. The Arabs go up and down with surprising agility, and it is said that for the price of a shilling or two the younger ones will dash down upon the run. A man accustomed to treading narrow and lofty stagings, and not liable to dizziness, I have no doubt, might work his way up alone, but no ordinary person would think of venturing without the assistance of the Arabs.

Declining to ascend, we accepted assistance to descend — to go down into the interior of Cheops; and it is something to climb up to the entrance, which is more than forty feet from the ground — a height about equal to the top of a four-story building. The Arab Sheik was seated on one of the

enormous blocks of stone near the entrance and, learning our desire, furnished each of us with two stalwart, half-naked Arabs, as conductors, a candle, and a few good-natured suggestions and cautions. Somehow from the first he appeared to take me into favor. I did, however, soon discover that back-sheesh had its charms for him as well as for his underlings.

Equipped as I have said, we began to thread our way into the mysterious depths of that wonderful temple which has for so many ages remained an unsolved marvel. Our Arabs were barefooted, surefooted, and very careful and attentive, constantly warning us to trust entirely to them in case we felt any fear or any dizziness. In a descending part of the principal passage we found the stone pavement polished and slippery, but foot-holes were sunk, so that our progress was not much impeded. Our dim lights disclosed some deep, dark, and apparently dangerous places, but the guides were constantly on the alert to prevent accident. The air however, was hot and oppressive.

We finally reached the apartment known as the King's Chamber, in the centre of which, on an enormous block of red granite, rests the receptacle usually called the King's sarcophagus, or the coffer. It is of Sienitic granite, now lidless and battered, and I could feel contained only a small quantity of dust; it could not, however, have been the dust of old King Cheops, for the distinguished Scottish scientist, Piazzi Smyth, says that preparatory to

taking his measures, in 1865, he had it "cleaned out and washed both inside and outside with soap and water." Nevertheless, we read of an American clerical enthusiast who lately mounted into the receptacle, laid down, and smearing himself with the contents imagined that he was anointing with the dust of the ancient king. The sarcophagus, as viewed by our blinking candles, more resembled an old fashion horse watering-trough than a receptacle for a dead king.

After lingering about this chamber and the adjacent parts, as long as we desired, and gathering a few fragments as remembrances of our visit, we commenced the outward march. And glad enough were we to regain the sunlight and breathe the fresh air. The temperature of the chamber is stated to be about seventy degrees, excepting when raised by the torches of visitors; this is not very high, but the air is "close." It was not our purpose to make an examination beyond what was sufficient to satisfy curiosity, though my companion was quite competent to examine in scientific detail. It is usually said that Belzoni discovered the entrance in 1818. But it is quite evident that more than two thousand years ago it was entered, to some extent.

For thousands of years travellers and antiquaries have sought to ascertain the origin and purpose of this gigantic erection. Some have concluded that it was built by the sons of Noah as a place of resort if another deluge should occur, though it is

difficult to see where the workmen to do the job could have been found. Others have assumed that it existed before the flood. Many still believe it to have been erected as the sepulchre of King Cheops, though it is quite satisfactorily settled that his body was never placed there.

A late writer has arrived at the conclusion that it was not the work of the Egyptians at all, but that descendants of Shem, who lived nearer the time of Noah than the time of Abraham, erected it; at all events that the builders were of a far more advanced race than the Egyptians, and came by divine direction from their native land, reared the everlasting monument, and then returned to their homes. But questions like these beset this supposition:—Whence came they? Did they come as conquerors and bring their immense train of workmen and mechanical appliances with them? Or, if peacefully inclined, would the natives have allowed the work to proceed?

Able scientists have adhered to the opinion that Cheops was reared for scientific purposes, for observations astronomical, atmospheric, and so forth. And the fact that all those forming the Gizeh group face the cardinal points indicates that the builders were not destitute of scientific knowledge. Still again others, and among them a very late, learned and patient explorer, claim to have discovered indubitable evidence that Cheops was erected by divine dictation; as much so as the ark of Noah, and that down there in its solitary chambers are to

be found, recorded in the everlasting stone, certain fundamental principles for the governance of man even down to details of common life. And further, that those dark recesses contain a treasury of symbols pointing not only to now past events, but onward even to the Second Advent of our Lord and the end of time; that Cheops is, in short, a monumental directory for man's instruction and guidance for all time and, as much so, in certain particulars, as Holy Writ itself.

Long before written history, sacred or profane, the great Pyramid was reared. And naturally enough, perhaps, the reverential scientist, who believes he can trace in its stellar pointings and in its mystic measurements indubitable evidence of divine direction, should fancy that he can there read the world's history. And it has come to pass that pious and learned inquirers have of late interpreted the occult records to declare that somewhere about the present time the Second Advent of our Lord would take place — in 1881, as appeared most probable — but certainly between 1880 and 1886. But those years being now, 1893, safely passed, we may be pardoned for entertaining doubts of the whole theory of divinely directed pyramidal pointings and records.

It is asserted that the designer of the great Pyramid must have been one of masterly acquirement and skill, and with accurate knowledge of the earth's shape, size and motions, and that the distance of the sun could not have been unknown to him.

And it may well be said that notwithstanding all the theories that have been proposed, and all the doubt and ridicule to which those theories have been subjected, it is yet apparent that there are some things most wonderful and inexplicable about the fabric. Numerous passages from the works of learned explorers might be given to substantiate this. Mr. Ferguson, author of the celebrated *History of Architecture*, calls the great Pyramid "the most perfect and gigantic specimen of masonry that the world has yet seen." And our own countryman, Mr. Henry Mitchell, chief hydrographer to the United States Coast Survey, who in 1865 was sent to report on the progress of the Suez canal, remarks that the great Pyramid is a monument standing "in a more important physical situation than any other building yet erected by man."

But it is not worth while to occupy space with details of the many theories that have been proposed. Nor would it be modest in me to insist on any opinion of my own. It is easy for a romantic mind to conceive some fanciful theory, and if the theorist happens to be of a religious turn he will be very likely to favor the idea of divine direction. Some of the most popular and, it may be said, most absurd ideas about the Pyramids have been propounded by persons who have never explored or even seen them; not that such exploration as most could give would afford any certain light, but occasionally a ridiculous error might be avoided. It is not easy, however, to convict of error on points regarding which

all are about equally ignorant. But I am not fascinated by the supernatural idea.

The inside measurement of the sarcophagus in the King's chamber is something more than six feet in length, two feet in width and three in depth. There is a ledge along the top, evidently intended for the sitting in of a lid. The dimensions and other appearances certainly indicate that it was intended for the reception of a body, and the superficial observer, at least, would at once ask what it could have been intended for if not for that. It was evidently the prevailing opinion among the ancients that all the Pyramids were erected for sepulchral uses. And while our modern philosophers concur in the opinion that all the others were so designed, it seems natural to ask why not Cheops also?

The Arabs in the vicinity evidently believe the great Pyramid to be a royal mausoleum. It is true that the sarcophagus is by no means conclusive on the point, for there is not sufficient evidence that human remains were found in it, though the objection based on the circumstance that the entrance passage is not sufficiently wide to admit of carrying it through is of little moment, as it might have been placed there while the building was in progress, and the body taken in afterwards.

Before dismissing the question of the age of the great Pyramid it may be remarked that it has of late been strenuously claimed that it tells its own story, gives its own age. It would be wearying to go into minute detail as to the manner in which it

does this, for it is not done in direct terms, and it is sufficient to say that the claim is, that in its position and construction reference was had to positive astronomical facts, and those facts prove it to have been erected about the year 2170 before the Christian era. This I think is the conclusion of Mr. Smyth, the astronomer royal of Scotland, and hence he makes the age to be now about 4,000 years. If the astronomical evidence is accepted it is certain that the builders were extraordinarily proficient in natural science, or that the work was done under special divine direction. We, however, find that great scientific lights differ here as in most other cases, for Mr. Proctor, the famous English astronomer, shows by calculations and reasoning, satisfactory at least to himself, that sidereal coincidences similar to those occurring 2170 years also occurred 3300 years before Christ, which would make the age, instead of 4000 years, greater than the age of the earth itself, according to the former by accepted chronology.

But time would be almost wasted in attempting further examination on these points. And the only satisfactory conclusion seems to be that the world does not now, and probably never will know when, by whom, or for what purpose the great Pyramid was reared. Says the poet: —

"I asked of *Time*, 'To whom arose this high Majestic pile?' . . .
He answered not . . .
To *Fame* I turned . . .
She heaved a sigh, as one to grief a prey,
And silent downward cast her mournful eye.

I saw *Oblivion* stalk from stone to stone;
'Dread power,' I cried, 'tell me whose vast design'—
He checked my further speech, in sullen tone;
'Whose once it was, I care not; *now* 'tis mine.'

The Pyramids are not mentioned by name in our version of the Bible, which is a little remarkable, for there can be no doubt that they were a wonder of the world in old Bible times; but those who are fond of interpreting Holy Writ in a way to accord with their preconceived views, or with some favorite theory, find various passages that they claim allude to them; for instance, they tell us that in the 19th verse of the 19th chapter of Isaiah, the words "altar" and "pillar" had better have been translated pyramid.

Some of the most interesting Bible scenes must have been enacted in the immediate vicinity. Abraham, Moses and Aaron must have often been in sight of them. The stripling Joseph, as he was brought on by the Ishmaelites after their purchase of him from his brethren, must have passed near them. Cheops overlooks the very spot where, it is alleged, Joseph and Mary, with the child Jesus, paused for rest when fleeing from their own land to avoid the murderous edict of Herod. In the plague of darkness they must have loomed up like murky spectres, and the "very grievous hail" must have rattled powerless against their sturdy sides, unless, being in the Land of Goshen, they were exempt. — (*Exodus* 9: 26.)

"All things dread time; but time itself dreads

he Pyramids," is an Oriental saying. Time, however, though it could not destroy has roughly treated them, or rather men's hands have done the vandal work. They now appear like huge rough masses of gray stone, but wrought in a masterly manner and admirably laid. It is, however, entirely certain if the statements of Herodotus are to be credited, that they were once cased with polished stone, covered with writing decipherable by learned ones 3000 years ago. Some of these beautiful casings are declared to now exist in the walls of old mosques in Cairo, they having been taken in the early days of Mohammedanism for use in the construction of the sacred edifices.

Herodotus, the Greek historian, who flourished nearly five hundred years before the Christian era, and has been called the father of history, visited the Pyramids and took great pains to examine them in detail. He has left an account, in which he asserts, among other particulars, that in the building of Cheops 100,000 men were employed twenty years. Strabo, who lived in the time of our Saviour, also gives an account of them. And both these writers state the height of Cheops to be much greater than it is now found to be. Herodotus states it to be 800 feet and Strabo 625.

The present height of Cheops is a little short of 500 feet. But differences as to measurement may be accounted for by the fact that from time to time tons of stone have been taken to be used in the buildings of Cairo and adjacent places. The sand

has so accumulated at the base as to apparently much reduce the height. It is believed to have originally gone up to a point, but now there is at the top a platform something rising thirty feet square, large enough, as the Arabs say, for eleven camels to lie down. And probably any camel that got up there would be prepared to lie down, never to rise again.

The extent of ground covered by the great Pyramid is between twelve and thirteen acres; and some conception of its magnitude may be had by supposing a stone structure covering that space and rising to the great height of fifty stories, or, as Herodotus has it, eighty stories. The Washington monument is 555 feet high, but it is a single shaft. And when the good-natured Sheik told me that he had heard that the people of America were trying to build something that would overtop his proud old pile, I had some misgiving, as with a significant tap on the shoulder I assured him that we were in a way to have a monument that his chiselled mountain would have to stretch its neck to overlook.

An Arab physician of the twelfth century, in speaking of the inscriptions on the polished casing stones, says they were so multitudinous that if those on only two of the pyramids were copied, more than ten thousand books would be filled. He likewise speaks admiringly of the skill with which the casing stones were laid, saying that their adjustment was so perfect that not even a needle or hair could be inserted between any two. There is an

Arab tradition that there appeared on one of the casing stones this suggestive annunciation of the architect — "I have built, and whoever considers himself powerful may try to destroy. Let him, however, reflect that to destroy is easier than to build."

As to the weight of stone in the great Pyramid, curious estimates have been made in different ages. One old philosopher skilled in mathematics places the amount at 6,300,000 tons. And it has of late been claimed that in the structure itself there is a record of its own weight, as well as age, a record which places it at 5,273,834 tons. If it is satisfactorily proved that this record really exists we have something reliable.

The total weight of stone used in the construction of our Washington Monument is stated to be 81,120 tons; which is, in round numbers, about one sixty-sixth of the amount used in the Pyramid. Here we have the data for a comparison comprehensive and to a degree authoritative. So let us conceive, if we can, of a monumental erection equal to sixty-six of the Washington Monument. If all the stones of the Pyramid were carried up in a shaft like that of the monument, it would rise to a height of some 34,000 feet instead of 555, the height of the monument.

The cost of the Washington Monument is stated at \$1,187,710; but what the cost of the Pyramid was will never be known, unless some modern keen-eyed explorer shall find in it a record of its

cost as well as its age and weight. We cannot know whether the laborers were volunteers, slaves, or wage workers. But those who are curious in such matters may make a calculation as to what it would cost here in our own country, and at the present time, to build a pyramid of the dimensions of Cheops. We may not know how smart the old workmen were, or under what advantages or disadvantages they labored, though it may be supposed that the overseers and taskmasters kept them busy and required full hours, and they probably had few if any "strikes."

Taking the statement of Herodotus as to the number of workmen and the time employed, and assigning to each \$1 per day, we should find the total for workmen to be \$730,000,000. And by adding to that an equal amount for materials, engineering and other expenses, we should find the cost of Cheops to be about \$1,460,000,000. Calculations like these may not be of special value to any one who has no expectation of figuring for a contract at pyramid building, but may amuse the curious. It seems to have been admitted in all ages that the architect who planned and supervised the building of the great Pyramid was one of marvellous accomplishments. This is shown, among other things, by the fact that the exterior is of sand stone, not hard enough to become brittle and peel off, nor liable to be disintegrated and crumble away in such a climate as that of Egypt, while for the interior, where there is no exposure to the sun, and the tempera-

ture is essentially the same age after age, granite is used. The color of the exterior stone is lightish gray.

Some have imagined that the Pyramids were not built of real stone, but of some sort of concrete, because, as they assert, it would have been impossible to raise such enormous blocks to their places by any mechanical power now known. But among the "lost arts" may have been that very power. I am quite sure that no one who ever saw the blocks would doubt that they are of real solid stone. And besides, it must have been a wonderful kind of concrete to have preserved its integrity for four thousand years. And, still further, there yet remain in the vicinity immense quantities of waste stone and stone fragments evidently chipped off by the workmen in adjusting the blocks — such quantities as to considerably increase the size of the rocky plateau on the side where they were dumped; and though the sands of ages have been drifting over them, they may yet be readily exhumed.

Of all the Seven Wonders of the world which for ages remained the boast of the nations, the Great Pyramid, the greatest of the Seven, only remains. And may it stand for ages yet to come, indisputable evidence of the genius and skill of man in his earlier years!

"Enduring pile! thou art the link that binds
The memories of reflective minds —
Vast mass of monumental rock sublime,
That to the present Age dost join the Youth of Time."

There are about forty pyramids in Egypt; but the Gizeh group of three, in the vicinity of Cairo, are usually spoken of as *the* Pyramids. And of these, Cheops, the one into which I descended, is that called *the Great Pyramid*, and was the crowning glory of the necropolis of ancient Memphis.

THE SPHINX.

After leaving the Pyramids, the Sheik volunteered to go with us to the Sphinx, which rears its strangely attractive visage a few hundred feet away. Great doubt formerly existed as to the age of this wonderful specimen of the sculptor's art. Some declared that it must have stood there before the foundation stones of the great Pyramid were laid, while others supposed it to be a work of a later period. But it seems from the more recent discoveries and deductions that the two must be referred to about the same period; a period that will, undoubtedly, forever remain undetermined.

To me there seemed nothing disagreeable in the now time-marked features; on the contrary, they were rather prepossessing. But the loss of the nose, of course, very much damages the general effect of the facial lines. Whoever the directing sculptor was, he undoubtedly had a rare conception of the true dignity and beauty of the human face.

While in that grim presence, I was seized with an irresistible desire to become possessor of some little bit as a memorial of my visit. While endeavoring to loosen a scrap, the Sheik saw what I was

trying to do, came up, and instead of pushing me away, as he would have been justified in doing, readily assisted me in getting all I wanted. But the example was a bad one and I hope will not be followed. The Pyramids themselves would in time disappear if the countless numbers of those who visit them were all relic-hunters. From some unexplainable cause, as before remarked, I fancied that I had found special favor in the eye of the Sheik.

I cannot say what the precise nature of the Sheik's authority is, or how far his jurisdiction extends, but suppose his claims are based on some tribal rights of a feudal nature. His authority seems to be unquestioned, and he appears ready to hold himself responsible to travelers for the faithful conduct of those whom he assigns for their service. He is a man quite up to the ordinary size, well proportioned, has a pleasant cast of countenance, frequently lighted up with a genial smile, has bright eyes and white teeth, is verging on old age, dresses well, and on the whole favorably impresses strangers. He was dressed in the oriental style, and knew enough English to understand and be understood.

From the sandy height on which the Pyramids and the Sphinx stand, the Nile and its luxuriant border of green may for miles be discerned; Cairo, too, and the desert heights beyond.

While scrambling along the almost suffocating interior passage of the Pyramid, there were other reflections than the sentimental to occupy the mind,

else, we might have reflected that along the same dim and dangerous way, princes and warriors, historians and philosophers, have groped in long and somber procession. And while gazing upon the exterior, we might have reflected that for forty centuries the wondering eyes of the world have been directed upward to its giant proportions, as well as that, from its breezy height the eye of forty centuries has looked downward upon a struggling world.

CITADEL OF CAIRO.

In the afternoon of the same day, with the young gentleman teacher, I took a donkey ride to the Citadel of Cairo. These donkeys are diminutive animals, but docile and wonderfully strong. All classes ride on them, and there are such multitudes standing about, "all saddled and bridled," that one can be obtained at any moment. They indeed supply the place of street cars.

The Citadel is one of the chief attractions for the traveler. From it a very comprehensive view of the city may be had. The graceful minarets that rise in every quarter—four hundred, it is claimed—the numerous domes, large and small, that add so much to the dignity of Moslem architecture, and the many stately edifices in all varieties of oriental and European style, attract the eye. Glimpses of the venerable river may be here and there had, and the gray old Pyramids loom up in the distance. And far away, upon either hand, is

the yellow outline of the desert sands that bound the verdant valley of the Nile.

At the Citadel is the noble Mosque of Mehemet Ali, one of the finest in the Moslem world, its two tall and chaste minarets, with the stately dome between, being distinguishable from a great distance. It is of white marble, with colonnades of alabaster. Around the exterior runs a broad line in large Arabic characters, recording I suppose passages from the Koran.

Near the principal entrance we found some half-dozen venerable-looking devotees seated upon the pavement, to whom we signified our desire to see the interior, whereupon one of them readily took us in charge. Before entering the hallowed courts we were required to encase our feet, shoes and all, in large red moccasin-like slippers, which were put on and carefully tied about the ankles by the attendant. So equipped we entered and found ourselves in a truly noble edifice, beautiful in its rich simplicity and freedom from ostentatious display. The polished marbles of the floor, the alabaster columns and casings, the wide circles of lamps, the beautifully-colored walls and stained windows, were all worthy of admiration. And looking upward from the center, there being no seats, it seemed as if the dome were as lofty and the proportions as graceful as those of St. Paul's in London. In one corner, protected by a high railing of gilt iron, is the stately tomb of Mehemet Ali, before which even now many a devout Moslem pauses for meditation.

It is generally supposed by travelers that the requirements as to the coverings of Christian feet, before entering a Mosque, arise from fear of desecrating the sanctity of the holy places, but I am inclined to the opinion that it is not so much a fear of desecrating the sanctity as a fear of soiling the beautiful rugs and polished pavements.

While lingering in the Citadel, naturally enough a crowd of harrowing thoughts pressed upon the mind. Right there where we then stood, on that rueful first of March, 1811, was the slaughter of the Mamelukes accomplished. It need not be repeated that they had been summoned — decoyed is a better word — by the great captain Mehemet Ali, to partake of a feast. The banquet ended, and the guests prepared to mount their steeds and depart; when lo, the ponderous gates were found closed and all means of egress prevented. They were entrapped and in an unyielding prison. And then, before they had time to ask what such strange proceedings meant, the work of death commenced upon them. But one of the whole 1600 escaped the slaughter, and he by the wondrous leap of his noble horse over the rocky height, losing his own life in saving that of his master. Emin Bey was the only one of the Mamelukes who escaped.

A while after as Mehemet Ali was sitting in public to receive the petitions of those who sought his favor, there came, forcing a way through the motley assembly, a person in the rather forlorn apparel of an Arab woman, who, on reaching the

divan whereon the arbitrator sat, knelt, gave the oriental salute, and then arising let drop the disguise, and revealed the form of Emin Bey, the escaped Mameluke. What the feelings of Mehemet Ali were on perceiving that unheralded apparition cannot be known; but he does not appear to have had any fears or any resentment. Indeed he seems to have been fortified by a sort of satisfaction that he had done his duty. Nor does it appear that Emin Bey entertained the bitter feeling that might have been expected. A truce seems at once to have been established. The one bestowed riches and honors and the other accepted the same unhesitatingly. Such is Moslem character.

The moving inducement for the destruction of the Mamelukes seems to have been, at least in the mind of Mehemet Ali, their pertinacious opposition to his efforts to relieve the Egyptian people from the heavy burdens they had so long been fated to bear. He was what we of this day call a progressive ruler; one desirous of raising the people to a higher level; while the Mamelukes were inclined to keep things much as they were. He was by no means devoid of ambition and inspired many with the belief that, as success attended him, he would go on step by step to the most arbitrary assumptions. The violent way of accomplishing his purpose was probably the most effectual that commended itself to his barbaric mind.

Standing within the stately Mosque there at the Citadel, and viewing the mausoleum where rest the

remains of Mehemet Ali, at whose command the bloody work was done, the thought occurred that more than one such magnificent erection would be required to atone for that horrid massacre. He died in 1849, at the age of eighty-one.

Leaving the Mosque we remounted our donkeys and rode down from the Citadel, pausing a moment to look upon the white monuments that marked the graves of the sacrificed Mamelukes, the setting sun shedding a serene light upon the green expanse in which they stood.

The Citadel of Cairo dates back to the twelfth century and was built by the renowned Saladin, whose warlike arm so frequently and so heavily fell on the armies of Christendom during the crusade, his great antagonist being Cœur de Lion.

It was about dusk when we regained the crowded streets of the city. I was not so expert a rider as my companion, who trotted on in a manner enviable for its gracefulness, and his donkey seemed proud of his burden. But somehow or other my beast and I had continual disagreements as to the rate of speed and course. True, our disagreements did not break out into oral dispute, as was the case with Balaam and his four-footed friend, for I was prudent enough to make no hasty threats. But I could not help fancying, now and then, by the way he shook his head and worked his ears, that he might be considering whether he or the one upon his back were the greater donkey. However, on we went, the owner, as is common in such cases, running by our

side, and shouting to the people to clear the way as if a Pasha or John Gilpin were on the road. But after all, we had the mortification to find that we created very little sensation, a fact for which I found comfort in the well-known immobility of Moslem temperament.

The architecture of old Cairo is Arabian, the latticed windows often overhanging the narrow streets, many of them so narrow that it is inconvenient for more than two people to walk abreast; the buildings are of stone and tall. There is not much exterior ornament about them, but the interiors for the most part are richly furnished and well adapted to the mode of living.

Living in Cairo is not so cheap as in some other parts of the East, though it is not so dear as in America. It may perhaps with truth be said that our country is the dearest in the civilized world; but then, to counterbalance, the earnings are somewhat in proportion. For my hotel accommodations in Cairo, which included everything commonly coming under the head of board and lodging, and I must say all was very good, I paid about two dollars per day. Ten francs was what they called it. But it is difficult, sometimes, to tell how much one really does pay for a thing, there is such a variety of currency. When I settled my bill, I took in change English, French, Austrian, Spanish, Greek and Egyptian coin, and when attempting to pass some of it found a good deal of doubt as to its rela-

tive value. The worth of English gold, however, is well understood, and it is exceedingly attractive to the people. Even the Sheik at the Pyramids asked if we had not a piece or two to give him for other money.

And this leads to a word about the money changers of the East. One sees about the streets their table-stands, much resembling the peanut boards of our country, with little heaps of coin instead of fruit. These "curbstone brokers" do an active business in changing the different kinds of money. But I sometimes wondered if the exposed condition of their tables did not lead to losses greater than the profits by snatch-thieves. On one occasion I wanted to change a piece and went to a stand near a corner where multitudes were constantly passing. The keeper was absent, and I had to wait a little while for him to return. He might have kept an eye on his treasure, though I did not see how he could have caught a thief had he seen one. Either the proprietor had unbounded faith in the honesty of the people or the people had a wholesome fear of the consequences of stealing — perhaps both.

One of the most noticeable things in these Eastern countries is the absence of females, in the streets, in the cars, in all public places. A few European ladies are met, but the natives are so seldom seen as to be almost regarded as curiosities. Their absence from all public places of amusement gives an air of dulness to what might otherwise prove spirited and attractive. The opera and theatre

languish notwithstanding the fostering care of government.

While at the Pyramids we had an opportunity to purchase old coins and other relics in as large numbers as desired, for the Arabs were eager to sell at trifling prices. But I felt so doubtful of their being genuine, and my credulity was so strengthened by the opinion of my companion, the teacher, that I only took one or two, though the Arabs earnestly and with apparent honesty asserted that they were genuine. I thought my little purchase would do very well as a reminder of my visit, if for nothing else. But at the dinner table in Cairo, that evening, there sat opposite us a Greek professor who is considered high authority in all matters pertaining to Egyptology. My companion was acquainted with him and, handing him one of the coins, asked his opinion. He examined it carefully and pronounced it a genuine piece, of the time, I think he said, of Cleopatra.

Then we were sorry that our ignorance and incredulity had prevented our obtaining a larger number. My experience with the coinmongers at Malta had tended to make me over-cautious, perhaps; as it is no doubt true that immense quantities of spurious "antiquities" are manufactured in England and sent out to be disposed of in these countries. The Arabs had some other very curious relics which they with the same earnestness declared were genuine, but for which we declined to give the trifle asked. The fact however is there are great num-

bers of ancient coins and other small relics found by the Arabs as they delve among the ruins and mouse in the dust of the tombs. Some are found by children. The finders care nothing for them as antiquities, and only value them for what they will purchase. In common traffic they will not pass at all, and whatever a stranger will give is clear gain. Incredulity in these matters perhaps leads to error as often as credulity.

The very poor in Egypt, those who burrow in the mud hovels, live miserably enough. A handful of dates, a little sugar-cane to chew, and one or two oranges, often make a meal. They cannot have much of what we call home comfort, but yet they generally have a healthy look, and the children seem bright and active. The camels and donkeys appear to be the hardest workers, though men, sometimes women and children, may be seen in the field slowly delving with their primitive implements. But little of the thrift, tidiness and activity, such as is seen in our country, is perceptible. They have so long suffered under every kind of oppression that they have become disheartened almost to the verge of despair. And I could not help thinking, as I saw the forlorn condition of many of them, that if the Israelites during their captivity in this same naturally beautiful country were subjected to such hardships, they were not so much to blame, when the day of departure came, for endeavoring to square accounts, in a measure, with their taskmasters and taskmistresses, by despoiling them of

their ornaments of gold under pretense of borrowing, the only way in which they could get possession.

Travelers have much to say about what they are pleased to call the universal disposition to cheat manifested by the traders of the Orient. But they evidently mistake custom for principle. Their "theory" of traffic is different from ours, but not necessarily more fraudulent. The "one price" system is not known to them. They get as much profit as they can on an article; just as we do in real estate. We buy a piece of land and consider it all right to sell at the greatest advance we can get. That is all they do. At first I was over-cautious in bargaining for such little things as I happened to want, but after a short time had no trouble. My way was to ask the price of an article, and when it was stated, offer not more than half the sum named. Occasionally I would be met with the reply that it cost more, in which case a little advance would be necessary; but in hardly any instance did I pay more than half the price first stated. The shop-keeper will give a price and then leave it for the customer to make an offer. As I said, we do about the same thing in real estate transactions; but they carry the principle into minute matters where it sometimes becomes almost amusing. A newsboy came into the car at Cairo with the morning papers, and I thought I would purchase one as a curiosity, not expecting to be much edified by the perusal, as it was printed in

Arabic. I took the smallest coin I had to offer in payment, when a gentleman sitting near and seeing what I was about to do, signified that it would be too much. He took my coin and handed me two smaller ones, giving me to understand that one was sufficient for the paper. I gave one to the boy and he seemed satisfied, but, as if on second thought, held out his hand for the other; whereupon my intercessor made such a demonstration that the young jockey suddenly disappeared. I do not, however, suppose the boy thought of cheating while getting the most he could for his paper. It must be admitted, at least so far as strangers are concerned, that this mode of trading is annoying, but it is not necessarily a fraudulent system, any more than the class of our transactions alluded to.

I am gratified in being able to say that in all my wanderings in the East, I have uniformly met with the most courteous treatment by the people, whether in bazaars, the streets, or public conveyances. Possibly my gray hairs may have had some influence here. I can call to mind numerous instances which flatly contradict the oft-repeated tale of travelers that to the Moslem a Christian is an object of contempt. I saw nothing of the kind and might relate many little facts to show the contrary. I recollect that in the railroad car on the passage from Cairo to Alexandria there sat near me an elderly man, a Turk or Egyptian, as I judged from his dress, or at least a Moslem, of very respectable appearance, accompanied by his son of eighteen

or twenty years. At noon they spread out their repast on a vacant seat, a proceeding very common thereabout, and at once invited me to partake with them. I was not hungry, but took a piece of bread as I wished to taste it, having seen so much of the same kind for sale about the streets. They seemed gratified and urged upon me an orange or two. They left the car at one of the large towns and on alighting the old gentleman gave me the Oriental good-bye salute, and the son, who had evidently seen something of European customs, shook me warmly by the hand.

The indiscreet liberality of some of our wealthy countrymen who visit foreign lands occasionally works mischief for us tourists of the other sort, as it is often inconvenient for one to be thought richer than he really is — though possibly there is as much inconvenience in being thought poorer. The prodigality alluded to has given rise to the very general impression that all Americans are rich; and on account of that impression no doubt some, who can ill afford to be more than simply just in their disbursements, are made to bear the imputation of meanness. As I was passing through one of the Cairo bazaars, and paused at a stall to examine some articles, the keeper, who was sitting with his legs coiled like a tailor at work upon his bench, in imperfect English invited me to seat myself beside him for a talk. I accepted his invitation, and imitating his leg-arrangement as well as I could, sat discussing matters with him for some time, though

the difficulties of language made our discussions move slowly, and sometimes to the amusement or confusion of both. He somehow perceived that I was from America, and immediately began to press me to purchase this and that. I bought a few trinkets, and then in reply to his continued urgings told him I had no more money to spare. This seemed to surprise him. "All Americans are rich," said he. And the same was said by one of the Arabs at the Pyramids. It was rather a new thing for me to suffer annoyance from the imputation of being rich, but I endeavored to bear up with complacency.

The climate of Egypt is very genial during our winter months, frost and snow are unknown, and husbandry can be pursued the year around. The air is clear and the sunset and moonlight scenes grand in the extreme. A view from the Citadel at morning or evening will well repay the fatigue of many a weary mile.

I cannot easily forget the beauty of the night and the striking scene witnessed on my first arrival in Cairo. The air was clear and balmy and the bright moon shed an indescribable lustre upon the stately domes and graceful minarets. A gentle breeze swept up the valley of the Nile, swaying the spectral arms of the noble palms and other tropical trees and flowering shrubs that adorned the gardens and squares. And here and there were groups, in picturesque costume, reclining in listless Oriental postures, as if listening to story or gossip, and

eminding one of scenes in the "Arabian Nights," while in some of the streets the restless tramp of busy throngs went on.

Cairo is a large, an old, and a famous city; one that during its long existence has experienced the vicissitudes as well as the smiles of fortune. War, pestilence and famine, have in turn left their desolating marks, and even now the premonitory throes of some great change are felt. The older streets are narrow, with lofty stone buildings, many of which have the appearance of great age, though here is not much that indicates positive decay. Some of the newer, Frenchified sections have spacious streets, with buildings that would grace many a modern European city. The houses have flat roofs, which afford agreeable promenades, and on summer evenings are much occupied. The bazaars are well supplied with the rich goods of the East as well as with those more commonly required by every-day wants.

To the native Egyptian, the Nile is a sacred stream, the source of his nation's former grandeur and glory. And it is still a stream of wealth, though at present its riches flow into other hands. The water contains an extremely fertilizing sediment. Wherever it is applied, to trees, to field or ornamental vegetation, its quickening effects are speedily apparent, and the annual overflow is Nature's great process of manuring. As drinking water it is pronounced most healthful, and when filtered, is clear and uncommonly pleasant to the

taste. There is a saying that the ancient inhabitants sometimes ate salt to create thirst, that they might enjoy the drinking. But from what I saw I should judge that some of the modern residents hardly prefer it to good beer or thick, black Mocha coffee.

The beneficent old Nile may yet become the source of regeneration to the now depressed land. The present agitations, there is reason to hope, will result in permanent good, in sweeping away the political, the social, and, may it not be added, the religious rubbish of long ages. And when the good time arrives, the "star of empire," having completed its western course around the world, will again arise and shed its revivifying and restoring beams in that God-loved land.

GOOD-BYE TO EGYPT.

But my very pleasant stay in Egypt came too speedily to an end, and I left Alexandria in the steamship *Ararat*, bound for Liverpool. And by the way, Liverpool, so far as voyaging is concerned, is about half way between Alexandria and New York.

Short as my stay in the land of the Pharaohs had been, it was full of interest, and some of my unique experiences will remain ineffaceable. The beautiful skies and balmy airs, the picturesque phases of Eastern life, all had attractions. And the many little acts of kindness and considerate attention it was my lot to experience among those far-off strangers contributed largely to elevate my

faith in the essential goodness of human nature, cultivated or uncultivated.

Perhaps I was not so much carried away in the contemplation of antiquities as some of a more sentimental or devotional spirit would have been. But yet no one can be in such a land, a land where at almost every step appear reminders of momentous historical events and Bible scenes, and pass unheeding by.

The same old river, so sacred and so venerated through all the known ages, still rolls on in the same placid dignity that it did when Egyptian civilization crowned its banks with structures which man in later ages has failed to approach in grandeur, in sombre beauty, in durability — when historians, philosophers, kings and warriors mused or triumphed there — yes, and when the captive Hebrews toiled at their ignominious tasks, when the consuming plagues came, and when the cunning Hebrew maids and matrons filed off with their purloined jewelry.

And then to think of the countless numbers of old Egypt's worthies who yet sleep in the tombs that abound within the gurgling sound of the waters, to say nothing of the multitudes, whose richly-adorned resting-places have been rifled by barbaric hands of the precious deposits, and left open to the drifting desert sands.

It is with a kind of awe that we gaze upon the Pyramids, those mysterious old piles; and upon the grave old Sphinx which has stood in solemn state, reviewing the onward march of untold genera-

tions. And as I stood there, perhaps where their very foot-prints were left, it was curious to imagine what were the thoughts of Potiphar, of Joseph, of Moses in roving boyhood, of Mahomet, Plato, Herodotus, Strabo, Alexander, Cleopatra, Belzoni, Bonaparte, and hosts of others of undying name, who have lingered in the eddying sands scanning the noble proportions of those now inscrutable relics of a long-lost age.

Not far from Cairo is the spot where it is alleged the infant Moses was found by Pharaoh's romping daughter as she sported among the rushes. And somewhat farther from the river bank is the supposed place where Joseph and Mary, with the infant Jesus, paused for rest when they fled into Egypt to avoid the murderous edict of Herod. And connected with that sacred spot is a strange legend concerning the rueful race of wanderers known, the world over, as Gipsies — the name being merely a contraction of "Egyptians." The tradition asserts that when the little family — Joseph, Mary, and the babe, — weary and forlorn, reached this spot and craved of the few dwellers thereabout shelter and permission to rest, they were inhospitably spurned; for which heartlessness a curse fell upon them and they were required to disperse, and they and their descendants to commence an unending march up and down the earth, homeless, hopeless and despised of all men — a weird conceit, similar to that touching the pauseless tramp of the Wandering Jew.

Among the native population of Eastern countries, Egypt in particular, drunkenness is almost literally unknown. One may traverse the streets of Cairo, for instance, whether streets of the better or poorer class, day by day and night by night, and not see an intoxicated person, excepting possibly a staggerer in Christian garb. Nor is the eye pained by the sight of drinking saloons such as are seen in Christian countries, for the Koran makes drunkenness a mortal sin. Neither will one meet any of the class known among us as night-walkers. Indeed, there are hardly any of the petty crimes, such as those on which our police and other inferior courts live and thrive, committed by the native Egyptians. Offences are committed, but not such as are incited by the use of liquor. Gossiping and drinking "saloons" there are, but the drink is coffee, and no screens conceal the partakers. Religion, no doubt, has much to do here. Our Bible is not so uncompromisingly hostile to the use of wine as the Koran; if it were, perhaps we should see less of the evil of intemperance in our own land, for a prohibition that becomes a part of one's religion is likely to exercise the highest control.

It is an indisputable fact, wink at it as we may, or deny it as we may, that we Americans, as a nation, are the most devoted worshippers of Mammon in the civilized world. The observant tourist in the old countries at once becomes convinced of this. And it is refreshing to minds not so hampered as

most of ours are by chains of gold, to mingle with those who are not so fettered, and who look to some higher source for life's enjoyment. Less cultivated in many cases they may be, but cultivation and independence of thought are quite different things. And the true source of happiness is not exclusively the gold mine.

I was greatly interested, in different places, in watching the sports of children in the streets, to see the little olive faces radiate and the dark eyes sparkle during the absorbing contests. In Alexandria and Cairo as well as in Algiers and Malta, I could not avoid occasionally pausing to watch the progress of their games. And it was really wonderful to see how readily the little fellows adapted themselves to circumstances, and bridged over threatened difficulties. But then the juvenile mind as well as body is pliant and quick in action. Some would be in oriental, some in occidental and some in mixed costume; but all such differences were lost sight of in playground eagerness. Some would jabber in Arabic, some in English, French, Greek or Italian; and some in their ardor would seem to mix the whole together. Most of them appeared to be able to speak more than one language; but such as could not were instantly helped out by their companions, who made off-hand translations with a celerity that would astonish most professors, and with an accuracy that never seemed to be questioned.

As to the Mahometan religion, it struck me that

we Christians know as little about it as Mahometans know about Christianity, and that we and they have much the same estimate of the value of each other's profession. They seem generally to conclude that the Koran teaches that all will be finally brought into the realms of bliss — bliss, however, consisting more in physical delights than spiritual elevation; some desperate sinners, however, being compelled to undergo ages of expiatory suffering before restoration. Yet there are different interpretations of vital passages of their sacred book; perhaps as many and as great differences as we Christians entertain touching vital passages in our charter of faith. But when we come to real, downright, outspoken unbelievers, our turbaned friends seem to be able to boast of far the smaller number. But neither they nor we have any too much religion. The Mahometans have their sacred day, the Jews theirs, and the Christians theirs; and among them all there appear to be hardly any Sabbath observances at all. At Alexandria and Cairo, at least, things went on much the same every day.

To the New Englander, who would visit the East, Syria, Egypt, or Palestine, for health or pleasure, the season of the year is of great importance. If he leaves home by steamer in the early part of September, and does not loiter much in Europe, he will ordinarily find himself in the countries named at a favorable time — a time when he can count on clear skies and agreeable temperature. He will have opportunity for an extensive tour

before disagreeable climatic changes beset him, and he will find an abundance of luscious fruit.

The whole civilized world is indebted to the Mediterranean countries for a supply of excellent tropical fruit, and the cheapness at home is a boon of incalculable value to the poorer native classes; though perhaps if the earth in some sections did not yield so bountifully it would be better for the people by obliging them to bestir themselves enough to sweat out some of their laziness.

But let us take our exodus from Egypt in a regular and orderly way. It was in the beautiful harbor of Alexandria that the ship's agent, a few business men and new-found friends, came on board to bid adieu and invoke for us a prosperous voyage—that the Arab and Jew peddlers made their final endeavors upon our purses—that the native stevedores, shouting and wrangling, cast off in their dirty lighters—and left us to peaceably steam away on the homeward course. And away we steamed in the sunny glories of an Egyptian morning, in which even Pompey's dark pillar looked cheerful and bright—steamed away with pleasant recollections of the genial airs and serene skies of that ancient land, with feelings of reverence for her great history and fervent prayers that she may have a happy deliverance out of her present tribulation, debasement and misery.

At the time we left Alexandria there had recently been one or two isolated cases of cholera, and quar-

antine restrictions were in force at most of the Mediterranean ports. So as the ship had a full cargo for Liverpool, the captain determined to proceed directly there without touching, as usual, at intermediate ports. Indeed, as to the cholera, it may be said that at all times it exists, to some extent, in the East, dormant most of the time, but occasionally, probably by some peculiar atmospheric condition, called into activity, to the great destruction of human life in some of the densely populated quarters, and to the terror of surrounding communities. Efforts have been made to discover the mysterious means by which the fell disease is propagated and commissions have been sent from different countries to examine and report, but no entirely satisfactory conclusion has yet been arrived at; though it is said that the curious fact has been established to the satisfaction of at least one European commission that common garden lettuce is a possible medium of transmission.

I was rather glad that the captain determined to proceed directly to Liverpool, as that port would be reached by the first of January and I could immediately take passage thence for New York, for I had a strong though perhaps foolish curiosity to cross the Atlantic in mid-winter.

CHAPTER XII.

THE HOMEWARD VOYAGE.

THE voyage homeward was not without incidents of marked interest. The ship had unexceptional accommodations and was provided with everything necessary for good living; the officers were thorough seamen, such as are found on all high-class English ships, of obliging manners and not so stately and reserved as some on the Atlantic Cunarders. There was a small but agreeable company of passengers, and the weather was so warm and fine that life on deck was very enjoyable. For several days we had gentle breezes from the Desert of Sahara and they were quite refreshing, though at some seasons the winds from that quarter ripen into the terrible sirocco, and are of sufficient force to be felt in Sicily, Italy, and the Grecian Isles.

Every day we met large vessels and sailing ships. And on one occasion, when nearing Malta, a steamer signalled to ours, anxiously inquiring where they were, having lost their reckoning. They were bound for Malta, but could not tell what course to steer. Our captain informed them, by signal, of their position and then steamed on, as no further assistance was needed. They soon fell to the rear and disappeared beneath the horizon, for ours was much the faster ship. This was in the morning, and they must have reached Malta before night unless some other mishap overtook them. And

here, for one who is accustomed to moralize, an opportunity to indulge is afforded. On the sea of life people often lose their reckoning and, in many cases, being too wilful or too proud to signal for help, finally dash upon rocks more destructive than those that embattle Malta.

From this little incident, I could not help thinking how the ancient mariners must have sometimes become bewildered, as they groped their way over these very waters before the invention of the compass and other nautical instruments and appliances which now make navigation so safe and so rapid.

In the afternoon, we passed Malta so near that the serrated crests and deep defiles were clearly visible; and then Gozo, its rugged adjunct, whose fortunes, good or bad, it has always been fated to share. This islet lies about five miles northwest of Malta, with which it is probably connected by under-sea ledges. Its length is some ten miles and its width about five. Rabato is the chief town, and there are many objects of interest, chiefly antiquarian, to occupy the tourist in a day's ramble, not to mention the abundance of luscious grapes with which he may refresh himself at a price hardly above asking. Inaccessible cliffs guard a considerable part of the coast and, as the isle faded away on the horizon, the declining sun burnishing the peaks of misty gray, a striking picture was afforded.

It has recently been stated in the newspapers that the Pope contemplates removing from Rome

and making Malta his future place of residence. It is hardly probable that such a change will be made at present, though it may with safety be said that His Holiness will not be likely to find any place in the whole Christian world where a more truly devoted Catholic population exists than in Malta.

As we proceeded along the coasts of Tunis, Algiers and Morocco the lofty, broken highlands were frequently in view for long stretches, and sometimes we were sufficiently near to discern cosy settlements with little native fishing and other vessels scudding about the sunny bays.

All along we had the company of numerous sea birds on the wing, ever striving to secure a share of such savory rations as usually fell to the fishes. On a pleasant morning we passed near a flock of albatross quietly rocking upon the waves, and apparently viewing with wonder and scorn the ridiculous antics of a bevy of porpoises that were sporting near, as if out on a holiday time. I remember seeing but one solitary whale in the Mediterranean.

And here I must remark that my conceptions of the science and art of navigation have been greatly enlarged by observing the dexterity with which the ragged reefs and lonely rocks, that rise in castellated grandeur along some parts of the African coast, are avoided in the dark night as well as in the bright day, by the skilled commander, and the accuracy with which he determines his position and the hour at which he will reach a given point.

While speeding along off the Bay of Tunis, for instance, it seemed as if the gigantic barriers rising here and there, on either hand, were so placed by Nature herself as to obstruct the ingress of intruders, and I told the Captain that to me it seemed "extra hazardous," if not in a calm sea and broad daylight, certainly in stormy weather and darkness, to attempt a passage to the city of Tunis which was some thirty miles away. But he seemed to have no thought of danger and went on to speak of the splendid harbor within. In all probability Tunis, if not Tripoli also, will soon become fully recognized as a French dependency — perhaps united with the Algerian government — and then this beautiful bay will become a formidable French naval station. With the English at Malta and Egypt and the French at Algiers and Tunis and perhaps Tripoli, it will not be long before the East takes a place in the catalogue of progressive nations. And then, no doubt, excuses will arise for the enlightened Christian occupants to begin a war among themselves; for through all ages the fact seems to have been verified that man is a fighting animal whatever his moral status or intellectual refinement.

In our American papers we often see such "occupations" flippantly spoken of. England will not permit France to do this, nor France permit England to do that, we are told; or "the powers" will arrange things so and so. I do not think there is half the jealousy, that some imagine, at present existing, and cannot doubt that the occupation of

Egypt by England and Tunis by France would meet the approbation of that mysterious combination "the powers." Perplexing questions of detail might indeed arise, but the main purpose would be approved.

I saw in a Liverpool paper, immediately after my arrival, a statement that the British government had quietly abolished their Consular Court at Tunis. That signified something. And I afterward saw in the *Boston Journal* of May 9 the following despatch : —

ROME, May 8. — Government circles in Italy are very much agitated over a rumor to the effect that a secret coalition has been formed between France and England, by the terms of which France is to vote with England throughout the coming Egyptian Conference. The consideration, that it is reported is to be given to France for this support of England in the latter's Egyptian schemes, is that France shall be left free to work out the designs which she is supposed to have in regard to Tunis and Tripoli.

Now I do not lay claim to any special political forecast, and may have been mistaken both in conclusions and premises ; but as intimated it did all along seem to me as if things were tending towards the end suggested in the despatch, excepting that it was not thought that Italy would be "very much agitated," though she has large interests in the East, and her noble ships may be seen in all the principal ports. But then, supposing France and

England to be determined, what could Italy "do about it," even if Austria should join her?

Consular Courts are anomalous institutions and far too often have borne oppressively on native rights. I was much interested in several conversations had with the captain of one of the English steamers lying in the harbor of Alexandria. He had long been running to Oriental ports, well understood the political condition and commercial state of things in that region, and seemed to have an uncommonly comprehensive forecast of the posture to which matters were fast drifting. It was evidently his belief that the helpless natives had been subjected to great wrongs by those who should have been their protectors; that the Consular Courts were often institutions of oppression rather than justice, and he was especially severe in his denunciation of the arrogance and assumption of some of the Consuls with whom he had dealt. I admired his bluff English honesty and fearless censure of proceedings that admitted of no excuse. In illustration of one of his points he related an incident in which he was himself in some sense an actor — or rather refused to be an actor.

He said that a few years ago he took out, as a passenger, a newly-appointed Consul, fresh from the civil ranks and duly puffed up by the importance of his office. His temperament was such as boded no good to those who were destined to move within his official sphere. While handling one of his boxes before landing, the native baggageman,

by the merest accident, let it fall and it broke. The damage was trifling ; but in a boiling rage the Consul began a violent scolding at what he chose to call inexcusable carelessness. In vain the man apologized and tried to explain. All he got in reply was a spit in the face.

To a Mussulman this was an unendurable insult, especially from a Christian — an insult that in this case was promptly answered by a blow. The Captain being present the disturbance was at once quelled. But the Consul's rage did not soon abate ; he insisted that the man should be immediately arrested and punished with all the severity that such an unpardonable indignity to the representative of a great nation merited, demanding, with a pomposity bordering on insolence, that the Captain should promptly take such action as would insure atonement for the unheard-of insult — well knowing, of course, that when an occurrence of the kind happens on shipboard, the commander's authority comes in question.

To the Consul's imperious demand the Captain calmly replied that it was fortunate he had been a witness of the whole proceeding and was therefore able to act according to knowledge ; that he, the Consul, was entirely in the wrong ; that if he had spit in the face of an English sailor as he did in the face of that man, for a trifling mishap, his first reflections would have come while sprawling upon the deck ; that no paper tending to criminate the man would receive his signature nor any proceed-

ing calculated to result in punishment receive his sanction. There was no remedy then for the damaged Consul's dignity.

But the irate official was not satisfied, and for months nursed his anger; nursed it till the Captain returned on another voyage. His majesty then again appeared with papers that he had prepared, assuming that now of course the Captain would be ready to affix his signature without which nothing could be done. But to his discomfiture the Captain, with a natural amount of vehemence, utterly refused to lift a finger to help him in the proposed wrong. The Consul's confusion and irritation were grievous, but there was no appeal and the matter dropped. The Captain's honest indignation kindled, as he went on with the narration, till it found vent in bouncing expletives which it would not be polite here to repeat.

Probably the reader has not forgotten the disgraceful conduct charged upon a certain United States Consul in Egypt, a few years ago, which resulted in his dismissal. But this is enough about Consular Courts and Consuls.

Great events are about transpiring in the East; old institutions are tottering; old customs and ideas are fast giving place to new and enlarged conceptions; liberal political sentiment is rapidly undermining the ancient despotisms; and more than all, the benign light of Christianity is penetrating some of the darkest places. Commerce, in common with the missionaries, is helping on the regenerating

work. But perhaps above all other influences in the great work, the building of railroads is the most potent.

Something has lately been said in the papers touching the project conceived, I believe by the fertile brain of Baron de Lesseps, of converting the Desert of Sahara into a sea by flowage from the Mediterranean, and the Bey of Tunis, it is said, has signified his consent that it may be done so far as his rights are concerned, though if he did not consent it would probably be all the same with "the powers." If such an undertaking should be accomplished a mighty change would follow, a change the consequences of which it is now impossible to estimate. There would be great meteorological and topographical alterations—alterations that would seriously affect all that quarter of the globe. Italy, France and Spain would feel the effects, as well as the Mediterranean islands generally, to say nothing of various parts of the "dark continent." The area of culture would be enlarged here and diminished there, and the productions would vary as temperatures changed.

But it would occupy far too much space to speak of the many topics worthy of notice that occur to the mind on a passage through that beautiful sea, every league of which presents some point of attraction or object of historical interest.

Christmas day was mild and beautiful, and the sea favorable for recreation on deck. And the Captain, with old English heartiness, had the saloon

decorated and the historical entertainment provided, conspicuous in its place appearing the sumptuous plum pudding surrounded with blue flames and symbolic adornments.

Upon a serene and bright morning we passed Cape Trafalgar, so near that small objects along the shore were clearly discerned; and it did not seem as if those blue, calm waters could ever have been disturbed by fiercely belching hulls, or those sleepy, blue-veiled hills have echoed back the deadly cannon's roar. But so it was; upon that twenty-first of October, 1805, heroic Nelson's victory there over the French and Spanish fleets added another lustrous beam to England's naval fame. But Nelson fell, tarnishing his brilliant name by those strange dying words — "Poor Lady Hamilton!"

As if by some fortuitous coincidence, we presently met a Mediterranean fleet of noble British war steamers bearing the Duke of Edinburgh and other notables. Gibraltar was in full view as we emerged from the Strait on a pleasant morning; and then Cadiz and a Spanish village or two.

And here I am reminded of the following off-hand remark concerning Gibraltar, in one of my letters entitled "On the Mediterranean." "As I leaned upon the ship's rail, I could not avoid the strange thought that at some time in the future, when war again spreads her alarms, some spectral balloon may ascend, suddenly hover over the supposed impregnable heights and drop down such a charge of dynamite as will rend the rocks to their

foundations." This would seem almost prophetic in view of the following paragraph found in an English paper of April 15.

DYNAMITE AT GIBRALTAR. An Italian vessel with twenty tons of dynamite on board anchored in the bay last week, and her papers not being in order, she was detained. Active measures have been taken for the security of the fortress.

Are the authorities in fear then that a Fenian, or a fiendish attempt of some kind to blow up the "impregnable fortress," by the agency suggested, has already been in contemplation?

Soon we were off, rolling upon the broad Atlantic. The weather continued remarkably fine till we neared St. George's Channel, when foggy, dismal English weather began to prevail. But the lordly light of Holyhead soon beamed upon our course, and in due time we arrived in busy Liverpool.

I have here and there alluded to the cost of living in Europe and the East, as compared with our own country. And there is certainly a great deal for us Americans to learn in this direction. I am satisfied that we waste, yes, absolutely waste, what might support a fully equal number. In other words, our living costs double what it need.

From the odds and ends which, by us, are thrown away as refuse, other people, especially the French,

would make soups — not stews — very palatable and nutritious. “ But,” asks one who is as poor as any of us, “ am I to eat the leavings of others? I will have something fresh every day as long as I can get it.” Very well. But what are leavings? He would be an extraordinary provider who could so gauge the appetites of a household that every meal would prove an exact pattern, the “ full-belly-and-empty platter ” measure being beyond the skill of most caterers. In our liberal way of providing there is often as much left as consumed. And why is not the remainder as good as the portion consumed? If it is a little stale, it goes to the fire again, and fire is a great restorer and purifier, if purification is needed.

In the old countries whatever is left is reserved, in some new form perhaps ; nothing is lost through false pride or poverty-tending pampering of appetite. Soups are a great save-all, and it would prove a blessing to our people if they could more frequently be seen upon our tables. But soups are not the only way in which remnants of food may be rendered available, as every thrifty housewife well knows. The cost of living with us would no doubt be greatly reduced if we were not so wasteful. It would make some of our people stare to see how cheaply respectable and well-to-do families live in the old countries.

On the ocean steamers, especially some of those of the Atlantic lines, there is great waste. I was astonished to see what quantities of fresh, whole-

some food were thrown overboard. It seemed as if it was thought a part of duty to feed the fishes. I asked why it was, and in reply was told that there was no other way of disposing of broken food from the saloon tables, there being no opportunity for beggars to come with their baskets. "But why not give it to the sailors, whose provisions are of inferior quality?" "Oh, that would never do; it would make them discontented with what they have and breed quarrels as to who should have the savory bits; they would grumble and shy overboard their own provisions at every opportunity." Perhaps there is something in that; there is at least a touch of human depravity; but if it were not for the leakage here, the price of a passage might be reduced.

"Gather up the fragments that nothing may be lost" is an admonition which is not much heeded in our domestic economy. But it is easier to state facts than convincingly suggest remedies, and so we leave the matter.

Ocean voyaging commends itself very differently to different people. To one who has no terrors of the sea, is not liable to seasickness, and loves undisturbed ease, the longer stretches of sea travel are highly enjoyable. In a well-appointed ship the passenger is surrounded by every convenience; has a home, with all the "modern improvements;" the meals are regular and the table supplied with everything that the delicate or luxurious appetite can crave; he can promenade the deck whenever exercise is

desired, and can retire for repose whenever inclination prompts ; he has genial and sympathetic fellow-passengers, with whom agreeable and enduring friendships may be established, in addition to pleasant daily intercourse. And sometimes attachments are formed that ripen into propitious relations. The few angry seas that are encountered may almost be said to add to the sum of his enjoyment by contrast. For a brief space storms may disturb the minds of the apprehensive and the stomachs of the delicate, but comparatively few really boisterous days are usually experienced. And besides, common dangers awaken the kindlier sympathies, and lead to warmer friendships and attachments as surely as to better resolutions. The hours of storm and tumult on the sea are happily far outnumbered by the days of serenity and nights of gentle rocking. Yet, to persons liable to sea-sickness, water travel can have few charms. Some however are not subject to the grievous affliction, and with that favored class the writer is profoundly thankful that nature has so kindly numbered him. In his whole thirteen thousand miles upon the sea, during which the boisterous Bay of Biscay was twice crossed and the swells off the Gulf of Lyons and the Adriatic encountered, to say nothing of the passages across the Atlantic and through the English and St. George's Channels, not three hours of seasickness were experienced ; and he never, with the solitary exception of one evening meal, missed going regularly to the table with a good appetite.

It is a singular fact that elderly people are more commonly exempt from seasickness than the younger; but whether from their brains having become more steady or more obtuse, I do not know; yet from what I saw it appeared as if young children were little affected.

If to one who knows that he is fast nearing the bourne from which there is no return there is anything, in the whole visible universe, that impresses with a sense of human weakness and insignificance, and the power and greatness of Him who rules the winds and waves, it is an ocean voyage. The ocean has no deadlier chills than its chills to human pride.

In this connection perhaps, as well as in any other, a word may be said concerning passports. Most travelers arm themselves with these as parts of their outfit, and as the cost is but five dollars for two years, it is very well to go thus armed, for there may be occasions when they will prove unexpectedly useful. Russia is about the only European country where passports are now required, yet wars may suddenly break out and render it awkward to be without such protection. Our diplomatic representatives, however, can always be appealed to in a strait. In my own case none was ever demanded, and in one or two consular offices I was told that the requirement was fast going out of fashion all around. But let me now return to Liverpool.

As one threads her princely streets, he cannot fail to be impressed with the idea that he is in a place founded not only on solid ground, but on steadfast English character. Buildings spacious and of the most substantial material; capacious streets lined with glittering stores and traversed by every kind of conveyance convenient for passenger or mercantile traffic; multitudes, of all conditions, hastening hither and thither, meet his gaze. But above all, he is struck by the extraordinary evidences of commercial grandeur and prosperity. The miles of splendid docks, so substantial and so well-conditioned, crowded with ships from every quarter of the globe, and the lofty warehouses stored with the richest products of every clime, at once assure him that he is in the first commercial city of the world.

It is useless to deny that in the Old World there are many things in the common affairs of life that it would be well for us Americans to copy, and which we shall copy as necessity presses upon us. For instance in the matter of street travel. In Europe, generally, as I think was before remarked, the laws require that no street-car or omnibus shall take a larger number of passengers than can be comfortably seated, the number for each car being fixed before it goes on the road; consequently there is no crowding and scolding, and no swearing, oral or mental, such as every day occurs in our public conveyances. Regard for the poor horses as well as for the convenience of passengers, demands some such regulation as this everywhere. But

electricity seems now fast coming to their relief. And on the steam roads, a "guard" looks into each car apartment to see that all is right, before starting.

As the Captain had promised, we arrived in Liverpool on New Year's Day, 1884. And partly for the purpose of making a little break in the journey, I remained there a week, and then took passage for New York in a large and well-appointed mail steamer. We sailed on the 8th, and the next day touched at Queenstown, where we lay four or five hours for the purpose of taking in the part of the mail that had not been received at Liverpool, some passengers and freight.

I was greatly struck by the magnitude of the correspondence between the Old World and the New. An American mail closes at Liverpool and Queenstown three times a week. Our ship took that of Tuesday, and by a fair estimate it amounted to not less than seven hundred bushels.

Queenstown is quite a picturesque place, with its hilly background and capacious harbor, in which may usually be seen a number of noble ships. The adjacent hills were quite green, though it was near mid-winter, and although the latitude is considerably farther north than New England, the moderate temperature is attributable, no doubt, to the proximity of the Gulf Stream. Just before dark, in drizzling, disagreeable weather, we steamed away, and were soon rolling upon the broad Atlantic.

There were on board some two hundred steerage

passengers of both sexes and all ages. I had the curiosity several times to visit their quarters, and must say that I can hardly understand how, with the accommodations they have, they can be brought over at such low prices. They furnish their own bedding and table utensils, such as they are — perhaps a tin pot, tin plate, knife and fork and spoon. The ship furnishes the rest. The food provided is good and plentiful. The bread is made from the same kind of flour and as well baked as the bread upon the saloon tables. Meat, tea and coffee are supplied every day, and at all times any one can resort to the open barrel of sea-biscuit that stands in a common passage.

Of course the privacy of home cannot be had under the circumstances, but care is taken to enforce the best regulations that can be established. All have sense enough to realize the necessity of submitting to inconveniences and endeavor to repress over-fastidious notions, if any they have. And the time is usually passed in social, not perhaps really refined employments and recreations. In my visits I fell in with a number who by their native good sense, education, natural refinement and delicacy of feeling seemed much better fitted for the saloon than some of those who quartered there. Among them were a number of bright and intelligent children, and the young folk sometimes seemed to have right jolly times.

The saloon passengers, about forty in number, formed a cheerful and social company. There

were two or three clergymen among the number, and on the two Sundays impressive religious services were held. There was a piano in the saloon and plenty of good players and singers — at least in their own estimation.

Few vessels are met in crossing the Atlantic in comparison with the numbers seen on the Mediterranean, and there is not near so much to attract attention and interest. The sea was propitious and the temperature mild most of the time till we neared the American coast. But an inhospitable snow-storm greeted our arrival at New York.

DIFFICULTIES OF LANGUAGE.

IT MAY be well to say something regarding the difficulties that the traveller unacquainted with any language but his own may encounter. The perplexity is seldom so formidable as the inexperienced imagine. In almost every place, English-speaking people can readily be found, especially at the large hotels and about the principal railroad stations.

In Paris, English was altogether spoken at the end of the hotel table where I sat, and in Brussels almost all the attendants could to some extent speak the language. I noticed at Antwerp in the railroad station — and I presume the custom is the same in many, if not most other large places — directions to the different offices, waiting rooms and passages posted in three or four languages. I have elsewhere alluded to this as well as to the facility with which a lady passenger at the Belgian frontier

relieved me from the clutches of a custom house officer.

Lounging about the little depot at the battlefield of Waterloo, I found several who could speak sufficient English to be understood, especially when desirous of pressing their services as guides, or when the question of a "tip" became involved.

In one of the Brussels lace factories the polite proprietor, being unable from his deficiency in English to answer some of my inquiries, called his pretty young daughter, who proved quite equal to the task and as we here and there paused to examine some of the beautiful fabrics, she would archly adorn her person with the prettiest, just to show the manner of wearing, though possibly with the latent design of beguiling me into a purchase.

At the various railroad stations could almost always be found hack drivers who knew enough English to give general directions, and they were usually polite and respectful. And if this were the proper place I should much like to say a few words about carriage fares. They are generally lower than with us and there is little danger of being imposed upon, the laws being stringent and rigidly enforced. It is not easy to say what might otherwise be attempted, as human nature is pretty much the same among all people, hackmen not excepted. Not once while abroad did I suffer imposition from one of them. But within half an hour after landing in New York, on my return, there was a bare-faced attempt by a hackman at the pier, who prob-

ably took me to be an inexperienced foreigner just over, to swindle me out of a couple of dollars. I was glad enough that some European travellers with whom I was associated on shipboard, who had with provoking pertinacity insisted that in America the unwary traveller was subjected to every species of petty fraud and imposition, and whose slanders I had often taken upon myself to combat, were not present to witness my discomfiture under such an untoward incident.

Perhaps by giving a few simple details touching my first trip to Antwerp, a sufficient idea of the little embarrassments respecting language, most commonly experienced by the unaccompanied traveller, may be obtained.

On reaching the railroad station in Brussels to take the cars for Antwerp, I found two or three trains apparently firing up for different destinations, and being afraid of taking the wrong one, kept making inquiries which no one seemed to understand. Finally, seeing a conductor on the platform talking with a passenger, I hastened to him but was not understood. The gentleman with whom he was talking, however, immediately pointed to one of the trains saying in very good English, "That is the Antwerp train, and I am going in it." We took seats in the same compartment and he kept up a brisk conversation in French with the only other passenger in the compartment but courteously answered, in English, all my inquiries about lodgings and other accommodations in Antwerp, being

evidently familiar with the city. But notwithstanding his politeness he did not very favorably impress me, though perhaps I misread his facial lines.

Arrived at Antwerp, a young fellow at the station took my luggage and conducted me to a lodging house near by. I inquired at the office if there was any one about who could speak English. A young lady was presently introduced as one accomplished in the mysteries of that tongue. But I soon found that though she knew some English words she had a most incomprehensible way of putting them together. However, she was good-natured and smiling; and as I was in like agreeable trim we got along pretty well till her store of English began to fail and then our interview ended by a laugh in each other's face. I presently afterwards by accident found that the presiding feminine genius of the culinary department — for there was a restaurant connected with this establishment — could speak better English than any of the others, and on several occasions found it expedient to avail myself of her aid, though her accomplishments in that line were by no means brilliant. At the outset however I inadvertently came near forfeiting her good graces, for, being much in want of a good meal, on my arrival, I asked for a beefsteak, which was in due time set before me smoking hot. But the cooking was so different from what I desired that I was obliged to send it back untasted and content myself with a cold cut. The next morning I met her ladyship in a passage way, and on being

asked what I wished for breakfast replied that a good beefsteak would be about the right application for the internal craving. "Yes," said she with a majestic toss of the head, "I had one cooked for you yesterday, but you sent it back without eating a morsel." Realizing that my future gastronomic welfare while there might depend upon the diplomacy of that critical moment, I sought to mollify her by conceding that the steak was unexampled both in quality, cooking and manner of service, yet, coming from a land where such high art had not been attained, and being too old to fall into new ways, I hoped for a little indulgence. The frown was immediately succeeded by a smile, and on explaining how I desired the cooking done I was graciously assured that I should be suited. And I was suited; and never afterwards while remaining had occasion to find half so much fault with her cooking as with her English.

While pacing the deck of the steamer from Antwerp on the passage down the Scheldt, on that delightful evening, I fell into conversation with a young lady passenger, who remarked that she had travelled nearly all over the continent, alone; and though unacquainted with any language but the English, had experienced no difficulty in making a very satisfactory tour — comfortable and enjoyable.

A great many in the Eastern countries are able to make themselves understood in several languages, though perhaps unable to speak any with grammatical precision. It is interesting, as elsewhere

remarked, to hear lads on the playground carrying on their little dealings and disputes in all sorts of languages, and to observe when one is not understood how many little tongues are ready to interpret.

Algiers being in a French dependency, the prevailing European language is of course French, but the native tongue seems to be a sort of mongrel Arabic. During my short stay there, however, I came across several residents who could speak very fair English, among them a trader in monkeys; but I did not test his ability to interpret the animated discourings of his chattering stock in trade, who seemed anxious to enlighten me on some topic.

What is called the Maltese language is said to be derived from the Arabic and Carthaginian. Italian is much spoken on the island of Malta, in some cases in great purity, and most of the streets retain the old Italian names, as Strada Mercanti, Strada Reale, Strada St. Orsola. I remember seeing but one street in Valetta with an English name, and that a short and obscure one. This seems a little remarkable, as the island has been a British possession ever since 1814. Of course English is very much spoken, and French is yet quite common, as Bonaparte was inclined to Frenchify all his territorial acquisitions.

I recollect several interesting interviews with a resident of Tunis, who could speak only Arabic and Hebrew. But gestures and head-shakings were resorted to when words failed. And then there are certain undefinable utterances which all

men seem to intuitively understand, somewhat perhaps as the lower animals apparently understand certain cries of each other. We managed to hold animated discussions. He was evidently a man of culture, with rational and comprehensive views of passing events, but in his religious faith, which was not the Christian, he was stern and uncompromising.

I often found it convenient, when desiring to visit a particular place or object, to write down the name and with an interrogative gesture show it to some intelligent looking passer. True, this seemed a little like a deaf and dumb proceeding, but it is not remembered that it failed in a single instance.

Another thing I soon found to be advisable, and that was to use as few words as possible in making an inquiry. For instance, when in Cairo, Egypt, I wished to go to the Alexandria railroad station. It was a long way from the hotel and I preferred walking, as the route would take me through interesting parts of the city. On my declining either to mount a donkey or take a carriage, the host very kindly conducted me to one of the pretty squares, pointed out the general direction, and with a cordial "*bon jour*," left me to my fate. Apprehending that there was no time to lose, I was anxious to keep on the right track, and so did not hesitate to make frequent inquiries. My first question would be "Sir, do you speak English?" If I recollect aright a negative shake of the head was, without an exception, the response. I would then

pronounce, distinctly, the two words, "Alexandria, railway." These were always understood and the right course kept. But if I had been so polite as to have touched my hat and said "Sir, will you please to inform me if I am on the right road to the Alexandria railway station, as I wish to go to that city?" I should probably have confused the listener and received a confused answer if any at all.

And again, while strolling about in the great Parisian cemetery, *Père La Chaise*, I had a desire to see, among other resting places of notable dead, that of Abelard and Heloise, historical personages by the way, distinguished rather for the pathetic romance than the moral grandeur of their lives, and had no difficulty in finding it, by simply pronouncing the names "Abelard, Heloise," with an interrogative intonation, to some one of the numerous visitors or laborers met at every turn.

At the hotel table in Cairo several languages were spoken and among them good English was constantly heard. Indeed I was surprised to find how many about the city could speak the language, and how proud some of them seemed to be of the accomplishment. In passing through the Egyptian Bazaar, I fell in with a trader who was quite vain of his poor English, and, as before stated, insisted on my sitting down for a talk in his little shop where he sat curled up, tailor fashion. He was a genial, good-natured fellow, and his shrewd remarks, often gently spiced with sarcasm, and always amusing from his misuse of words, were quite enjoyable.

As I was leaving he advised me to go round to the Turkish Bazaar, if I desired to see more of the stirring business life of Cairo. And I took his advice.

Two or three of the Arabs at the Pyramids knew sufficient English to be very well understood.

But enough of personal experience.

Steamships, railroads, telegraphs and the various other modern devices that so facilitate international intercourse, are doing a great deal towards the removal of the impediments of language. And it seems almost certain that the time is not far distant when the curse of Babel will no longer obstruct the traveller's way.

It has not been presumed in the foregoing to make any special suggestions for the traveller's guidance. The details might have been much enlarged and made to relate to places of perhaps greater interest to some, but on the whole a fair showing is believed to have been given. The purpose will have been accomplished if something of a just idea is imparted of what any one, who ventures alone into foreign lands with practically no knowledge of any language but his own, is pretty sure to encounter. And in connection with that purpose it has been attempted to give a glimpse of the civilities one may reasonably be expected to meet with. The traveller's own bearing, however, must necessarily have much to do with the manner in which he will be received. It is not well to be afraid or suspicious of persons merely because they

are strangers ; and arrogance or " cheek " are not winning characteristics. But this remark will apply as well to conduct at home as abroad.

What has been said cannot of course be of any great value to travellers of large experience, nor to those proficient in different languages, but the great body of the people belong to neither of those classes.

A few hints regarding the influence American travellers, especially those of the gentler sex, are beginning to exercise on the old world people, may not be out of place here.

The wonderful increase of means among our people, and the wonderfully increased facilities for foreign travel, have induced countless numbers of our people to spend their vacations abroad. And by such means America is certainly making a more sensible impression in the world than ever before. Our countrymen and countrywomen are to be found everywhere and their influence is felt among all classes. But none are destined to exercise a greater, more enduring and creditable influence than our loyal young women. These, it may be said in a general way, are from among the better educated, not always the most wealthy ranks ; teachers, and those preparing to meet the ever-increasing requirements of our educational institutions being largely represented.

And there is another and more interesting channel through which some of the rovers of the gentler

sex ultimately exercise a most potent influence upon society abroad. Numbers are every year captured in the matrimonial lists. The influence of these in social life is beginning to be quite apparent. As a general thing our American daughters retain a love for their native land and allegiance to her institutions, more deep and constant than do those of the other sex, be it said to the shame of the latter. There is not half the snobbishness among American women abroad that there is among American "gentlemen." Why, some of the American wives of Englishmen are real missionaries in the spreading of American principles, social and political, to say nothing of American briskness and conceit. And it is quite apparent that the freshness, strength and energy of character engendered by these conjugal alliances are rapidly imparting a vivifying and abiding power in many an old community. Most people do not realize how many American girls become the wives of Europeans. But if the number were much smaller than it is, we have the comforting assurance that even a little of such efficient leaven may leaven a large lump.

And here perhaps a general remark or two about travel may prove useful. We hear a great deal about "Personally Conducted Tours," "Educational Excursions," and so forth, and probably all understand what the terms mean, for they are quite as commonly used in Europe as in America. There are advantages and disadvantages in those modes of travel.

Among the advantages may be reckoned the opportunities for that social intercourse which may relieve many an hour that otherwise would hang heavily. And to go a little farther, it may be said that friendships thus formed may prove enduring and valuable, for we must not think that those we call old friends are always the best, or that there are not others in the world that we may love as well, when we come to know them as well.

And then the excursion party usually has what is called a personal conductor who is, or should be, by education, address and activity, competent to give all necessary information, and carry out all necessary arrangements. The advantage here is that the traveller is relieved from anxiety about his luggage and his personal accommodations, has one to explain matters to him, to direct his attention to objects of the greatest interest, and provide the means for reaching them ; in short to relieve him from the necessity of making numerous inquiries and puzzling over the answers. The advantages are readily perceived. But for them the excursionist has to pay, and at a rate not trifling to one of limited means.

Among the disadvantages may be mentioned the rapidity with which the companies travel ; a rapidity which fatigues some and disappoints others. A wearied person cannot enjoy much and a hurried one chafes. The pauses are so short and the opportunities for examining so brief, that in too many cases only a confused idea of things can be obtained.

Then again, all members of the party are treated as if their tastes and desires were alike. If one departs from the prescribed track, he does it at his own expense and often inconvenience; he follows a prearranged programme; is taken to visit such and such things—those that every traveller has seen and many have described; things which indeed he should see, while there are others not in the programme that he should not leave unseen. His taste and inclinations may be constantly fettered. He may desire to perambulate the poorest streets as well as the best, and witness the scenes therein, by which means alone can he get a just idea. And if he always feels hurried to keep step with the company to which he belongs, he may get embarrassed and confused rather than informed and enlightened.

It is a great mistake to suppose that in the companies alluded to one can travel cheaper than in any other way. He is, as before remarked, relieved from many cares and annoyances, but there is such a thing as being too much relieved. Little cares often serve to make one more wakeful and observing. And then, as before intimated, he has to pay for his immunity; a fact of which any one may satisfy himself, in any given case, by carefully examining the "tourist" circular. In the excursion parties the cost is not often less than seven dollars per day, and frequently more. But no traveller in Europe need spend more than five dollars per day and have all his needs supplied in good shape. Of course I am not here speaking of railroad excursion

tickets or things of that sort, nor of what have come to be called independent tourist tickets; that is, independent of companies.

There is a great deal of misleading talk about "first-class" travel, relief from fees, and so forth. In regard to the latter, it may be remarked that for a large portion of the sights which the tourist may be supposed most desirous of seeing, no fees are required — such as the British Museum, the Tower in London, and the Louvre in Paris. And there is much to be seen in all continental cities on the same terms, to say nothing of the grand cathedrals and famous churches, which may be visited without money and without price.

Some of the circulars speak of paying carriage hire in the cities, from place to place, as if that were a matter of importance. Why, there are street-cars and omnibuses running in all directions, as cheaply as with us. And cab hire is systematized and cheap. Then as to the fees of servants and others, that is a nuisance of which I have before spoken, and which seems abating — perhaps through the influence of Americans, who are getting to treat it as entirely discretionary and comply or not, according to circumstances.

In regard to the large item of railroad conveyance, and the boast that everything is "first class," one, who has had experience in all classes of cars, would be apt to say, "a fig for your first class." In the old countries, doctors, lawyers, store-keepers and mechanics commonly travel in the second class.

That class is run by the same engine and the cars are about as comfortable as the first, while the fare is much less. The laboring people of course generally travel in the third class, but it should be borne in mind that the peasantry seldom travel at all, so if their company is disagreeable there is not much of it. Where, by the very texture of government, social distinctions exist, there must necessarily be in some way a recognition of those distinctions. But here, in the matter of railroad travel, the distinction seems to be rather in price than any other particular. The nobility, no doubt, think it becomes their dignity to keep aloof from the common people, and if they are willing to pay for the show, let them have it. But a common man should remember that rubbing against nobles does not make him a noble. It has come to be a frequent saying that none but the aristocracy, Americans and fools, ride in first-class cars. I have travelled in cars of the three grades, and must say that the difference is but little if judged by the company alone.

True, in most cases, I believe, where a part of the journey is by steamer, none but first-class tickets entitle one to saloon privileges; but in many, if not all cases, by a small additional payment on board, the best accommodations may be secured. And in this connection it may be remarked that public conveyances there are never over-crowded. A street-car, for instance, can only take a number that can be seated. There is no cramming, as with

us, and it often happens in an omnibus that there *is not* "room enough for one more."

And now a word or two touching the real usefulness of hotel coupons, as they are called, issued by the "tourist" companies. They insure accommodations when perhaps it would be difficult to get well served without them. But for them one must pay pretty well—not exorbitantly. In Brussels, however, I was told that if I paid in money, as I wished to do, I should have to pay more per day than if I paid with my coupons; the reason for which I cannot yet understand, and feel quite sure that it most frequently works the other way. Quite likely I was misunderstood.

PART III.
BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.



INTRODUCTION TO PART THIRD.

IN THE notices of the intended publication of "The Legacy of an Octogenarian" the Author announced that Part Third would consist of Recalled Fugitives, or a collection of pieces, chiefly short stories, which had appeared in various publications during his life. As this collection of fugitive pieces and poems was not historical, and for the most part these sketches were unlike the general style of this book, and as the "Octogenarian" had been making preparations for the publication of this *autobiography* almost to the day of his illness, it was thought more fitting to use the larger portion of the space allotted for Part Third by arranging as a *biography* the kind and appreciative words and estimates of his contemporaries, written and spoken within so few days of the time when he was forced to lay aside his pen forever. These words seem almost as the continuation of his book, and very appropriate for its completing pages.

The useful, quiet, unobtrusive life of Judge JAMES ROBINSON NEWHALL ended on Tuesday morning, October 24th, 1893. His estimable and kind-hearted wife, Elizabeth Campbell Newhall, daughter of Hon. Josiah Newhall and Lydia (Johnson) Newhall, survived him and lived until Tuesday evening, May 26th, 1896.

The biographical notices here collected and arranged indicate the respect in which both were held, the useful and public-spirited lives they aimed to live, and their thoughts for all that would contribute to the good of the citizens

of the city in which they passed the greater portion of their lives.

In a spirit of justice, appreciation, and recognition of public service, words are here recorded which the modesty of the "Octogenarian" would have forbidden him to have said for himself. They are tributes to the "Legacy" he has left to the sons and daughters of Lynn all over the United States, by preserving in his historical writings for all time so much that is valuable for reference, reflection, and instruction in the history and traditions of one of the oldest settlements in the American Republic.

ISRAEL AUGUSTUS NEWHALL.

HOWARD MUDGE NEWHALL.

PART III.—Biographical Notices.

(Daily Evening Item, Lynn, Mass, October 24, 1893.)

EDITORIAL.

JUDGE JAMES R. NEWHALL, the historian of Lynn, passed peacefully away at his home at five o'clock this morning. As a printer, lawyer, judge and author his life has been a busy and useful one. He has written more than a dozen volumes, some of which have had a wide circulation and received the most flattering notices of critics in the United States and England. He never lost his love for the printer's case, and he put in type at his home, during leisure hours, several of his larger works. He has been a contributor to almost every newspaper ever published in Lynn, and often remarked that he "considered it a religious duty" to aid the local press in every way in his power. Perhaps Lynn has never had a citizen more widely known through a long life, and certainly none more universally respected.

(*Daily Evening Item, Lynn, Mass., October 24, 1893.*)

JAMES ROBINSON NEWHALL.

The Historian of Lynn passes away in his eighty-fourth year.

—Judge of Lynn Police Court for a long term of years.

—Sketch of his life and public service.

JUDGE JAMES ROBINSON NEWHALL, lawyer, printer and historian, ended a life of usefulness at five o'clock this morning, at his stone house on Sadler's Rock, on Walnut street, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. For the past few years, although his mental activity was in no wise diminished and his writings showed no loss of their charms, his bodily health has been hardly as strong as his friends could wish, a gradual failing having set in. A week ago last Friday he contracted a severe cold which medical skill was unable to shake off, and from its effects, together with his decreasing strength, he passed quietly to the end.

His last public appearances were at the reception tendered him by the Lynn Bar Association, of which he was a most honored member, and also three years ago last Christmas, when he was given a reception, by the citizens of Lynn, at the Mayor's office, in the City Hall, on the afternoon of the anniversary of his eightieth birthday, an occasion that was most noteworthy.

James Robinson Newhall was born in Lynn, December 25, 1809, in the old Hart house that stood

on the corner of Boston and Federal streets. He was a lineal descendant from Thomas Newhall, the first white child born in Lynn, in the sixth generation. His mother was Sarah Hart, a descendant of Samuel Hart, one of the first engaged at the ancient iron works near Saugus river, the first in America. Both his grandmothers were granddaughters of Ebenezer Burrill, conspicuous in colonial times.

In 1824 he entered the office of the *Salem Gazette* as an apprentice to the printer's trade. After working in Salem a few years he went to Boston, and before attaining his majority he was installed foreman of one of the largest book offices. While still under age he went to New York and found employment in the *Conference* office, where he won the reputation of being the fastest compositor on the paper.

At the age of twenty-two, Mr. Newhall returned to Lynn and obtained work on the *Mirror*, the first newspaper in Lynn, established in 1825. In a short time the *Mirror* died and he bought the material and started the *Record* which soon followed the fate of its predecessor. He at one time held an editorial position on a New York daily paper. During his residence in the metropolis he enjoyed the friendship of Walt Whitman, Major Noah, and other distinguished members of the press.

In 1844 he turned his attention to law and was admitted to the Bar in 1847, and commenced the practice of his profession in Lynn. In 1849 he

was made Special Justice of the Lynn Police Court, and in 1866 he was commissioned Judge and held the office thirteen years. He was President of the Common Council in 1852, and has served as Chairman of the School Committee.

In the autumn of 1883 he visited Europe, Algiers, Cairo and the Egyptian Pyramids. He published in 1836 the "Essex Memorial;" in 1862, "Lin, or Jewels of the Third Plantation;" in 1865, "The History of Lynn;" in 1883 an additional volume of History; in 1876 he prepared the "Centennial Memorial of Lynn;" in 1879, "Proceedings in Lynn, June 17, 1879, being the Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the Settlement." He has also contributed valuable sketches to the "History of Essex County," and was an occasional writer for the local press.

Judge Newhall never forgot his skill as a printer, having in his house a font of type, from which it was his custom to set up the books he published, so that they were not only the products of his brain and pen, but of his "stick and type." He was for several years the honored President of the Lynn Press Association, the members finally giving a very reluctant consent to his resignation.

In October, 1837, he was united in marriage with Dorcas B. Brown, the only daughter of Capt. W. B. Brown, of Salem, and by her had one son, who died at the age of ten, his mother having died soon after his birth. In 1853 he was again married, the second wife being widow Elizabeth Campbell,

daughter of the late Hon. Josiah Newhall, father of Harrison Newhall.

In 1854 he erected the stone dwelling-house on the base of Sadler's Rock, near the junction of Walnut and Holyoke streets, a point not only of great historic interest, but affording extensive and delightful views.

Judge Newhall was one of the earliest members of St. Stephen's Episcopal Church. In politics the Judge was counted with the Democrats.

(Lynn Daily Press, October 24, 1893.—Editorial.)

JUDGE NEWHALL IS DEAD.

BY THE death of JUDGE JAMES R. NEWHALL Lynn loses a citizen of whom she was justly proud.

Judge Newhall was the descendant of one of the oldest Lynn families, and his life and services have always been closely connected with the city of his birth. To him Lynn owes the continuance of the work which was begun by Alonzo Lewis—that of compiling an accurate and reliable local history. Indefatigable in his researches, and always sound in his judgment, Judge Newhall's ready and brilliant imagination enabled him to present dry matters of record in an entertaining form without exaggeration or too fanciful word-painting. "The

"History of Lynn" is a great work, and of a much higher standard than most local histories.

Not less enduring, in a literary sense, are his pictures of the colonial times, in which he showed marked ability in combining fact with fiction, and throwing the glamor of romance over commonplace incidents, in a manner which was as instructive as it was interesting. But it is not only as an author that Judge Newhall's memory is entwined with the history of Lynn. With the press and the bar he is also identified, and his demise is felt by the members of both institutions to which he was a credit and an ornament.

Judge Newhall is dead. His death is a public loss. Few men live to see their reputation in the higher walks of life fully established; and the venerable citizen's fame will probably be greater after his death than during his life. He leaves behind him a memory which inspires respect and affection in all his fellow citizens; and the name of James R. Newhall will go down to posterity as that of one of whom not a word of harm and much of good could be said.

(*Lynn Daily Press*, October 24, 1893.)

JUDGE NEWHALL DEAD.

He calmly passed away early this morning.— One of Lynn's most honored and respected sons.— The life story of a "Good and Faithful Servant" briefly told.

JUDGE JAMES R. NEWHALL died at his home in this city at five o'clock this morning, aged eighty-three years and ten months. His death was the result of a severe cold and chill contracted a week ago and which was not considered likely, at the time, to prove fatal.

He had, however, been for some time in delicate health, and this, coupled with his advanced age, made it impossible for him to rally from a sickness which to a younger and more robust man would not have been serious.

James R. Newhall, the historian of Lynn, was born in Lynn, on Christmas day, 1809, in the old Hart house that stood on Boston street, at the southwest corner of Federal, the same which, on the Centennial Fourth of July, 1876, disappeared in patriotic blaze, to the cheers of young America.

All his genealogical lines run back to early Lynn settlers. His father was Benjamin Newhall, who was born in 1774 and died in 1857; Benjamin's father was James, born in 1731, died in 1801; James' father was Benjamin, born in 1698, died 1763; Benjamin's father was Joseph, born in 1658,

died 1706; Joseph's father was Thomas, born in 1630, died in 1687 — the first white child born in Lynn.

His mother was Sarah, a daughter of Joseph Hart, who descended from Samuel, one of the first engaged at the ancient iron works established near the Saugus river in 1643, said to be the first in America.

Both his grandmothers were granddaughters of Hon. Ebenezer Burrill, so conspicuous in colonial times as a representative and crown counselor, who was a brother of John Burrill, the eminent speaker, whom Governor Hutchinson compared with Sir Arthur Onslow, who was considered the most able presiding officer the British House of Commons ever had.

At the age of eleven young Newhall left the paternal roof, with his worldly effects tied up in a pocket handkerchief, to make his way in the world. His mother had died a year or two previous, leaving his father with a large family to provide for.

In the summer of 1824, he entered the Salem *Gazette* office to learn the art and mystery of printing. Previous to this by dint of hard work and study he had managed to acquire a very fair education.

After serving in the *Gazette* office a few years he felt desirous of acquiring a better knowledge of book printing than could be done in Salem at that time, and accordingly procured a situation in Boston, where he so prospered that before attaining his majority he was installed foreman in one of the

principal book offices there, his duties in a general way being to direct the work and read the proofs.

While still under age, in the roving spirit of young printers, he drifted to New York and found employment in the *Conference* office, the largest then in the city, where he soon acquired the reputation of being the fastest type setter in the establishment. This was in 1829, and until recently he so indulged his early love for the printer's case as to keep a fount or two of type wherewith to amuse and occupy his leisure hours.

At the age of twenty-two Mr. Newhall returned to his native place and engaged in the office of the *Mirror*, the first printing establishment in Lynn, which had been commenced and was at that time owned and conducted by Charles F. Lummus, who did not succeed in making the venture profitable, and sold the plant to Mr. Newhall, who commenced the publication of another paper only to meet with the same discouragement as his predecessor.

After busying himself a few years in various ways, chiefly in connection with printing and once or twice taking a lecturing tour, he found himself again in New York engaged in the editorial department of a daily journal and in writing for one or two weeklies. At that time Walt Whitman, the since world-renowned poet, was engaged on the same daily.

In 1844 Mr. Newhall entered the office of a friend who was a member of the Essex Bar to undertake the study of law. In May, 1847, he was admitted

to the Bar, and at once commenced to practice in Lynn, where he soon secured a very satisfactory clientage. He was commissioned Justice of the Peace and Notary Public, and on the twenty-fourth of August, 1866, he was commissioned as Judge of the Lynn Police Court with which he had been connected as Special Justice from the time of its establishment in 1849. He was also appointed a Trial Justice of juvenile offenders when that jurisdiction was established. He resigned the judgeship August 24, 1879.

In the autumn of 1883, at the age of seventy-three years, he took a tour of several months abroad, visiting a number of famous cities and renowned places in Europe and Africa.

* * * * *

Since his early manhood Judge Newhall was the staunch and loving friend of the Episcopal Church of Lynn, and increasing years served only to intensify this devotion. It may be said that he was the connecting link between the former churches of that denomination in this city and the present congregation of St. Stephen's, and at one time and another during his life he had filled every position of trust in the church of which a layman could be eligible. In the earlier days of the church in Lynn he frequently officiated at the desk in the absence of regular clergymen, and as lately as three years since he one Sabbath conducted the services at St. Stephen's when an expected clergyman was not able to come.

Personally Judge Newhall was a most lovable and genial man and his views on questions of politics and religion were singularly broad and forbearing.

It is well known that local historical writings are not generally remunerative to the author, but such was Judge Newhall's interest in all that pertained to the welfare of Essex County in general and the city of Lynn in particular that he gave freely of his time, talents and money to the historical researches, of which the works mentioned above were the valuable fruition. Only a few days before the beginning of his fatal illness he honored this office with a call, and was at that time engaged in making preparations for the publication of his two latest contributions to the literature of Lynn, of which editorial mention was made in *The Press* as follows :

Judge James R. Newhall, the venerable historian of Lynn, has recently completed two new works, the "Legacy of an Octogenarian," and "Colonial Times," both of which will be valuable contributions to the literature of Lynn. It is seldom that a writer who has attained the age of eighty-two continues his literary labor as Judge Newhall has done, and the books will possess an additional interest from this fact. Lynn owes a debt of gratitude to Judge Newhall, not only for preserving the records of Lynn and presenting them to the public in a readable and accurate form, but also for his delightful pictures of the earlier days of the settlement. He has rendered to us the same service which Sir Walter Scott rendered to his countrymen, of depicting the manners of an earlier age, which otherwise would have been lost. The aged author's name is itself one of the brightest "Jewels of the Third Plantation."

At the time of his death he was a member of the New England Historical and Genealogical Society and had been for many years.

Judge Newhall's widow, who is nearly eighty years of age, is a sister of Harrison Newhall of this city, with whose family he has always been closely connected by the ties of friendship as well as marriage.

Among his surviving relatives are two nieces, daughters of the late Francis Newhall, and a nephew and nieces, children of the late James Dillon.

(Daily Evening Item, October 28, 1893.)

L A I D A T R E S T.

Obsequies of Judge James R. Newhall at St. Stephen's Church.

— A notable assemblage of citizens honors his memory.

— Impressive Sermon by Rev. James H. Van Buren.

THE funeral of Judge JAMES ROBINSON NEWHALL took place Friday afternoon, from St. Stephen's Church, to which he belonged and of which he had been an active member. A large number of relatives and friends were present to pay the last tribute to his memory and gaze for the last time on the face that was for so many years familiar on Lynn's streets. They came from all stations of life and of all ages — old men who had been his

cherished companions in his boyhood days ; middle-aged men, who had been associated with him in the walks of business ; young men, who had made his acquaintance in his latter years, and had been benefited by his example and his advice. On reaching the church, the casket was borne by the pall bearers up the broad aisle, preceded by Rev. James H. Van Buren and St. Stephen's surpliced choir, to the chancel, the choir chanting "Lord, let me know my end." After the reading of the Scriptures, the choir sang the hymn "Abide with me," following which Rev. Mr. Van Buren ascended the pulpit and delivered the following impressive eulogy : —

"Lord, whoshall dwell in Thy tabernacle ; or who shall rest upon Thy holy hill? Even he that leadeth an uncorrupt life, and doeth the thing which is right, and speaketh the truth from his heart. (Prayer book translation of Psalm 15 : 1, 2.)

"In all their perfection of beauty, and in all their wealth of meaning, these words gather up the thoughts that are in our hearts to-day. They tell, as no other words can tell, the impression that was conveyed by the most casual acquaintance with him whom we are gathered here to honor with the last tribute of our affection. And that impression was one which the closer and better and longer acquaintance served only to intensify.

"How often during the past few days have we spoken and heard others speak of him, in substance

if not in form, just these things which the Psalmist has grouped together. Other excellent traits were prominent in his life, other elements of beauty and of strength were in his character; but these were conspicuous without display and appeared without ostentation. He led an uncorrupt life; he did the thing that was right; he spoke the truth from his heart.

“Men might discover many ways in which these underlying influences gave shape and direction to his course, as they met him in relations of dearer and nearer intimacy; but no one could meet him in any relation without being conscious of the presence of these, the ruling purposes of his life.

“It would be interesting to trace out in all that he said the unfolding of these principles; but this is not the time, nor is mine the hand for attempting such a work.

“Elsewhere and by other hands the salient features and events of his career have been recorded in the published accounts that have, with wise discrimination, recited the story of his many years of public and private life. I must content myself with saying, as I pass over unmentioned all the incidents and services of the many and eventful years which gave him the place he holds in the honor and affection of this community, I must content myself with saying that those public services and private virtues were none other than the principles of his life would have led us to expect.

“He gave his services as freely as he gave the

kind word that was always ready to his lip; the virtues of his character came forth as spontaneously as the well-remembered greeting that spoke in his voice and looked out of his eyes.

“And this thought guides me in selecting among the words that I must leave unspoken. There have been men of as great integrity, sincerity and truth as his, whom one could honor without a feeling of affection; there have been men also as good and as gentle as he, whom one could love without thinking of rendering them the highest tribute of honor. But here was one who possessed the rarer combination of gifts that called forth from all who knew him both honor and love.

“If I may illustrate this from the familiar scenes of our parish life, there are two especial points of contact where the honor and the affection in which he was held were clearly perceived. One was evident in the interest he always took in the choir and its members, the other was in that accustomed duty in which we were wont to see him, Sunday after Sunday, when, with so much dignity and reverence, he came forward as an officer of the parish to present the offerings of the congregation. It is a sorrow to think that in the annual choir gatherings, where old and young alike were always so glad to welcome him, he will appear no more; it is a grief to think that when he was with us two Sundays ago in the service it was for the last time.

“But it will be well to think of these places that knew him so well, if while they know him no

more, they illustrate the affection and the honor that belong to him. It will be well, too, if they remind us that the place he held in the hearts of his associates here in the church was one of the fruits of his many years of devotion.

“His membership in the parish spans the whole history of St. Stephen’s Church, and a friend reminds me that he is the last one of the men who connect the present parish with its origin.

“I am sure the thought needs no suggesting from me : how much we owe to that group of faithful ones who have handed down their trust to us of the younger generation.

“God grant that we may be as well qualified as they were to keep that which is committed unto us. God grant that this life, which we have been permitted to see and to know, may teach us that there can be no other answer to the question of our text, save the answer that is given there : — ‘Lord, who shall dwell in Thy tabernacle ; or who shall rest upon Thy holy hill ? Even he that leadeth an uncorrupt life and doeth the thing that is right, and speaketh the truth from his heart.’

“Of the sincerity of his religious convictions and of his sound churchmanship no one could ever raise a question ; yet with all his own firmness of principle and belief, he never failed in considerate and courteous regard for other men’s opinions. His life was a witness to the beauty of holiness, and when the inconsistencies of Christian people were spoken of, one needed only to mention his

name to silence all cavils and end all argument. In other words, his was a life and a character that commended the gospel to men's respect; for they saw that the source of his integrity and the secret of his strength were in that God whom he found while he 'dwelt in the tabernacle,' and in that communion of the church which was his while he 'rested on God's holy hill.'

"And may I not add, brethren, that such livés among our devoted and intelligent laity, are more eloquent than any sermons the clergy can preach?

"It was not strange that our dear friend loved the warm heart of nature and lived where he could be near to the rock and the forest, and in sight of the shining sea. He must have found, as on the page of God's own Book, many a message there that came direct from God. Perhaps they helped him to keep to the end that gentle and unaffected bearing which won for him a place in every heart; that simplicity and courtesy which made him so careful to give no needless offence in anything; that enthusiasm which was so marked in every purpose that engaged his interest.

"Nor is it strange that one who found such delight in the church, which is the body of Christ, should have loved the brotherhood of mankind and rejoiced to do for it every service in his power. It was as truly a labor of love for him to search out and publish the history of his city as it was in his official capacity to administer its laws and defend its good name. If he was, as all are agreed in

calling him, a good citizen of the earthly country, that was his way of translating the duties of good citizenship in the heavenly. And if you, his fellow citizens, mourn his loss in the one relation, we also, his fellow citizens in the church and household of God, share with you in a common sense of bereavement; the same gentle dignity, the same unobtrusive charm of thought and action which were known to his associates in the legal profession and to his fellow members in the Printers' Association, endeared him also to us who were brought into his companionship in the house of God. And there is not one who knew him in any of these relations who does not agree that in his godly life and conversation, with all sincerity and humility, and with the most entire absence of assertion and display, he adorned the doctrine of our Saviour Jesus Christ and was an example of blameless life.

“It is easier than it would otherwise be to bring these tender reminiscences to a close, since one knows that such a life as his looks forward and upward to the promised continuance in the nearer presence of the risen Lord. To such as he the words of the apostle came naturally: — ‘To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.’ He has entered into the clearer light; things that he believed must be to him now things that are better understood and known. He has, in a ripe and good old age, begun in a better sense to dwell in the tabernacle of God and to rest upon that holy hill which we call Paradise.

"May we who are yet in our pilgrimage be as careful as he was to lead an uncorrupt life, to do the thing which was right and to speak the truth from the heart; so shall we have good hope and be able to speak words full of consolation to those who are nearest and dearest to him, even the hope of a blessed reunion with all who have gone before, in that land of rest

"Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight."

At the close of the sermon the choir rendered the hymn, "Hallelujah, What Are These?" The remains were then borne to the vestibule, the choir singing the processional hymn, "O Paradise." The lid of the casket was removed, when a last look was taken at the face of the departed. When the last friend had passed, the lid was replaced and the remains tenderly placed in the hearse, the cortege then proceeding to the final resting place in Pine Grove Cemetery. Here the committal service of the Episcopal Church was read by Rev. Mr. Van Buren and the casket lowered into the grave, upon which were placed the handsome floral offerings sent by sorrowing relatives and friends. Prominent among the tributes were two handsome sprays of white roses, each containing eighty-four blossoms, emblematic of the age of the deceased, which were sent by the Lynn Press Association and

the Essex County Bar Association, and a large standing cross from St. Stephen's vestrymen.

The pall bearers were, for St. Stephen's vestry, Thomas B. Knight and Judge Rollin E. Harmon; for the Bar, Dean Peabody and William H. Niles; for the Lynn Press Association, Thos. P. Nichols and Rufus Kimball.

(Daily Evening Item, November 24, 1893.)

JUDGE NEWHALL'S WILL.

Several public bequests of great value to the city in a historic point of view.

HOWARD MUDGE NEWHALL of Lynn, who is to be the executor of the will of Hon. James R. Newhall, late of Lynn, through Niles & Carr, has filed the will of Judge Newhall, and his petition, in accordance with the provisions of the will, to be appointed executor.

The only provisions in the will that are of interest to the public are as follows:

"I. Augustus Newhall and Howard Mudge Newhall are given all the stereotype plates of his different works, together with all other property and rights pertaining to said works, and Howard Mudge Newhall is also given his Colony Records, and the rector and wardens of St. Stephen's Church, and their successors in office, are given '\$250 in trust,

the income to be used for the annual presentations and festivities of the Sunday School or choir, at Christmas tide, as the trustees may direct ;' and the city of Lynn is devised 'the elevation known as Sadler's Rock with suitable bounds and ways of access, as may be agreed upon by the executor and the grantees, to be held forever by the city as a pleasant resort for all people ;' and his widow, Elizabeth C. Newhall, is given the use, income and improvement of all the remainder of his estate during her natural life. Upon her decease, the remainder of the estate is to be sold, and about \$1200 is to be distributed among his nephews and nieces, and the remainder is to be given in equal parts to 'the Lynn Hospital and the Lynn Home for Aged Men, to be used in the furtherance of their benevolent work."

(Daily Evening Item, November 27, 1893.)

SADLER'S Rock, the south-western extremity of Pine Hill, bequeathed to the city by Hon. James R. Newhall, is one hundred and sixty feet high, and is of porphyry. It derived its name from Richard Sadler, one of the early settlers of Lynn, who lived at the junction of Walnut and Holyoke streets. He was the first Clerk of the Writs, whose duties were somewhat analogous to those of Town Clerk, and was at one time Minister to England. In the division of lands, in 1638, "two hundred acres and

the rock by his house," were given to "Mr. Richard Sadler." Judge Newhall's residence, on the point of the rock, was built in 1854, from stone taken from the hill above, and was the fourth stone house built in the city.

(The Salem Daily Gazette, June 13, 1894.)

IMAGE OF A GREEK DOCTOR.

Life-size bust of Hippocrates returned to Salem.

"MANY of Salem's oldest citizens remember, no doubt, a graven image that for many years stood complacently looking down from a pillar, perhaps eight feet high, at the outer edge of the northerly side of Essex street, opposite where Mechanic Hall stands, and in front of an apothecary store," wrote the late Judge James R. Newhall, in the *Salem Gazette* of Nov. 13, 1885.

The image itself was a bust, rather exceeding common life size, and an excellent specimen of wood carving.

On three sides of the base were inscriptions bearing the name of Hippocrates, the ancient Greek physician, the date when he flourished, and two or three facts in his history.

The style of letter in the inscriptions shows the figure to be quite ancient, and it is reputed to have

been brought from some foreign land by one of Salem's noble old ships. It disappeared from its place many years ago, probably when the present Hook building was built on the site of the old wooden building that stood there. The exact age of the image cannot of course be given, but in the *Gazette* files of 1773 and 1774 are the advertisements of Nathaniel Dabney, who kept an apothecary store and circulating library, "at the sign of the head of Hippocrates."

How many years the image had then been in position deponent saith not, but it has been the subject of several articles from those interested in antiquarian lore.

"When Mr. Richard S. Fay purchased the Lynn mineral spring property," says Judge Newhall, "and made his extensive improvements thereabout, the image was placed on the fanciful little dwelling erected over the spring. During some subsequent changes it disappeared from there, and, after passing an interval of obscurity, merged forth as presiding over a store in Munroe street, Lynn.

"From there it suddenly disappeared, and passed another interval of retirement. Missing my old friend from the lodgment in Munroe street, I made diligent inquiry, and finally learned that it was stowed away among other abandoned traps in the cock loft over a billiard saloon in a building on Market street. Obtaining permission to appropriate, and a ladder to recover it, I rescued it from its ignoble seclusion. It is an uncommonly good speci-

men of wood carving, and has a carefully adjusted crown piece of lead, as if the artist intended to guard against brains getting out or worms getting in, and as an ideal representative of an ancient philosopher and scientist, with flowing beard and thoughtful brow, is very striking. It has attracted considerable attention, and the inquiries and comments of learned and unlearned observers have sometimes been diverting."

Judge Newhall died in Lynn, October 24, 1893. On May 22, Mr. Howard Mudge Newhall, the executor of the Judge's estate, wrote to the editors of the *Gazette* saying that Mrs. Newhall desired to present the image to the historical society that had corresponded with Judge Newhall regarding it. The *Gazette* referred the letter to Hon. Robert S. Rantoul, T. Frank Hunt and Secretary Henry M. Brooks of the Essex Institute, and a correspondence was at once opened with Mr. Newhall, with the result that the image is now in the possession of the Institute. It is somewhat covered with "the dust of ages," but it will be cleaned and repainted, and soon will adorn one of the shelves of the rooms, already so rich with material that delights the heart of the antiquary.

In Hawthorne's posthumous work, the "Dolliver Romance," in the first chapter, is an allusion to the image. The great romancer in one of his short sketches relates that a boy was sent to the store with the sign of the head of Hippocrates to get some medicine. The lad returned empty handed, saying

that he "could n't find no store with no hypocrite's head."

Now that the image has at last found a permanent home, it is possible that its real age may be learned, as well as the name of its maker.

(From the Historical Collections of the Essex Institute, Vol. XXX, 1893.)

JAMES ROBINSON NEWHALL.

PRINTER, LAWYER, JUDGE AND HISTORIAN.

A memorial address by Nathan M. Hawkes. Delivered before the Lynn Press Association at Lynn, Mass., upon the anniversary of Benjamin Franklin's birthday, Jan. 17, 1894.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Lynn Press Association:

THE kind invitation to join you at your annual gathering upon Franklin's birthday gives me the fittest occasion that could occur to pay a tribute to the memory of your first President.

I use the word "fittest" deliberately, and if you have patience to bear with me, and if I make myself intelligible, you will appreciate why I consider this the place to speak of your and my life-long friend.

JAMES ROBINSON NEWHALL, who died at his home in Lynn, October 24, 1893, needs no eulogium from those who survive him. He has left behind

him a record that will shine when we and our words, even though they should be strikingly brilliant, shall be utterly forgotten. This will happen, not because he was a great man in any common acceptation of the term, but mainly by virtue of the fact of his making a more diligent use of the talent intrusted to him than most men.

A study of such a life, so well rounded out and accomplished, if even imperfectly traced, cannot but be an incentive to emulation by others.

To say that he was born of "poor but honest" parents would be but to utter a truism which might as well be uttered of any boy born in Lynn on Christmas day, 1809. Everybody in Lynn then was poor, if by poor we mean the reverse of the modern sense of rich — that is, being the holder of stocks, bonds or bank accounts. Everybody was poor in those days. The States had scarcely rallied from the drain of men and means that was occasioned by the War of the Revolution, when the gigantic struggle between England and the Corsican marvel of war convulsed the whole civilized world. Between the upper and nether millstones — the common prey of France and England — the growing commerce of the infant republic was swept from the seas and the whole country was impoverished. Two years before, Congress had closed the ports of the United States against the clearance of all vessels. In the year of his birth, Congress repealed the "embargo law" and substituted an act of non-intercourse with France and England.

The population of Lynn — and Lynn then included Lynnfield, Saugus, Swampscott and Nahant — at the time of his birth was only about four thousand. The people were farmers in summer and shoemakers in winter.

The shoes made here in 1810 numbered one million pairs and were of the value of eight hundred thousand dollars. By the United States census of 1890, it appears that the aggregate value of goods, shoes and allied industries, amounted to over thirty-one millions. This takes no account of the new industry, the Thomson-Houston Electric Company, which in 1892 produced a value of over twelve millions of dollars and employed, as its average number of hands for the year, four thousand people, a number equal to the whole population of the town in 1810.

In another and better sense than the possession of mere dollars by his parents, the future writer of the "Annals of Lynn" was fortunate in his birth. With a modest pride in the stock from which he sprang — without which he would have been unfitted for what was destined to be his *magnum opus* — he said, in an autobiographical sketch, his father's name was Benjamin and he was a direct descendant from Thomas, the first white person born here. His mother was a daughter of Joseph Hart, who descended from Samuel, one of the first engaged at the ancient Iron Works. Both of his grandmothers were granddaughters of Hon. Ebenezer Burrill, a man conspicuous in colonial times and brother of the beloved speaker.

In the old Hart house, as in many another on the old colonial highway between Salem and Boston, was an open attic with boxes and barrels filled with quaint and curious manuscripts that the previous generations of occupants had left behind them. They were apparently of no value, yet they might be title deeds, or plans, or diaries, or papers that some time might be called for. So they were bundled away into the unused lumber room — nesting places or food for mice — till some charmingly loquacious Oldbuck of Monkbarne or an inquisitive boy should disturb their dusty recess.

Reminiscences of the earlier days lingered about this old house when the Judge came upon the scene. Travellers belated or hungry on the way from Boston to the east often found shelter and food beneath its roof. The epicurean Judge, Samuel Sewall of the Witchcraft time, has recorded in his diary his entertainment here on several occasions. Other guests of eminence lingered under the branches of the great buttonwood in the yard, partook of the good cheer within the house and discussed current topics. Some of the accumulating paper litter that probably troubled the careful housewife, though she did not venture to burn anything of writing, may have been left by guests and thus have had a wider than mere local interest.

How much the subject of our sketch found in the attic he never told anyone, but was apparently willing through his life for the matter to remain an open question to mystify his readers. I have, how-

ever, more than a strong suspicion that he derived nothing from the dead written hand.

At the age of eleven, as he wrote, he left the parental roof with his worldly possessions in a bundle-handkerchief to make his way in the wide world, his mother having died a year or two before and his father having a large family to provide for.

Before he was fifteen years old he had made his way into the office of the *Salem Gazette* — the leading newspaper establishment in the county — and was diligently learning the art and mystery of printing. Seventy years later he was true to his first love and it was still his work and recreation to set type.

We talk about trades nowadays; but the old phrase “art and mystery” is vastly more appropriate, when we allude to the assembling of little pieces of lead in such a manner that the result is the expression of the best thought of the brain of man on the fair-printed page. Where else are the brain-work and the hand-work so blended in such close touch, as when deft fingers transform bits of dull lead into golden thoughts that may be immortal?

From the *Gazette* office, seeking a wider knowledge of book printing than our county then afforded, he went to Boston, where, before he had reached his majority he became foreman of one of the principal book establishments. One of his duties in this office was that of proof-reader — an important step in the practical training which was to fit him for authorship.

A proof-reader holds a delicate and responsible position. Upon his shoulders the public pile errors of omission and commission, of compositor and author, bad spelling, bad grammar, bad rhetoric, bad punctuation, bad spacing and the myriad flaws that creep into printed matter unless the proof-reader is Argus-eyed.

In the latest batch of published letters of Horace Greeley, there is one addressed to a young man who aspired to the position of a proof-reader on the *Tribune*. Here is Mr. Greeley's appreciative tribute to the occupation of a proof-reader, in reply to the application :

"As to proof-reading, I think a first-rate proof-reader could always find a place in our concern within a month. But the place requires far more than you can learn ; it requires an universal knowledge of facts, names and spelling. Do you happen to know off-hand that Stephens of Georgia spells his name with a ' ph ' and Stevens of Michigan with a ' v ' in the middle? Do you know that Eliot of Massachusetts has but one ' l ' in his name, while Elliot from Kentucky has two? Do you know the politics and prejudices of Oliver of Missouri, and Oliver of New York, respectively, so well that when your proof says ' Mr. Oliver ' said so and so in the House, you know whether to insert ' of Mo. ' or ' of N.Y. ' after his name? Would you choose to strike out ' of Mo. ' and put in ' of N.Y. , ' if you perceive the speech taking a particular direction respecting slavery, which shows that it must be

wrongly attributed in the telegraphic dispatch? My friend, if you are indeed qualified for a first-rate proof-reader, or can easily make yourself so, you need never fear. But do n't fancy the talent and knowledge required for a mere secretary of state, president, or any such trust, will be sufficient."

In the Boston office, the young Newhall was in touch and familiar with such men as Dr. Channing, Dr. Bowditch, Francis J. Grund, the Cambridge professors, N. P. Willis, Samuel S. Goodrich and other literary celebrities of the time, of whom he treasured many pleasant reminiscences which he had in manuscript and was preparing to publish at the time of his death.

Like other young printers of the earlier days, he was somewhat of a rover. From Boston he went to New York. In the *Conference* office of that city, then the largest in the country, he had the reputation of being the fastest compositor in the office.

In New York he did editorial work, and in that city he learned much from the advice and friendly counsels of Major M. M. Noah, long known as the Nestor of the American Press.

Those of the present generation who have seen the Judge on the Bench of the Police Court, or assisting in the offices of his beloved church, or in social gatherings, or walking about our streets, can scarcely realize the Bohemian life with which it was his fortune to mingle in his early manhood.

Bearing in mind that he was free from the venial

faults of youth, that all his life he was pure in thought and act, it sounds like romance to relate that one of his companions in midnight strolls in New York was the "Good Gray Poet," he who wrote "My Captain," that eloquent lament that marks the martyrdom of Lincoln, in which were these lines,

"Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck; my captain lies
Fallen, cold and dead."

and the same who wrote of himself,

"Walt Whitman, a kosmos, of Manhattan the son,
Turbulent, fleshy, sensual, eating, drinking, and
breeding,
No sentimentalist, no stander above men and
women, or apart from them,
No more modest than immodest."

Like that other printer, "Poor Richard," the world-known philosopher, whose birthday you proudly remember to-day, and like him a tramping printer in search of a job, Mr. Newhall wandered as far as Philadelphia.

He gathered knowledge of men and affairs wherever he went. He lectured. He came back to Lynn and bought the *Mirror* of his friend, Charles F. Lummus, the first Lynn printer, whose handsome face is placed beside the author facing the title page of the last edition of the "History of Lynn."

It was in 1832 that Mr. Newhall bought the

Mirror, the first paper printed in Lynn. It may be interesting to those whose daily labor is about the great presses and establishments of to-day to relate that he paid two hundred dollars for the whole establishment, which, as he has recorded, was quite as much as it was worth.

When we say that the subscription list of the *Mirror* amounted to about four hundred, which number the new *Item* press throws off in a minute, and that all the work in the office, jobs, newspaper and all, could be done by the publisher and one hand, it is easy to see that in those days there was not a mine of gold or even of silver, in a Lynn newspaper.

Not the least of the debts Lynn owes to Mr. Newhall is the kindly discriminating sketch which he has given us of Charles F. Lummus, the first publisher and editor of Lynn.

The profession of the law, in which he settled down at last, shows something of the growth and broadening of Lynn during the lifetime of one individual. In 1808, the year before his birth, Lynn's first lawyer came to town. This was Benjamin Merrill. He remained here, however, only a few months, when he removed to Salem, where he became an eminent and respected practitioner. In 1845, Harvard conferred upon him the degree of LL.D.

Of his leaving Lynn, Mr. Newhall has recorded, "The occasion of his removal from Lynn, as he informed me, a few years before his death, was

somewhat singular. A deputation of the citizens called on him with the request that he would leave the place, it being apprehended that evil and strife would abound wherever a lawyer's tent was pitched. He took the matter in good part and soon departed. The people of Lynn afterward made some amends for their uncivil proceeding, by intrusting a large share of their best legal business to his hands. He served them faithfully, and never seemed to entertain the least ill feeling towards any here. He died lamented by a large circle who had received benefits at his hand, and left a considerable estate. He was never married, which seemed the more singular, as he was eminently social in his habits."

In May, 1847, thirty-eight years later, when Mr. Newhall was admitted to the bar at an age when most lawyers are at the period of greatest activity, there were only three lawyers in practice here. They were Jeremiah C. Stickney, Benjamin F. Mudge and Thomas B. Newhall.

Though few in number they were each able in their special lines of work. Mr. Mudge, who was the second mayor of Lynn, had an extensive practice, but his love for science was greater than that for the law, and he went west and became Professor of Geology and Associated Sciences in the State Agricultural College of Kansas.

Hon. Thomas B. Newhall, the last of the three, became Judge of the Lynn Police Court upon its creation in 1849. At the same time Benjamin F. Mudge and James R. Newhall were commissioned

as Special Justices. Mr. T. B. Newhall, through a long life, adorned other positions of trust, such as the presidency of the Lynn Mutual Fire Insurance Company and the Lynn Five Cents Savings Bank. He has the unique position of being the only man ever elected Mayor of Lynn who declined the office. This happened in 1854. He was then in the office of Judge of the Police Court, and rightly conceiving the two positions to be incompatible he declined the political office.

Almost the last appearance in public of James R. Newhall, certainly the last when the members of the bar were with him, was at the funeral of his predecessor as Judge — the Hon. Thomas B. Newhall — a few weeks before his own death.

Mr. Stickney was, however, Mr. Newhall's particular friend. In his office he entered upon the study of law in 1844. For him he had a strong admiration which almost had the character of the awe with which Mr. Stickney impressed younger people and indeed most people with whom he came in contact.

Mr. Stickney was a graduate of Harvard. He spent forty years in Lynn in active and successful practice of law. He was devoted to his profession. He might have been a Judge; he declined to accept the office of U.S. District Attorney for Massachusetts tendered him by President Jackson. He only accepted such positions as would not interfere with his home work. He served in the General Court — that excellent training school for lawyers — two

terms. He was our postmaster for fifteen years, then a position which added to the income without filching much time from business. He was the adviser of Mayor Hood and the authorities when we took on the forms of city government; and, when the office was created in 1853, he was chosen as City Solicitor.

The lives of Mr. Newhall and Mr. Stickney afford a striking example of the utter transitoriness of the lawyer's fame. Men, even now scarcely past middle life, can recall the adroit, persuasive, thoroughly equipped, eminently courteous and courtly Stickney. It is far within the line of truth to say that he was as able an all-round lawyer as ever practised in Lynn.

Mr. Newhall, himself, would unquestionably have placed Mr. Stickney as the brightest legal luminary of Lynn, and have put a very deprecatory estimate upon his own rank. Yet such is the irony of fate that the student, who evolved quaint stories of the early days from his brain and put them into type, will, by virtue of such writing, ever be known as a lawyer, while the man who led the bar will not leave even a tradition after another generation has passed away.

Law was not Mr. Newhall's first love nor his last. Several reasons induced him to essay the profession. He was a first-class printer; he was a trained editorial writer; he was desirous of writing the annals of Lynn; he had a mission to preserve the traditions of his native town; there was no money in

journalism in the Lynn of his day and capital was lacking to accomplish his projected work. Law, at least in those days, was an eminently respectable calling, an occupation for gentlemen, and the successful career of his friend Stickney was an incentive for him to try it. He established a good practice and was enabled to publish "Lin or Jewels of the Third Plantation" in 1862, and the "History of Lynn," embodying and continuing the work of Alonzo Lewis, in 1865.

In 1866, Thomas B. Newhall resigned his commission as Justice of the Lynn Police Court, and Governor Bullock appointed James R. Newhall to the position.

The bar of Lynn, when Mr. Newhall became Justice of the Police Court, was represented by the witty but erratic Isaac Brown, who had an office on Chestnut street; William Howland, the careful conveyancer, at the corner of Munroe and Market streets; Judge Thomas B. Newhall, who, upon resigning the judgeship, established an office in the Ashcroft building at the corner of Market and Tremont streets; Dean Peabody, now Clerk of the Courts, located in Frazier's building, corner of Market and Summer streets; Jeremiah C. Stickney and Minot Tirrell, Jr., in Central square; Eben Parsons, returned from meritorious service in the army, also located about that time on Union street; as well as your humble servant in Hill's building.

What proportion of influence in attaining this position was derived from his gentle and eminently

respectable life, his attainments as a lawyer, or the reputation acquired from his books, it is useless to speculate. The office, which was for life unless sooner resigned, gave to him, freed from the uncertainties of the practice of the law, a respectable income, and allowed sufficient leisure to prosecute and accomplish his literary work.

In 1879, he was seventy years old and resigned his commission. Quiet, sedate old Lynn had vanished. A modern hustling city with its ruder manners and babel of tongues had taken its place. The mild, scholarly, white-haired Judge found the atmosphere and concomitants of the new-style police court to be distasteful and discordant to a man of refined tastes and gentle ways.

He retired with the respect of all the good people of Lynn. Thence on, for thirteen years, he lived, till the great change came, a serene yet busy life. His working hours were devoted to fresh literary composition and to bringing out new editions of his "History" and "Lin."

In 1883, being then seventy-three years old, he made the grand tour abroad, visiting the famous cities and renowned places in Europe, and extending his trip to interesting levantine points; to Algiers and Malta on the Mediterranean; and to Alexandria, Cairo and the Pyramids in Egypt.

It was an eminently satisfactory episode in his life. Concerning it he wrote, "Though the tour was undertaken alone — for if alone one can, without let or hinderance, go how, when and where he

pleases — he everywhere received such gratifying civilities as could only lead to regrets that he had not earlier in life thus experimentally learned that, after all, men everywhere will, on the whole, rather contribute to make others happy than miserable. Such experience increases faith in human nature, and ought to diminish self-conceit."

Fittingly, many years ago (1854), the Judge selected an historic spot for his home. Sadler's Rock perpetuates the name of the first settler in the locality, and of Lynn's first Clerk of the Writs. Upon the south-western slope of this spur of porphyry, out of the adamantine material of the hill itself, Mr. Newhall erected the conspicuous mansion which overhangs the old town, as picturesque as a Norman keep of feudal England.

Environment counts for something. Mr. Newhall was not exempt from the rule that they who love most suffer most. He lost, by early death, a promising boy, his only child. Thence on, his ambition was to leave to posterity a worthy portrayal of the ancient town.

Fortunately for us, he did not have to hurry his work. Years of peace and comfort were granted him to dwell in that lofty aërie — to watch the sun rise over old High Rock and set beyond Saugus hills, and observe the growth of Lynn, while he stood at the case in his cosy work-room and set his own type, from which more than two thousand stereotyped pages remain to attest the character of the recreations of his leisure hours.

How much of our civic life one long life covers ! Lynn is one of the oldest of the Bay towns, yet this life shows how much of our growth has been in the present century. We have shown our friend to have been the co-worker and associate with the first lawyer who put out his shingle here and with the first printer who set up his venerable Ramage press, which, the Judge said, looked as if Franklin might have worked at it.

The book which has inseparably linked together the names of Alonzo Lewis and James R. Newhall, and has become a standard household necessity with our people, is called the "History of Lynn." It is a work that bears testimony to laborious research on the part of its compilers, especially of Mr. Lewis, who, in addition to antiquarian tastes, had a quality which is not usually allied with delving into the past. Mr. Lewis had the imaginative organ largely developed, as the phrenologist would say. If he had written much history he might have indulged in what is called in rhyme poetic license, and is there allowable, but which in prose, and particularly in historic composition, is not permitted.

Except the introductory descriptive chapters, this work is not history in its broad sense, that is, a statement of the birth, growth and progress of the place, with philosophical inquiries respecting causes and effects, but just what it claims to be, the annals, which are simply the facts and events of each year, in strict chronological order, without observations by the annalist.

The historic part of this work, whatever its value, is to be credited to Mr. Lewis. Mr. Newhall took the "Annals" up where Mr. Lewis left them, that is, at the close of 1843. Thence on, the work is wholly by Mr. Newhall.

Critics may say that the "Annals" do not give a true perspective of historic events, or that things trivial occupy as much space as happenings that tend to color and affect the future. But that is not the fault of our annalist or any annalist; it is inherent in this style of writing. The little events occur as well as the great acts, and it is the province of the annalist to be the recorder rather than the interpreter or the prophet.

For this kind of composition, Mr. Newhall was peculiarly well adapted. Always a lover of the lore of the ancient town, his training had made him a swift type-setter, an accurate proof-reader, and a discriminating editor. These were the very acquirements that are essential to him who would patiently, from day to day, and from year to year, select and jot down the occurrences of the locality, and sift and cull those things which somebody, by and by, may want to know about. Steady as a clock from his very youth, methodical and painstaking even in the smallest details, he not only scissored and scrap-booked everything which his sharp eyes saw, but he made an exhaustive index without which such a book, however well written, is almost wholly valueless; but with which even the dulllest narration of town life becomes of value to the student.

In addition to the "Annals," in the 1865 edition, and more extensively in the 1883 and 1890 volumes, he gave many slight biographical sketches. The habits and ways of those who walked the boards of the stage before we came upon the scenes have a peculiar fascination for us. What he has done in this line has been well done and much that he has recorded in this vein would have been lost if it had not been for his pen; that is, the personal incidents concerning many old worthies could not now be gathered by any living person. His own life covered a large part of this century and his retentive memory seized upon all that men, old when the century began, had to relate.

In the History there are few sins of commission. Of course there are some sins of omission; for instance, one which was called to my attention by the librarian of our public library, who had occasion to look for something relating to one of the foremost men of Lynn of his time, one whom people not yet old can remember, a man who held for twenty odd years what was then the most conspicuous public office — that of postmaster. Of Deacon Jonathan Bacheller not a word appears, save as one in the list of officers, in either edition.

Exceptions, however, only prove the rule. Mr. Newhall's execution of his task is a creditable performance, but it is not a remarkable one. Somebody else might have had the plodding industry and literary taste and have done as well.

Upon the writing of that book, Mr. Newhall

could not have obtained the pedestal which he will in future occupy with students and scholars. Mr. Newhall's literary fame will be always secure. He wrote one book which will forever be a classic in New England bibliography.

"Lin; or, Jewels of the Third Plantation," by Obadiah Oldpath, is a book, which, as we get away from the ways, habits and speech of the period which it depicts, will steadily gain in value.

In the second edition, the author acknowledges his appreciation of the manner in which the first was received, and states that one of the most flattering expressions concerning it came from the lips of an aged Quaker preacher, who, taking him by the hand, exclaimed, "I must tell thee that I've both laughed and cried over thy book." And then he naively adds that he was, nevertheless, led to fear that the scope and purpose were not in all cases fully understood.

That scope and purpose he throws light upon in these words: "By a strict adherence to barren facts in the history of a people, much of the true spirit may remain undeveloped. Traditions and inferential elucidations often form a most valuable backing for the mirror that is to reflect a given period; and those may not find place in a stately history. While it is not claimed that direct authority can be referred to for every statement it is confidently claimed that the whole is as truly illustrative of the people and their doings in those good old times, of their walks and their ways, as if every page were disfigured

by reference to authorities. And by the same token, while the scenes are laid in a somewhat circumscribed vicinage, though one of the most picturesque and diversified in all New England, it is yet true that most extensive fields of historic interest are held in survey."

As to the contemporary standing of this book, I desire to call a witness, first qualifying him as an expert: Name, William Whiting; A.B., Harvard, 1833; admitted to the Bar of Massachusetts and of U.S. Courts, 1838; Presidential Elector, 1868; LL.D., 1872; Representative of 3d Mass. District in 43d Congress; Honorary Member of Historical Societies of New York, Pennsylvania, Florida and Wisconsin; Corresponding Member of the Philadelphia Numismatic and Antiquarian Society, etc.; President of the New England Historic-Genealogical Society; Solicitor of the War Department at Washington, during the War of the Rebellion, and author of an important work called "The War Powers of the President."

Mr. Whiting was a lineal descendant of Samuel Whiting, the first minister of Lynn. As a labor of love he wrote and printed, not published, an elaborate and exhaustive "Memoir of Rev. Samuel Whiting, D.D., and of his wife, Elizabeth St. John, with references to some of their English ancestors and American descendants."

Mr. Whiting fortified his statements, like careful historians and pleaders, by numerous citations from competent authorities, such as the Massachusetts

Records, the Histories of Hutchinson, Minot, Bancroft, Drake, Thompson, Palfrey, Barry and Hubbard, Lewis's Lynn, Winthrop's Journal, Edward Johnson's Wonder Working Providence, Savage's Genealogical Dictionary, De Tocqueville's Democracy in America, Cotton Mather's Magnalia, Upham's Witchcraft and all the standard writers upon New England life; but his favorite and most quoted illustrations are from the "Journal of Obadiah Turner."

This famous Journal is a part of the contents of "Lin." It is such a vivid picture, so mirror-like in its representation of early colonial life, so true in its terse, idiomatic, provincial English that it is no wonder that it impressed the profound lawyer and historic-genealogical scholar with its power and reliability.

Mr. Whiting also gives entries from the Journal of Thomas Newhall. This Journal, like the other, singularly realistic and fascinating to students of the olden days, is a part of "Lin." Mr. Whiting quotes entire several pages from what he truly styles "the invaluable Journal" of Mr. Turner, his ancestor's parishioner.

Mr. Whiting is not the only witness who has unconsciously testified to the exquisite literary art, this perfect reproduction of the thought of the old planters. Many learned men have asked where Mr. Newhall found these yellow, time-stained life stories of the olden time.

In the England of George the Third, there lived

a boy named Thomas Chatterton, who devoted all his time to acquiring a knowledge of English antiquities and obsolete language. He produced some wonderful fabrications which purported to be transcripts of ancient manuscripts, written by Thomas Rowley, a priest of the fifteenth century. The Rowleian poetry of this prodigy of letters deceived men of literary pretensions, such as the virtuoso, Horace Walpole. Like Chatterton, Mr. Newhall made a *fac-simile* reproduction of an earlier day and the learned were in each case deceived as to the origin. There the resemblance ceases, for Chatterton studied to deceive, while Mr. Newhall simply desired a medium through which to represent the age which he essayed to reproduce.

It is said that some men only become eloquent when the pen comes in contact with the white paper. Of Mr. Newhall, we should say, that his genius found fullest play when he stood stick in hand before his case and, to the music of the clicking types, without the intervention of pen or paper, composed, in a double sense; that is, a large portion of his work was never written, but was transferred from his brain through his nervous fingers and the type to the printer's form.

Thus, it happened that these famous journals never existed on mouldy paper, nor even on the paper of his time, but were simply figments of his intellect. The alleged journals were only the key with which he introduced his readers to the society of the elders. The journals, bright and captivating

as they are, form but a part of this work, which appears to me to stand the best chance of any literary production of Lynn authors to endure the test of time.

The sketches, besides their pithy style, have a quaint flavor of the soil. The route of Hector McIntyre in his battle with the phoca was not better depicted by the Wizard of the North than the inglorious discomfiture of Parson Shepard's eeling expedition on the Saugus River.

The Judge was an Episcopalian, but he has otherwise spoken fair words of our Puritan divines, so we pardon him for inserting the incident that insinuates that our fighting parson was only human after all.

"And the Dame will likewise make ready for us a bite of something whereby to stay our stomachs. And if you have a mind, Samuel, you may bring along your little red keg, for mine hath sacrament wine in it, and I will put a little something in ye same to warm our stomachs withal. For it is best, Samuel, sayd he, giving his eye a little turn, 'to go prepared to meet mishaps.'"

The veracious chronicles of "the late Diedrich Knickerbocker" have charmed generations of readers, but as life-like as his Dutch farmers or as grotesque as his Connecticut pedagogue, Ichabod Crane, are Obadiah Oldpath's scenes of the scalping of Mr. Loughton in Lynn Woods or the wonderful cure of Aaron Rhodes by the mysterious explosion of Dr. Tyndale's cue.

There is a vein, too, of pathos in the touching

story of Verna Humphrey that is none the less pure because it lacks the weirdness of Hawthorne's Hester Prynne, to which it is a kindred spirit from shadeland.

In claiming for this work the prospect of a longer hold upon the memory of men than any other, I do not forget that Lynn never had a paucity of writers. Of the men who have passed on within our own time, we recall the Whig pen and the graceful verse of Josiah F. Kimball; the trenchant force of the scholarly Lewis Josselyn; the caustic and diversified manner of the late Cyrus M. Tracy. Nor do I forget one yet living, though not now with us, that ready writer who was ever a leader in Lynn's progress — Peter L. Cox — and many others whom I may not name.

These men, however, wrote for bread and butter—their themes were of to-day. Their work was bright and readable when published, but the most sparkling leading editorials find the common fate of newspaper work — the cold tomb of the public library.

The author of "Lin" wrote at his leisure in the seclusion of his closet from the past, over the present, for the future.

To have held honorable positions with credit to the people and to himself in his native town is much, but to have written books that will entertain and instruct our children's children will give him more enduring fame than the loudest plaudits that contemporaries could shower upon him, or any man, for any achievements that are of to-day only.

He wrought well what he undertook. To him we may well apply Lowell's lines of the poise of the modest man :

"Ah! men do not know how much strength is in poise,
That he goes the farthest who goes far enough,
And that all beyond that is just bother and stuff,
No vain man matures, he makes too much new wood;
His blooms are too thick for the fruit to be good;
'Tis the modest man ripens, 't is he that achieves,
Just what's needed of sunshine and shade he receives;
Grapes, to mellow, require the cool dark of their leaves."

*(From the Memoirs of Deceased Members of the New-England Historic
Genealogical Society, at the Annual Meeting, 1 January, 1896.
By the Rev. E. H. Bvington, D.D.)*

JAMES ROBINSON NEWHALL, of Lynn, a resident member of this Society, elected January 3, 1883, was born in Lynn, December 25, 1809, and died in Lynn, October 24, 1893.

He was a descendant of Thomas Newhall, who came from England in 1630, and settled in Lynn a year or two after the town was begun. His second son, Thomas, born in 1631, was the first white child born in Lynn, and was baptized by Mr. Bachiler, the first minister of Lynn, the first Sunday after his arrival, June 8, 1632. He was a man of integrity, a farmer, whose name appears frequently in the early records of the town. His third son, Joseph, was born September 22, 1658. He is said

to have perished in a great snow-storm. His seventh son, Benjamin, was born April 5, 1698. He had fourteen children. His second son, James, born July 11, 1731, was a magistrate, and was known as "'Squire Jim." He was the father of Benjamin, born January 19, 1774, who was the father of Judge Newhall, the historian of Lynn, of whom we are writing. The family of Newhall is very numerous in Lynn. At one period there were eight men there who bore the name of James Newhall, not one of whom had a middle name. They were distinguished as 'Squire Jim, Phthisicy Jim, Silver Jim, Bully Jim, Increase Jim, President Jim, Nathan's Jim, and Doctor Jim.

Judge Newhall was a self-made man. His father had a large family to provide for, and his mother died when he was a child. He left home, to make his way in the world, at the age of eleven. He attended the public schools as much as he was able; but, in his fifteenth year, he entered the office of the *Salem Gazette*, to learn printing. Before he was twenty-one he was employed as foreman in one of the principal book offices in Boston. In 1829 he was employed in the *Conference* office in New York. At the age of twenty-two he returned to Lynn, and was employed in the office of the *Mirror*. He afterward purchased the office and was for some years engaged in the printing and newspaper business. In 1844 he began the study of the law, and was admitted to the bar in 1847. He opened an office in Lynn, and secured a good business as a

lawyer. In 1869 he was commissioned as Judge of the Lynn Police Court, an office which he held for ten years. In 1882 he took an extended tour abroad, visiting the most important cities in Europe.

Mr. Newhall was not much in public life excepting as Judge of the Police Court. He was, however, at one time Chairman of the School Board, and President of the Common Council. He devoted a large part of his time, in his late years, to historical studies. He published "Lin; or, Jewels of the Third Plantation," a book which George W. Curtis compared to the Sketch Book by Washington Irving. The "History of Lynn," published in 1865, bears on its title-page the names of Alonzo Lewis and James R. Newhall. A large part of this work is from the pen of Judge Newhall. He also published "Centennial Addresses" in 1876, and "Lynn—Her First Two Hundred and Fifty Years," by invitation of the city authorities, at the anniversary in 1879. He contributed to the History of Essex County and to that of Worcester County. His "Annals of Lynn," published in 1883, brought the history of the city to that date. He was for several years president of the Lynn Press Association.

He was twice married. In October, 1837, he married Dorcas B. Brown, of Salem. His second wife was Elizabeth Campbell, daughter of the late Josiah Newhall, who survives him.

(Daily Evening Item, May 29, 1896.)

THE NEWHALL FAMILY.

*Genealogy inscribed on a marble block in
Pine Grove Cemetery.*

OCCUPYING a prominent place in Pine Grove Cemetery is a large plain block of pure white Rutland marble, which cannot fail to attract the notice of the many visitors to that spot on Memorial Day. Located on Locust avenue, on the lot of Harrison Newhall, it rises above its surroundings in imposing grandeur and was erected to be a landmark and a reference of the genealogical lines of the Newhall family.

One side bears the lines of descent of James R. Newhall, Lynn's historian, and the other the lines of Harrison Newhall's descent, the inscriptions being as follows:—

	Thomas Newhall	1674		Thomas Newhall	1674
1630	Thomas Newhall	1687	1630	Thomas Newhall	1687
	First white child born in Lynn		1658	Joseph Newhall	1706
1658	Joseph Newhall	1706	1691	Daniel Newhall	1753
1696	Benjamin Newhall	1763	1717	Josiah Newhall	1769
1731	James Newhall	1801	1751	William Newhall	1805
1774	Benjamin Newhall	1857	1790	Josiah Newhall	1842
1809	James R. Newhall	1893	1819	Harrison Newhall	

James Robinson Newhall
Lynn Historian
Son of Benjamin and
Sarah Hart Newhall
Born December 25, 1809,
Died October 24, 1893.

Martha Mudge Perkins
wife of
Harrison Newhall
and daughter of
Israel and Hannah Perkins
Born October 3, 1818,
Died September 19, 1889.

The block, as has been stated, is perfectly plain and weighs over two tons. It rests on two bases and stands about seven feet in height. It is a very solid structure, built to withstand the ravages of time. It was erected last fall by the estate of James R. Newhall and Harrison Newhall on the latter's lot with the idea of perpetuating the Newhall genealogy and in commemoration of the first white child born in the city.

(Daily Evening Item, May 27, 1896.)

ELIZABETH CAMPBELL NEWHALL.

ELIZABETH CAMPBELL NEWHALL, widow of Judge JAMES R. NEWHALL, Lynn's historian, died at her home, 169 Walnut street, Tuesday, after an illness of but a few weeks. She had been very active up to within a short time, when she began to fail. Pneumonia suddenly set in and she was unable to rally from it, and died as above stated.

Mrs. Newhall was the second child of Josiah Newhall and Lydia Johnson and was a direct descendant of Thomas Newhall, the first person of European parentage born in Lynn. She was born April 7, 1814, and was 82 years, 1 month and 19 days old.

She had been twice married, her first husband being Rev. William Campbell, a Methodist minister,

with whom a portion of her life was spent at Mobile, Alabama. Her second husband was Judge James R. Newhall, who died in October, 1893.

She was a woman who always took a lively interest in public and benevolent enterprises, and was one of the ladies interested in the fair at Exchange Hall, years ago, by which the money was secured for the erection of the old fence around the Common and Park.

She was Secretary of the Lynn Female Benevolent Society, one of the oldest societies for charitable work in existence in the city. Over 40 years ago she was a school teacher in Wards 3 and 5 and many of the middle-aged people of the city were her pupils. She has been a constant attendant at and communicant of St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, up to within a short time.

(Daily Evening Item, May 29, 1896.)

LAST RITES. — ELIZABETH C. NEWHALL.

THE last sad rites were performed over the remains of Mrs. ELIZABETH C., widow of JAMES R. NEWHALL, this afternoon, at 1.30, services being held at the house, 19 City Hall Square, and afterwards at St. Stephen's Church. Many old and substantial friends were present and paid a worthy

tribute to her who in life was everybody's friend. The services at the house were conducted by Rev. C. E. Davis, pastor of the First M. E. Church. The body was then conveyed to St. Stephen's Church, where Rev. James H. Van Buren, pastor of the church, conducted services according to the ritual of the Episcopal church. Mrs. S. Louise Bruce-Brooks sang "Asleep in Jesus," "Abide with Me," and "Rest in the Lord." The floral designs were pretty and profuse. The interment took place in Pine Grove Cemetery.

(Sermon by REV. JAMES H. VAN BUREN, at St. Stephen's Episcopal Church,
May 29, 1896.)

IN MEMORIAM. — MRS. JAMES R. NEWHALL.

I PETER III: 3, 4. "Whose adorning, let it be . . . the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price."

There is a peculiar tenderness in our burial service to-day. The orderly and beautiful words of that service which we use for old and young, for rich and poor alike, always seem to lend themselves most fittingly to the occasion, so that any additional words in which to render a more special and personal tribute would seem unnecessary.

But I am glad of the permission to speak to you at this time concerning her who has so peacefully

gone to her rest, and to call especial attention to the tenderness in which we hold her remembrance, even though it should not be necessary to say these things which are so well known to all of you.

First of all, I may not forget to remind you that much of her religious life and experience was associated with Christian friends and brethren of different thoughts and ways from our own. Among these her "meek and quiet spirit" retained sweet and lasting friendships, and they also gladly join with us to-day in paying to her memory the tribute of affection. In coming into full relation with the ways of our beloved Church very late in life she brought no unkind thoughts of the ways she had left behind; and in giving her to us, no ungenerous thought, so far as I know, lingered with those who had known and loved her in her former relations.

She came to this parish as an attendant with her husband in times when the present beautiful surroundings were unknown. Side by side with her husband, of honored and blessed memory, in the little church across the Common, she quietly worked and worshipped with this parish as well as with her own former connection. It is her relation with what our parish now looks back upon as "the day of small things," that sounds in our hearts to-day one of the first notes of that peculiar tenderness of which we are conscious. It is possible to make church buildings fine without making the people contented or Christlike. But the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit makes all surroundings gra-

cious. And it was that adorning, after all, which the people and attendants of the old church brought to the new one which made the new building truly the house of God and the gate of heaven, bright with the presence of God.

That all this was true of her, is well known to you who have known her best, and best known to those who have known her longest. You saw, in her home and in her quiet ways there, and in the peacefulness of that dwelling that looked out over city and forest to the sea, the influence of her nature. You saw it wherever you saw her in social relations, never making herself conspicuous, yet always the same in her modest and womanly presence.

There was, as though it had been the fruit and the token of this quality in her, a strong and faithful purpose of helpfulness. She showed this in many ways, and especially in the long years of her connection with that Benevolent Society whose good works were a source to her of so much quiet satisfaction. In making her their secretary for so many years, the Society bore continued witness to her fidelity, and this appreciation of her and of her services was a cause of happiness, very pleasant to remember.

In the twilight of one of our springtime days, in a home that was filled with beautiful memories, she has peacefully fallen asleep. It is a fitting close to such a gentle life. Our thoughts of her are in keeping with the gracious quiet and restfulness of the twilight hour. With trembling voice, but with

unfaltering faith, not long before the fall of eventide, she joined in the words of that prayer which lifts the heart to thoughts of heaven, "Our Father," and the next day at about the same hour, she was at rest.

We shall miss her. The "meek and quiet spirit" that was so constant, while health and strength allowed, in the place of duty, is a remembrance that will teach us many a lesson of patience and faith, of meekness and charity, as the days go by. It is a beautiful ordering of God that He gives so much strength to souls that make so little stir, and ask so little for themselves. It is a heavenly thought that the calm twilight of life's long day can be so like the eventide that is filled with promise of the dawn. It is easy, in the tender remembrances we have of such a life as she has lived, to see how true are the beautiful words of our text: "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, is in the sight of God of great price."

(Daily Evening Item, June 1, 1896.)

ELIZABETH C. NEWHALL'S WILL.

Generous public bequests to Lynn institutions — St. Stephen's Church and relatives remembered.

THE will of ELIZABETH C. NEWHALL, filed at the Probate Court, at Salem, to-day, contains the following bequests of public interest:—

She bequeaths to the Lynn Hospital and to the Lynn Home for Aged Men \$1500 each, in remembrance of the recognition of these two institutions in the will of her late husband, Judge James R. Newhall.

To the Lynn Home for Aged Women, \$500.

To the Ladies' Benevolent Society, \$100.

To the Rector, Wardens, Treasurer and Clerk of St. Stephen's Episcopal Parish, Lynn, and their successors in office, \$800, to be held by them in trust, the principal and income from which is to be applied toward the erection of a Guild Hall, or parish building, provided some one room in the said building shall be named in memory of her late husband, James Robinson Newhall, and so indicated in the room, and provided also that the said building shall have been erected, or shall be in process of erection, within fifteen years after her decease. If no building shall be erected for such a purpose within fifteen years, the trustees named are to allow the principal and interest to accumulate to the amount of \$2000, which amount is to be known as the "James Robinson Newhall Fund," and the income to be used for such purposes in connection with the work of St. Stephen's Parish as the Wardens and Vestry shall annually decide. If a building should ever afterward be erected, it is left to the discretion of the Wardens and Vestry to devote the whole or any part of the fund to the building.

She makes several bequests to relatives and con-

nections, and bequeaths her furniture and household effects to the wives of her three nephews.

She gives the use of the residue to her brother, Harrison Newhall, during his life, and afterward to be divided one-third each to her three nephews.

In the settlement of the estate of James R. Newhall there is a residuary bequest to the Lynn Hospital and to the Lynn Home for Aged Men, so that in settlement of the two estates the two institutions will receive about \$2500 each.

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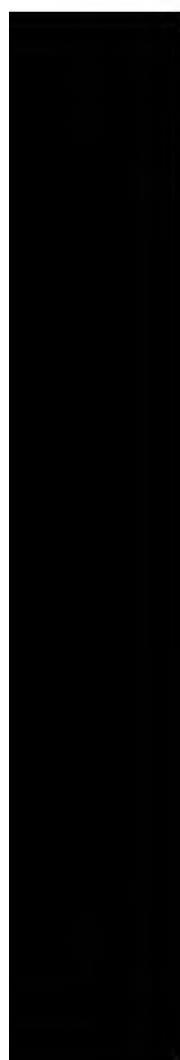
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